

ELOCUTION;
OR,
MENTAL AND VOCAL PHILOSOPHY:
INVOLVING THE PRINCIPLES OF
READING AND SPEAKING;
AND DESIGNED
FOR THE DEVELOPMENT AND CULTIVATION
OF
BOTH BODY AND MIND,
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE
NATURE, USES, AND DESTINY OF MAN:

ILLUSTRATED BY

TWO OR THREE HUNDRED CHOICE ANECDOTES;
THREE THOUSAND ORATORICAL AND POETICAL READINGS; FIVE THOUSAND
PROVERBS, MAXIMS AND LACONICS, AND SEVERAL HUNDRED
ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

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BY C. P. BRONSON, A. M., M. D.  
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24th EDITION.--TWENTY FIFTH THOUSAND.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THIS SYSTEM.

SOME years ago, the Author was extensively engaged as a Public Speaker; and, in consequence of the habit of speaking, principally, with the muscles of the throat and breast, he finally broke down,—falling senseless, after speaking about an hour and a half: that was followed by a protracted illness; during which, he providentially discovered the *Causes*, and also the *Remedies*, of the difficulties under which he had labored; and now, for months in succession, by the aid of these principles, he often speaks from six to ten hours a day, without the least inconvenience: the principal cause of which is, that the effort is made from the dorsal and abdominal region. Few are aware of the comprehensive nature of the principles here partially unfolded; and probably the Author would now be in a similar state, had it not been for the teachings afforded by children and Indians. To secure a perfectly healthy distribution of the vital fluids throughout the body, and a free and powerful activity of the mind, there must be a full and synchronous action in the *brain*, the *lungs*, and the viscera of the abdomen; the soul operating, naturally, on the dorsal and abdominal muscles, and thus setting in motion the whole body.

That he was the first to teach the specific use of those muscles, for a healthy breathing, and the exercise of the vocal organs, as well as blowing on wind instruments for hours together, without injury, he has not the least doubt; and, if any person will produce evidence to the contrary, from any medical writer, or teacher of elocution, previous to 1830, he shall be handsomely rewarded. The time is fast approaching, when this, and its kindred subjects, will be duly appreciated; and it will be seen and felt, that without a practical knowledge of these important principles, no one can become a successful speaker, or teacher: and the opinion is advisedly expressed, that they will produce as great a revolution in regard to the promotion of health, the art of reading and speaking with science and effect, and the perfect development and cultivation of mind, voice, and ear,—as the discovery of the mariner's compass, or the invention of the steam engine, in navigation, manufacture, and travel;—and, to be the *medium* of introducing such a system, by which so many thousands have been greatly benefited, and hundreds of lives saved, is the occasion of devout gratitude to the INFINITE AUTHOR of all that is GOOD and TRUE.

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Testimonials and References.

Five classes were formed in the Academical department of Yale College, and three in the Theological Department. The following is an extract from the testimonials of the latter:

Resolved, That we consider his system exceedingly well adapted to develop and train the voice, and give expression to the passions; and we believe it calculated to promote the health of public speakers. Being persuaded that we have derived *essential advantage* from his instructions, we hereby express our thanks for the assiduity and skill with which he has directed us in our practice, and most cordially recommend him to the patronage of all who would cultivate their voices with a view to public speaking.

EXTRACT—From Professors of Princeton College and Theological Seminary, N. J.—“We have had good opportunities for witnessing the success of Mr. Bronson. His method of using the organs of speech with most advantage, is preferable to any we have known. He is distinguished from other teachers of elocution by the fact, that instead of trying to impart his own style of declamation, he aims at cultivating the voice, and then leaves the pupil to *nature*.”

EXTRACT—From the Rev. Mr. Bingham, Marietta, O. to Professor Stuart, Andover, Mass.—“Will you permit me to introduce to your acquaintance, Prof. Bronson, a popular and successful Lecturer on Elocution. He has been for some time past, lecturing to the Professors and students in this College. As a Lecturer on Elocution I have never seen his superior. Our Professors, who have been under the instruction of Dr. Barber, say the same. He has made his subject one of very thorough study—and, what is best of all, he has studied *Nature*.”

EXTRACT—From the Faculty of Marietta College, Ohio.—“Prof. Bronson has just closed a very successful course of instruction on Elocution in this institution. The principles which he teaches appear to be founded on a philosophical view of man. His illustrations are copious and pertinent; and in his labors to train the voice and develop and cultivate the *affections and passions* he is indefatigable. His whole course of instruction is marked by a rigid deference to *Nature*, and is truly simple and unaffected. We take pleasure in recommending him to an intelligent community.”

PROF. BRONSON is a gentleman of much originality of thought, extensive reading and remarkable powers. His Lectures, beyond the charm of novelty, are very interesting.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

We warmly recommend Prof. Bronson's reading and recitations to the attention of all those who are partial to effectual and powerful elocution. They are an excellent substitute for dramatic exhibitions.—*Daily Signal, N. Y.*

We feel anxious that a knowledge of Mr. Bronson's peculiar views should be extended, believing them highly important, not only in juvenile education, but to the professional speaker.—*National Gazette, Philadelphia*.

Prof. Bronson's new theory in relation to the science of Elocution, is, in our judgment, founded in truth, the author being a practical illustration of the soundness of his doctrine.—*Oneida Whig, (Utica) N. Y.*

From the Philadelphia Daily World.

We render no more than justice in pronouncing Prof. Bronson's Recitations the best we ever heard. His recitation of “The Maniac,” by Lewis, was terrific. We never before saw confirmed, hopeless raving insanity so thoroughly counterfeited by any actor. In the course of his recitations he explains his discoveries (for such they are,) in Elocution.

From the Rev. Mr. Cook, of Hartford, Conn, who received only twelve lessons.

PROF. BRONSON—Dear Sir—My Physician, Dr. Sherwood, of N. Y., directed me to you for aid in recovering the use of my voice. A habit of speaking solely with the muscles of my breast and throat, attributable in part at least to Dr. Barber's instruc-

tion, combined with other causes, produced bronchitis, from which I have been suffering more than 18 months. By your directions, I can speak and sing freely without irritating my throat. My voice has its natural tone and compass; and I have the delightful prospect of soon resuming my accustomed labors.

“Professor Bronson's Recitations are the best we ever heard.”—*National Intelligencer*.

Prof. Bronson's Lectures and Recitations, have given universal delight.—*Louisville Journal*.

“The Recitations of Mr. Bronson, are almost perfect.”—*Baltimore Athenaeum and Visitor*.

“Mr. Bronson's success has been most complete.”—*U. S. Gazette*.

“Mr. B. exhibits with surprising ease and power the wonderful capabilities of the human voice, and illustrates convincingly the practicability and importance of cultivating its powers.—Teachers, public speakers, and the youth of both sexes, should avail themselves of this opportunity.”—*Newark Adv.*

“His superior as a speaker, we have yet to meet, either at the bar, in the pulpit, or on the floor of a legislative body.”—*Ohio State Journal, Columbus*.

A lady, (Mrs. G. of Boston,) says—“Having been much injured by tight lacing when very young and also by keeping in a bent position at school for years, I was bent forward in such a manner as to suppose I was afflicted with permanent distortion of the spine. Still I resolved to join the class, and prove the truth or falsehood of professor B's. predictions, that I should become straight by faithfully attending to the principles. In a few days I was restored.”

EXTRACT—Letter from a distinguished lady in Boston. “Prof. Bronson; Sir—I wish to express to you my grateful acknowledgements for the great benefit I have received from your system. I have for many years been afflicted with extreme weakness of the lungs, which *fatigue*, either in exercise, conversation or reading, produced not only hoarseness, but loss of voice. I have found, upon trial, my expectations more than realized. I can now, with perfect ease, converse, or read aloud, *hour after hour* without the least fatigue.”

At the close of his Lectures in the Apollo, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by a crowded house of ticket-holders:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of this meeting be presented to **PROF. BRONSON** for his successful efforts (in connection with Mr. F. H. Nash, his Assistant,) to interest, amuse and instruct them. They conclude, by expressing their high admiration of Prof. Bronson's sincerity, zeal and ability in the cause of truth and humanity, and tendering to him their best wishes, that success and prosperity may attend him in his noble and generous enterprise. **AMOS BELDEN**, Chairman.

E. PARMLY, Secretary.

At a meeting of the Classes, the Rev. **CHARLES G. SOMMERS**, Chairman, and **Dr. AMOS JOHNSON**, Secretary, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Ladies and Gentlemen, who have attended a series of Lessons and Lectures, by Prof. BRONSON, on Elocution, Music and Physiology, feel great pleasure in expressing their high sense of his urbanity, uncompromising regard for truth, as the basis of Religion and sound Philosophy; as well as their entire belief that his method of imparting knowledge is as *natural and interesting*, as it is *novel*; and that it is admirably calculated to promote the health of the Body, and the improvement of the Mind. The Classes desire also to express their indebtedness to Mr. NASH, Prof. B.'s accomplished Associate, whose critical knowledge of VOCAL SCIENCE, so happily connected with unusual Melody and Power of Voice, eminently qualifies him for an Instructor in Music.

PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

IN this work, the Author has given some of the results of his study and practice, in the department of Mental and Vocal Philosophy, for the last fifteen years. Persons, who are familiar with the subjects discussed, can see how much he is indebted to books, and how much to investigation and experience. Whatever is GOOD and TRUE in it, belongs to ALL; for it is from ABOVE. If there be anything *false* and *evil*, the Author holds himself responsible for it. His endeavor has been, to furnish a book, which may be useful to every one. He believes that a greater variety will be found in this, than in any other work on the subject;—a variety, too, which will induce deep and careful *thinking*, and *right feeling*; and which tends directly, to the end in view, to wit: the development and application, of those principles of MIND and VOICE, which the Author has been engaged in practicing and teaching, in our principal towns and cities, and Institutions of Learning: notices of which may be seen among the accompanying testimonials.

This work is an abridgment of what the Author has written, in three connected, yet separate volumes, as yet unpublished, embracing the subjects of Body and Mind, their natures, relations, and destinies: the work, next in order, is PHYSIOLOGY and PSYCHOLOGY, which, it is expected, will be published the coming year.

One reason why no more quotations are made from the Bible is, that the SACRED VOLUME is nearly ready for the press,—prepared with such a notation as will aid the reader, to pronounce and emphasize it, at sight—it being both a *Pronouncing* and *Rhetorical* Bible: it was commenced several years ago, at the request of clergymen and others, who have attended the Author's Biblical Readings and Recitations; and would probably have been laid before the public before this, but for the destruction of a portion of it by fire.

The following work is now "*cast upon the waters*," in a stereotyped form, not likely soon to be changed. An affectionate Teacher's kindest regards to his Pupils, and respects to a candid and generous public.

NEW YORK, 1845.

PHYSIOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION.

1. Every ART, and SCIENCE, has its Externals, and its Internals, its Generals and Particulars; which must be understood Analytically, and Synthetically, if we would practice either successfully. The Internals of Elocution, are Thoughts and Feelings, and its Externals comprise all that is addressed to our five senses: its Generals are Mind and Body, with their various Languages, or modes of manifestation. Comparatively, Language—is the Tune, Body—the Instrument, and Mind—the Performer: hence, the necessity of becoming acquainted, theoretically and practically, with their NATURES, RELATIONS and USES.

2. As the subjects of MIND and LANGUAGE, are partially unfolded in the following work, in this part, something must be said of the BODY, the harp of ten thousand strings: particularly in regard to structure, position, and the organs to be used for the production and modification of sounds, in Speech and Song: also of Gestures, or Actions; illustrated by appropriate Engravings, which may be imitated by the Pupil, for the purpose of bringing the Body into subjection to the Mind; without, however, any reference to specific Recitations,—lest he should become artificial, instead of natural.

3. The more we contemplate MAN, the more we see and feel the truth, that he is a Microcosm indeed; a miniature-world,—an abstract of creation,—an epitome of the universe,—a finite representation of the INFINITE DEITY! Well saith the heathen motto, "KNOW THYSELF!" and the poet—

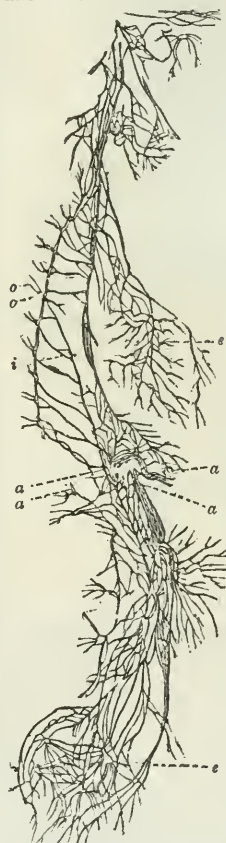
"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND—IS MAN."

And it may truly be said, that there is nothing in the Mineral, Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms, that cannot be found, essentially, in the human body; and nothing in the world of Mind, that is not shadowed forth in his spiritual nature: hence, the grandeur, the magnificence—of our subjects, and our objects.

4. The three grand essentials of the Body proper, are the Osseus, or bony system, which fixes its form, and gives it stability: the Muscular, or fleshy system, which is designed to act on the Osseus; and Nervous system, acting on the Muscular: while the Mind, acts on and through the Nervous; receiving its life and power from Him, who is emphatically "THE LIFE:" thus, we can look through Nature, up to Nature's God. Observe, the Analytical course is from outermosts to innermosts, from effects to causes; and the Synthetical progress from innermosts to outermosts; or from causes to effects.

5. NERVES OF ORGANIC LIFE. Every thing must have a beginning: and nothing is made perfect at once. Now in the body, there is a certain portion, called Nerves of Organic Life; because they are the first formed, and constitute the grand medium, through which the soul builds

up the Body, with the materials, furnished by the external world. The Soul is the architect, and



the body its workmanship. Here is a good representation of this nervous mass, which is a kind of brain, (or series of brain,) that presides over those glands, or workshops, that take charge of the food, digest it, and watch over its changes, till it is made into blood, and then appropriated to the body. The nervous centre, called Semilunar Ganglion and Solar Plexus, may be seen at *a, a, a, a*; it is situated under the diaphragm and partly behind the stomach: other subordinate centres may be seen at *e, e, e, e*; also in other places, that need not be designated, as they are very numerous: these centres are like miner posts in a state, or kingdom. At *i*, is seen a pair of

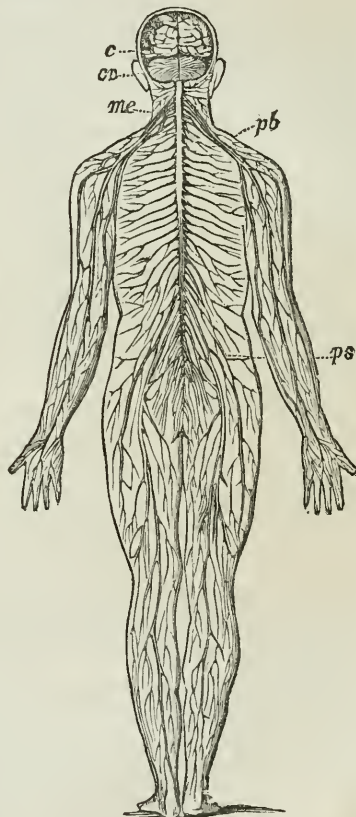
chords, called trisplanchnic nerves: and at *o, o*, are seen other nerves, with their little brains, or centres, where they come together, forming a line along the spine, from the bottom of the chest, to the top of the neck. From this large collection of Organic Nerves, others proceed to every part of the system, uniting in smaller centres, and forming ganglions in the palms of the hands, balls of the fingers, &c. Our Astronomical system is called the Solar System, because the Sun is its centre, watching over our planets; so, of these nervous centres of the grand and smaller departments of our miniature-universe. Owing to the intimate connection of these nerves with

their numerous centres, and with the nerves of the whole body, they are sometimes called the Great Sympathetic Nerves, and Nerves of Vegetable Life. There are three orders of these Nerves: one going to the blood-vessels and other parts of the vascular system; one to the contractile tissues or muscles of involuntary motion; and one to the nerves of organic sensation, conveying the impressions made on the organs.



6. In this view of the Nerves of Respiration, (originating in the Medulla Oblongata, which is an extension of the Cerebellum, (b,) or seat of Voluntary Motion, and of the Cerebrum, (a,) or seat of Rationality,) may be seen the nerve (c,) that goes to the Diaphragm (i,) and is concerned in the office of breathing, which generally acts without the aid of the Will; but yet is controllable by the Will, to a certain extent; for we may breathe fast or slow, long or short. Next above this, is the Spinal Accessory Nerve, used in moving the breast, &c., in respiration; one of its fellow roots goes to the tongue, (d,) and is concerned in mastication, swallowing, speaking, &c. [Some nerves are thrown back, the better to be seen.] Next in order is the pneumogastric, or lungs-and-stomach nerve (f, g, h,) which sends a branch to the meat-pipe, larynx and wind-pipe, (e,) also to the cardiac, or heart plexus, just above, and a little at the right of (g); a recurrent branch goes to the larynx, &c.; other branches go to the face, to exhibit the feelings. All interweave, and bring the vocal organs into important relations with the heart and lungs, with feelings and thoughts; while the main body goes to the stomach, and unites with the great centre

of organic life, or solar plexus. The roots of these nerves are in the cerebellum, the seat of motion, a receptacle of life. Now, we see why intensity of thought, carking cares, &c., impede respiration, and infringe on the laws of health, for want of the proper co-operation with the nerves of organic life; inducing dyspepsia, and even consumption; hence, the painful mode of teaching children to read by a book: away with this false system, unless you would inhumanly sacrifice the rising generation on the altar of evil; let the ear, or right feeling predominate: please work out the whole; for you can do it: a hint is sufficient for those who think.



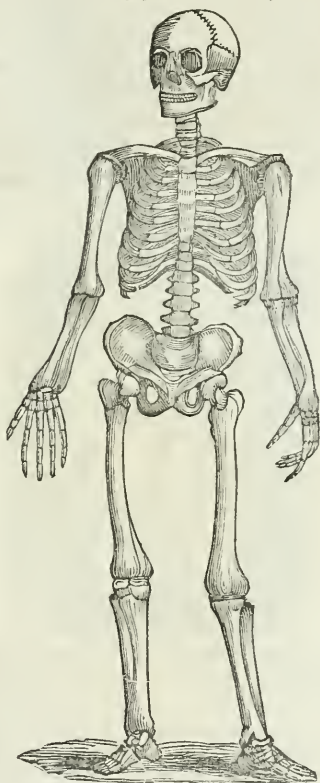
7. Here is an excellent representation of the Nerves of Voluntary Motion, and of Sense, which, with the nerves of Organic Life, and the Respiratory Nerves, constitute the inmosts of the body; also, a posterior, or back view, of the two brains, which is the seat of the Mind, the constituents of which, are Will and Understanding. The letter c, indicates the cerebrum, or large brain, where the Understanding, Rationality, or thought is located; and cb, the cerebellum, or little brain, under, and adjoining the cerebrum, where the

horizontal black line is: here is the seat of the Will, Affections, Passions or Emotions; also the seat of the Motive power of the body; and from these proceed the spinal marrow, (*me*.) enveloped in three different membranes, lying in the hollow of the back bone, and branching off by thirty pairs of spinal nerves into a great many ramifications over every part of the body; *pb*, the brachial plexus, a reunion or assemblage of the different nerves distributed to the arms, or upper extremities; and *ps*, the plexus, or folds of nerves, that form the great sciatic nerves, descending to the legs, or lower extremities. From the spinal marrow, the nerves arise by two sets, or bundles of roots; the front (anterior,) one serving for motion, and the back (posterior,) are the nerves of feeling, or sensibility. Now, in all voluntary actions of the body, whether reading, speaking, singing, or working, there should be a perfect harmony and co-operation of the Organic Nerves, Respiratory Nerves, and Motary Nerves; hence, the voluntary effort must be made from the abdomen, where is the great centre of Organic Nerves, in connection with those of Respiration.

8. Here is a striking view of the Muscular, or fleshy portions, that form the medium of communication between the Nerves and the Bones: there are several hundreds, acting on the bones like ropes on the masts of ships: let them be trained in perfect subjection to the Soul, through the Mind; so that whatever is felt & thought, may be bodied forth to the life. Now let us put these three systems, the Nerves, Muscles and Bones, together, and contemplate the whole as a unit, bound up in the skin, and acting in obedience to its rightful owner, the Mind; while that mind is subservient to the Creator of mind.



9. We now descend to the hard parts of the body, which have the least of life in them. This is a very correct representation of the Osseous system, or the bony parts which may be apply



called the basis, or foundation, of the splendid temple we live in; which is three stories high; viz. the cavity below the diaphragm, the one above it, and the skull. Examine, minutely, each part, the situation and attachment of the different bones of the head, the five short ribs, and the seven long ones, the breast-bone, &c. In a complete human frame, there are **250** bones: they afford us the means of locomotion. Do you see any analogy between the body and language?

10. ZOOLOGY—(the doctrine or science of life,) is a necessary element of education. Whose curiosity has not been excited by the innumerable living beings, and things, with which we are surrounded? Is it not desirable to scrutinize their interiors, and see how they are made, and understand their various uses? Look at a man, a fish, a spider, an oyster, a plant, a stone; observe their differences, in many respects, and their similarities in others: they all have essence, form, use. The tendency of the study of the three kingdoms of nature, the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral,

is to emancipate the human mind from the darkness and slavery of ignorance, into the light and liberty of rational humanity. The things of the Animal kingdom live, and move from an interior power; those of the Vegetable kingdom grow; and those of the Mineral kingdom do not live or grow; they simply exist.

11. Three objects are designed by this engraving: first, to show the body, clothed in its own beautiful envelop, the skin, which is the continent of our most wonderful piece of Mechanism: second, to call attention to the fact, that it is full of pores, or little holes, through which passes out of our systems more than half of what we eat



and drink, in the form of what is called insensible perspiration, which is indicated by the cloudy mist, emanating from every part of the surface; and as our bodies wear out, by degrees, and are renewed every seven years, and the skin being the principal evacuating medium for the worn-out particles of the system; the great importance of keeping it in a clean, and consequent healthy condition, by daily washing in soft cold water, must be evident to every one of reflection, it being the safety-valve of the body: and thirdly, to indicate a higher truth, that of the passing off of a subtle and invisible fluid from the mind, in accordance with its state; which is often perceived when certain persons are present; also when powerful speakers are pouring forth their highly wrought affections, and brilliant thoughts; so as to give the mind a kind of ubiquity, co-extensive with their tones and audible words, ruling immense audiences with absolute sway, and demonstrating the power of truth and eloquence.

Animals and Plants increase by nutrition: Minerals by accretion. In infancy, we weigh but a few pounds: at adult age, we exceed one hundred pounds. Whence, but from foreign substances, are the materials of which our organs are composed? In sickness, extreme emaciation proves that our bodies may lose a portion of their bulk, and give back to the world what was once its own. Thus, composition and decomposition,

constituting the nutritive function of which living bodies are the centre, are revealed to us by evidences too plain to be misunderstood: may we have power to appreciate them, being assured that all truths are in perfect harmony with each other.

12. Here is a representation of the Human Form clothed and engaged in some of the uses of Elocution. But it is necessary to enter more



into the particulars of our subject; which is done in the succeeding parts of this introduction: however, let the reader bear in mind, that only the outlines of subjects are given in the book, designed for such as are determined to dig for truth and eternal principles, as for hidden treasures; whose motto is "Press On."

Animals and Plants endure for a time, and under specific forms, by making the external world a part of their own being; i. e. they have the power imparted to them of self-nourishment, and when this outward supply ceases they die, having completed their term of duration: hence, death, to material existences, is a necessary consequence of life. Not so with minerals: they exist so long as external forces do not destroy them: and if they increase, it is simply by the juxtaposition of other bodies; and if they diminish, it is by the action of a force, or power, from without. Has not every thing its circle? How interesting must be the history of all things, animate and inanimate! Oh that we had eyes to see, and ears to hear, every thing that is manifested around us, within us, and above us!

13. If we would have the Mind act on the Body, and the Body react on the Mind, in an or-

derly, and, consequently, beneficial manner, it is necessary that the body be in a natural and upright position. The following engraving represents the Thorax, or Chest, which contains the Heart and Lungs; and reason teaches, that no organs should be in the least infringed upon, either by compressions, or by sitting in a bent position. The Lungs are reservoirs for the air, out of which we make sounds, by condensation. All are familiar with the hand-bellows: observe the striking analogy between it and the body, in the act of speaking, singing and blowing. The wind-pipe is like its nose, the lungs like the sides, and the abdominal and dorsal muscles, like its handles; of course, to blow with ease and power, one must take hold of the handles; to speak and sing right, the lower muscles must be used; for there is only one right way of doing anything.

Larynx,

Wind-pipe, . . .

Collar bone, . .

Bronchia, . . .

Heart & Lungs,

7 Long Ribs, . .

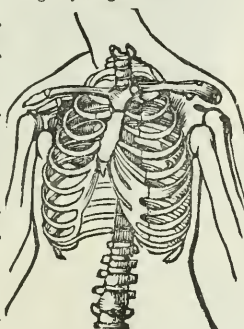
Diaphragm, . . .

5 Short Ribs, . .

Dorsal and

Abdominal

Muscles.

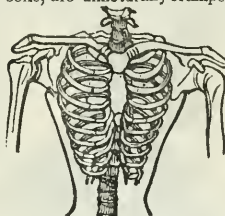


14. This is a view of a well developed and naturally proportioned chest; with space for the lungs, the short ribs thrown outwardly, affording ample room for the free action of the organs: it is the true model of the form of one who would live to a good old age.

15. TIGHT DRESSING. No one can enjoy good health, or perform any kind of labor with ease, or read, speak, or sing, when the thorax is habitually compressed. It diminishes the capacity of the lungs, for receiving the necessary quantity of air to purify the blood, and prevents the proper action of the diaphragm. The following engraving shows the alarming condition of the chest, when compressed by tight lacing; a practice that has hurried, and is now hurrying, hundreds of thousands to a premature grave; besides entailing upon the offspring an accumulation of evils, too awful to contemplate. What is the difference between killing one's self in five minutes with a razor, and doing it in five years by tight lacing, or any other bad habit? Our clothing should never be so tight as to prevent the air from coming between it and the body.

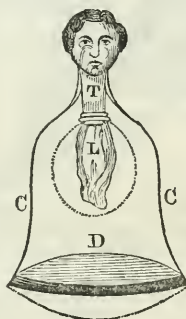
16. Here follows an outline of the chest, or thorax of a female, showing the condition of the bones of the body, as they appear after death, in every one who has habitually worn stays and corsets, enforced by tight lacing. 'But,' says one, 'I do not lace too tight.' If you lace at all, you most certainly do, and will, sooner or later, expe-

rience the dreadful consequences. Observe, all the short ribs, from the lower end of the breast-bone, are unnaturally cramped inwardly toward



the spine, so that the liver, stomach, and other digestive organs in that vicinity, are pressed into such a small compass, that their functions are greatly interrupted, and all the vessels,

bones and viscera are more or less distorted and enfeebled. Cease to do evil, and learn to do well.



17. This engraving, of a bell-shaped glass, C, C, shows how the air gets into the lungs, and some of its effects. A head is placed on the cork, T, representing the wind-pipe, and having a hole through it. L, represents a bladder, tied to the lower end of the cork, to indicate a lung. At D, is seen the diaphragm. The cavity of the bell represents

the inside of the thorax, where the heart and lungs are: there is no communication with the external air, except through the hole in the cork; air, entering through that hole, can go only into the bladder. Now, when the centre of the diaphragm is raised to D, the bladder will be flaccid and devoid of air; but when it is dropped, to the situation of the dotted line, a tendency to a vacuum will be the consequence, which can be supplied with air, only through the hole in the cork; the air expanding the bladder to its full extent, is shown by the dotted circle, around L; and when the diaphragm is elevated again, the air will be forced from the bladder; thus, the lungs are inflated and exhausted by this alternate operation of the diaphragm, and of the contraction and elongation of the abdominal muscles; hence, the comparison between the vocal organs proper, and a pair of bellows, is distinctly seen.



MUSCULAR ACTION. These two engravings represent some muscular fibres in two states: the upper one at rest, with a relaxed nervous filament ramified through the fibres, as seen under the microscope; and the lower one in a state of contraction, and the fibres in zigzag lines, with a similar nervous filament passing over them: apply the principle to all muscles. The subject might be greatly extended; but for further information, see the Author's large work on Physiology and Psychology, which will be published as soon as convenient.

18. Here is a representation of the Air Cells in the Lungs, laid open and highly magnified. The body is formed by Blood, which consists of the nutritious portions of our food, and is in the form of very small globules, or little round balls: a representation of which is here presented as seen through a microscope, magnified one thousand



times. Every three or four

minutes, as a general rule, the blood flows throughout the whole body; and, of course, through the lungs, where it undergoes a purification: hence may be seen the importance of an upright position, and perfect inflation of the lungs; no one can live out his days without them.

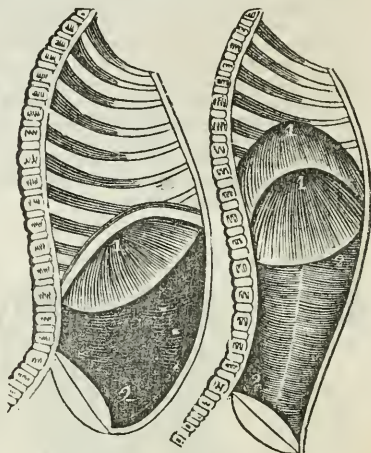
19. Here are two attitudes, sitting, and standing, passive and active. Beware of too much



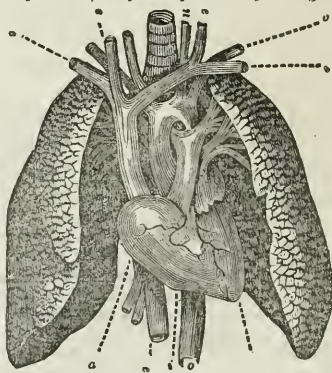
stiffness, and too much laxity, of the muscles; be natural and easy. Avoid leaning backwards or forwards, to the right or left: and especially, of resting your head on your hand, with the elbow on something else: by which practice, many have caused a projection of one shoulder, induced spinal affections, &c. Beware of every thing that is improper: such as trying how much you can lift with one hand, &c.

20. Here follows a representation of the position of the diaphragm, and illustrations of its actions, in exhaling and inhaling. Figure 1, in the left engraving, represents the diaphragm in its greatest descent, when we draw in our breath: 2, muscles of the abdomen, when protruded to their full extent, in inhaling: 1, in the right engraving, the diaphragm in its greatest ascent in expiration: 2, the muscles of the abdomen in action, forcing the

viscera and diaphragm upwards: the lungs co-operate with the diaphragm and abdominal muscles; or rather, the soul, mind, nerves and muscles act unitedly, and thence with ease, grace and effect. Observe, the Stomach, Liver, &c. are below the diaphragm, and are dependent on it, in a measure, for their actions.

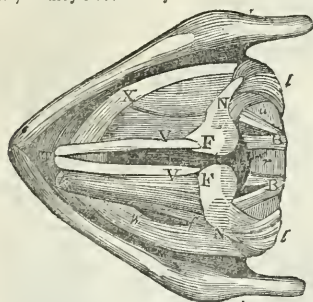


21. Here is a view of the Heart, nearly surrounded by the Lungs, with the different blood-vessels going to, and from them: these organs are shown partially separated; tho' when in their natural positions, they are quite compact together,



and wholly fill up the cavity of the chest: every one has two hearts, for the two different kinds of blood, and each heart has two rooms: *a*, right auricle, that receives all the blood from every part of the body, through the vena cava, or large vein, which is made up of the small veins, *e, e, e, e, e*; it thence passes into the right ventricle, *i*, thence into both lungs, where it is purified; after which it passes into the left auricle, and left ventricle, then into the aorta, *o*, and the carotid and subclavian arteries (*u*, and *v*.) to every part of the body; returning every three or four minutes.

22. This engraving represents the larynx, or vocal box, at 1, near the top of the wind-pipe, 2; the bronchial tubes, or branches of the trachea, 3, 4, going to each lung; the left lung is whole; the substance of the right one is removed, to show the ramifications of the bronchial twigs, terminating in the air-cells, 7, 7, 8, like leaves on the trees. The bronchial tubes are the three branches of the wind-pipe, and enter the lungs about one third of the distance from the upper end: hence, how foolish for persons having a sore throat, or larynx, to suppose they have the bronchitis; which consists in a diseased state of the bronchia; generally brought on by an improper mode of breathing, or speaking, &c., with exposure. The remedy may be found in the practice here recommended, with a free use of cold soft water over the whole body, and bandages wet with the same, placed about the chest and neck, to be removed every few hours, as they become dry.



23. Here is a horizontal view of the Glottis: *N, F*, are the arytenoid cartilages, connected with the chordæ vocales, (vocal cords, or ligaments,) *T, V*, stretching across from the top of the arytenoid to the point of the thyroid cartilage: these cords can be elongated, and enlarged to produce lower sounds, and contracted and diminished for higher ones: and, at the same time, separated from each other, and allowing more condensed air to pass for the former purposes; or brought nearer together, to favor the latter: there are a great many muscles attached to the larynx, to give variety to the modifications of voice in speech and song

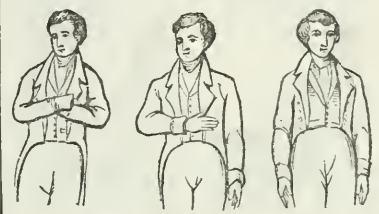
24. Here is a front view of the Vocal Organs: *e* is the top of the wind-pipe, and within and a little above *d* is the larynx, or vocal box, where

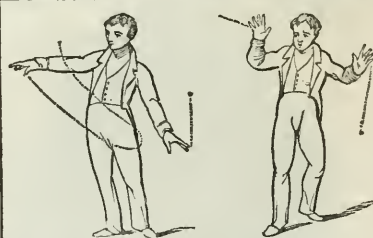
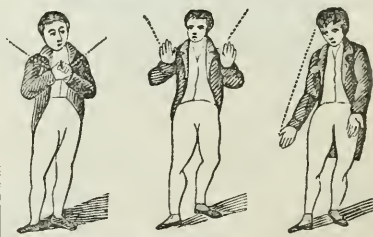
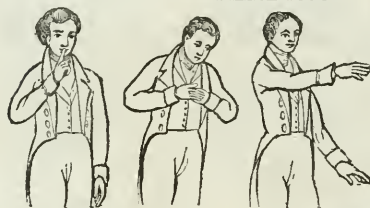
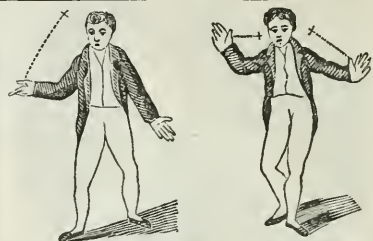
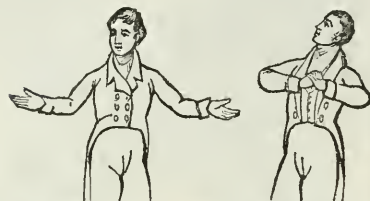
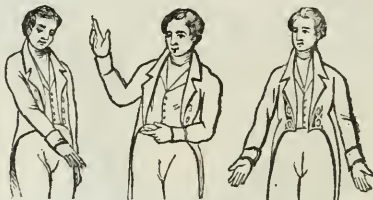
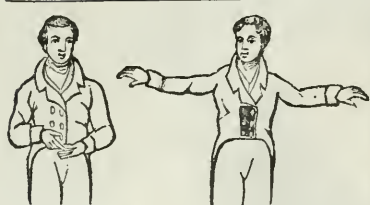


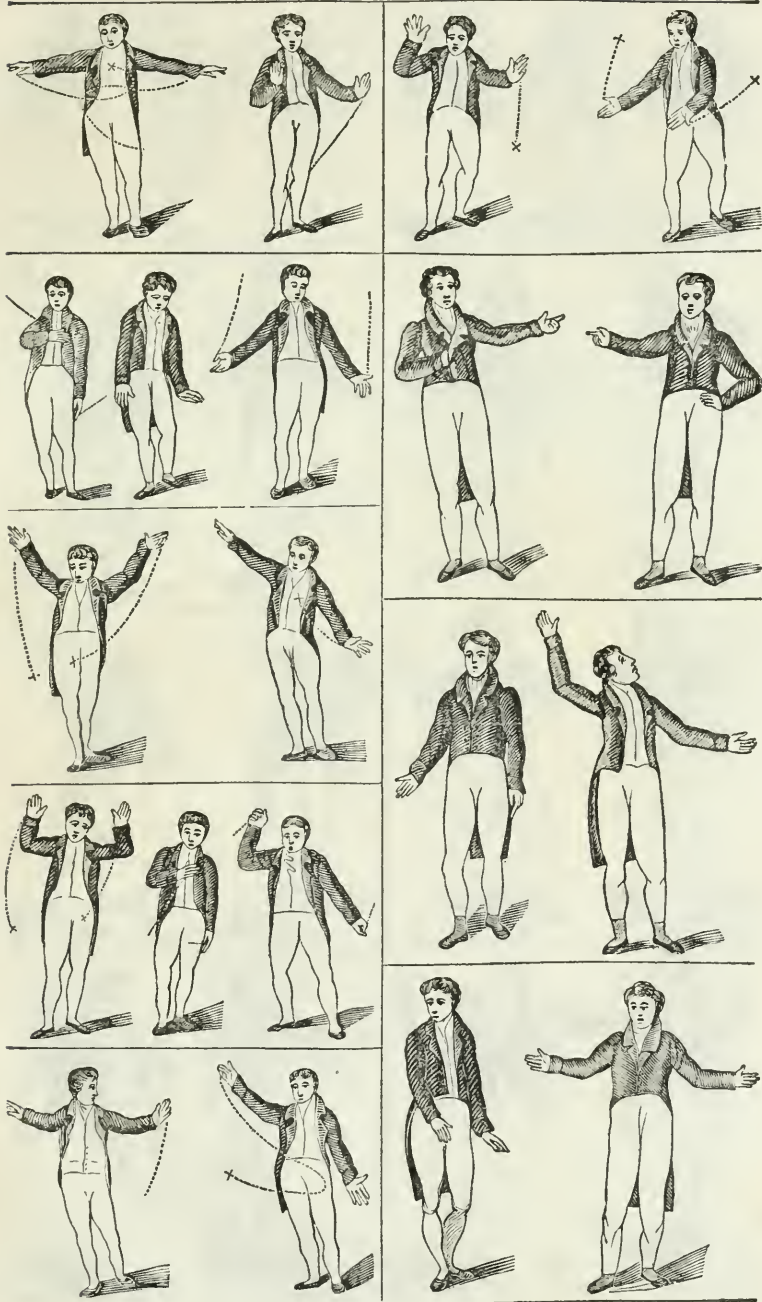
all voice sounds are made: the two horns at the top, represent the upper extremities of the thyroid cartilage: the tubes up and down, and transverse, are blood-vessels: beware of having anything tight around the neck, also of bending the neck much, impeding the free circulation of the blood, and determining it to the head.

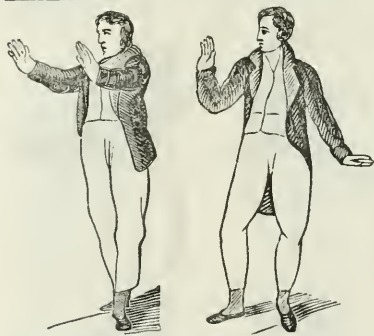
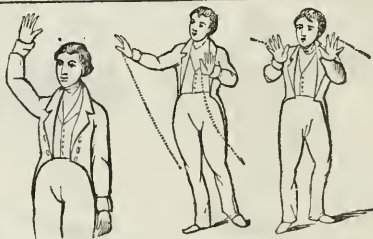
ORATORICAL AND POETICAL ACTION.

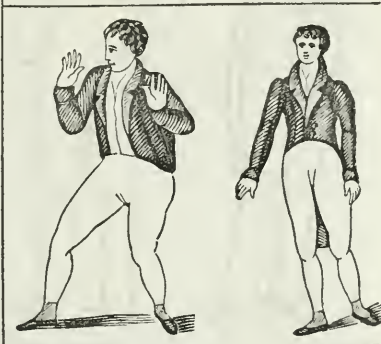
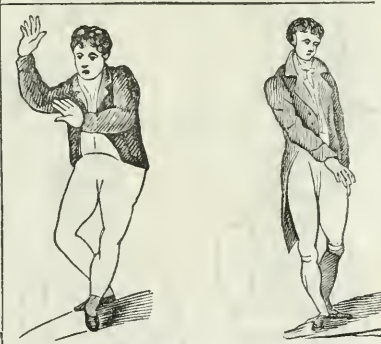
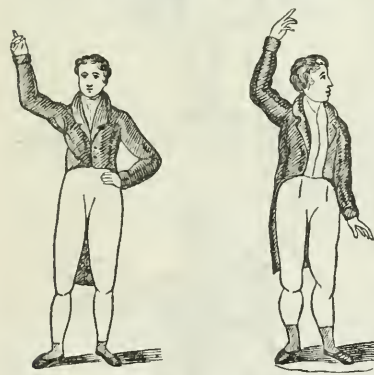
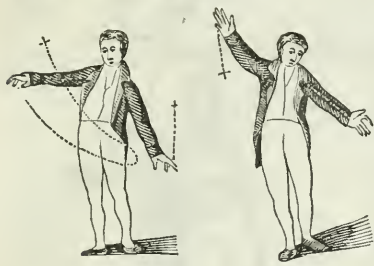
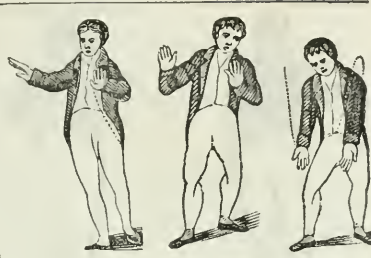
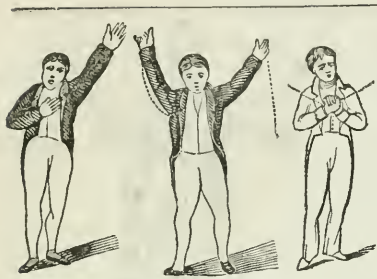
POSITIONS OF FEET AND HANDS.

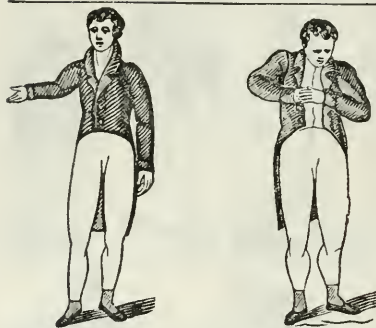












Notes. The Elocutionary Engravings are designed for studies; they involve every variety of Thought and Feeling, and their modes of manifestation: some are to be imitated, others avoided, because of their awkwardness: judge ye. The dotted lines show the directions the hands have taken, till brought to their present position. Some paragraphs are transposed, and extra ones introduced, the better to accommodate the engravings. See the Passions, &c., for further information.

1. **THIS SYSTEM** unfolds the true Philosophy of **MIND** and **VOICE**, in accordance with the *nature of Man*, and the *structure of Language*. The *Elements* are first presented; then, the *common* combinations, followed by the more *difficult* ones; all of which are to be practiced in *concert*, and *individually*, after the *Teacher*. These exercises essentially aid in cultivating the *Voice* and *Ear*, for all the objects of *Speech* and *Song*: while the *Principles* and *Practice* tend to develop and perfect both *mind* and *body*, agreeably to the *Laws*, that should govern them. The *Vowels* must first be mastered, then the *Consonants*; and the exercises interspersed with *reading*, and rigid *criticism* on the *Articulation* and *Pronunciation*.

N. B. The words printed in *italics* and **CAPITALS**, are more or less *emphatic*; though other words may be made so, according to the desired effect: the dash (—) indicates a pause for *inhalation*: connecting words are sometimes excepted.

2. **A** has four regular sounds: First,

Name sound, or long: **ALE**; ate, a-zure; rare a-pri-cots; scarce pa-tri-ots; fair brace-lets for ta-tent mus-ta-ches; hai-ry ma-gi and sa-pient liter-a-ti for pa-trons; na-tion-al ca-ter-er for ra-di-a-ted sta-mens, and sa-li-ent pas-try with the ha-lo gra-tis; the ra-tion-al plain-tiff tears the cam-bric, and dares the stairs for the sa-vor of rai-sins; they drain the cane-brakes and take the bears by the nape of the neck; the may-or's pray-er to Mayn-ton Sayre is—to be-ware of the snares pre-par'd for the matron's shares: a-men has both syllables accented; but it should never be pronounced ah-men (2d a,) nor aw-men.



[A in ALE.]

3. **Position.** Sit, or stand *erect*, with the shoulders thrown *back*, so as to expand the *chest*, prevent the body from *bending*, and facilitate full and deep *breathing*. Open the mouth wide enough to admit two fingers, side-wise, between the teeth, and keep the lips *free* and *limber*, that the sounds may flow with *clearness* and *precision*; nor let there be too *much*, nor too little *moisture* in the mouth. A piece of hard wood, or ivory, an inch, or an inch and a half long, of the size of a *pipe-stem*, with a *notch* in each end, if placed between the teeth, perpendicularly, while practicing, will be found very useful in acquiring the habit of opening wide the mouth.

4. **E** has this sound in certain words; among which are the following: ere, ere-long; feint heirs; the hei-nous Bey pur-veys a bo-quet; (bo-ka;) they rein their prey in its ey-ry, and pay their freight by weight; hey-dey! o-bey the eyre, and do o-bei-sance to the Dey; they sit zete-a-tate (ta-tah-tate,) at trey; also, there and where, in all their compounds,—there-at, there-by, there-fore, there-in, there-on, there-with; where-at, where-by, where-fore, where-

in, where-on, where-with, &c.: also, in the contraction of *ever* and *never*,—as where-e'er I go, where-e'er I am, I ne'er shall see thee more. "How blest is he, who ne'er consents, By ill advice to walk."

Anecdote. Plato—defines man—"An animal, having two legs, and no feathers." This very imperfect description attracted the ridicule of Di-og-e-nes; who, *wittily*, and in *derision*, introduced to his school—a fowl, stripped of its feathers, and contemptuously asked,—"*Is this Plato's man?*"

Notes. 1. Don't caricature this sound of a and e before r, by giving it undue stress and quantity, in such words as—air, (ay-ur,) pa-reot, (pae-reut,) dare, (day-ur,) chair, there, where, &c., nor give it a flat sound, as some do to e in *bleat*, pronouncing it *blaat*. To give this sound properly, separate the teeth an inch, project the lips, and bring forward the corners of the mouth, like a funnel. 2. It would be just as proper in *prose*, to say, where-ever I go, where-ever I am, I never shall see thee more; as to say in *poetry*, where-er I am, I near shall see thee more. 3. E in *weight*, *whely*, (i, y, gh are silent,) and a in *age*, *whale*, &c., are just alike in sound; and as this sound of e does not occur among its *natural*, or *regular* sounds, as classed by our orthoepists, it is called "*irregular*;" i. e. it borrows this name sound of a; or is sounded like it. 4. Some try to make a distinction between a in *fate*, and a in *fat*, calling it a *medial* sound: which error is owing to t being an *abrupt* element, and r, a *prolonged* one; but no one can make a good sound of it, either in speech or song, when thus situated, by giving it a sound unlike the name sound of a; beware of unjust prejudices and prepossessions. I say na-shun-al, ra-shun-al, &c., for the same reason that I say no-tional and de-notional; because of *analogy* and *effect*.

Proverbs. 1. *Accusing*—is *proving*, when *malice* and *power* sit as judges. 2. *Adversity*—may make one *wise*, but not *rich*. 3. *Idle* folks—take the most *pains*. 4. Every one is *architect* of his own *fortune*. 5. Fine *feathers* make fine *birds*. 6. Go into the *country* to hear the news of the *town*. 7. He is a good *orator*—who *convinces himself*. 8. If you cannot *bite*, never show your *teeth*. 9. *Lawyers'* houses—are built on the heads of *fools*. 10. *Little*, and often, fill the *purse*. 11. *Much*, would have *more*, and lost *all*. 12. *Practice*—makes *perfect*.

The Bible—requires, in its proper *delivery*, the most extensive *practical knowledge* of the principles of *elocution*, and of *all* the compositions in the *world*; a better impression may be made, from its *correct reading*, than from the most *luminous commentary*.

Varieties. 1. *Love* what you *ought* to do, and you can easily do it;—oiled wheels run *freely*. 2. *Cicero* says, that *Roscius*, a Roman orator, could express a sentence in as many different ways by his *gestures*, as he himself could by his *words*. 3. Why is the letter *A*, like a *honey-suckle*? Because a *B* follows it. 4. Never *speak* unless you have something to *say*, and always *stop* when you have *done*. 5. The most essential rule in *delivery* is—Be *natural* and in *earnest*. 6. Our education should be adapted to the full development of *body* and *mind*. 7. *Truth* can never contradict *itself*; but is *eternal* and *immutable*—the same in all *ages*: the states of men's *reception* of it—are as various as the *principles* and *subjects* of natural creation.

As good have *no* time, as make *bad use* of it.

5. *Elocution*—is an Art, that teaches me how to manifest my *feelings* and *thoughts* to others, in such a way as to give them a true *idea*, and *expression* of *how*, and *what*, I *feel* and *think*; and, in so doing, to make them feel and think, as I do. Its object is, to enable me to communicate to the hearers, the *whole truth*, just as it is; in *other* words, to give me the *ability*, to do perfect justice to the *subject*, to *them*, and to *myself*: thus, involving the philosophy of *end*, *cause*, and *effect*,—the correspondence of *affection*, *thoughts* and *words*.

6. The second sound of A is grave, or Italian. An; alms, far; papa calms ma-ma, and commands Charles to craunch the al-monds in the haun-tered paths; his ma-ster de-man-ded a haunch of pur-tridge of father; aunt faun-tered the laundress for salve from the banana tree; Jar-vis farms sar-sa-pa-ril-la in A-mer-i-ca; ma-nil-la balm is a charm to halve the qualms in Ra-ven-na; he a-bides in Chi-na, and vaunts to have saun-tered on the a-re-na, to guard the vil-la hearths from harm-ful ef-flu-via; they flaun-tered on the so-fa, ar-gu-ing for Quarles' psalms, and for-mula for jaun-dice in Mec-ca or Me-di-na; a calf got the chol-e-ra in Cu-ba, and a-rose to run the gaunt-let for the ayes and noes in A-cel-da-ma.



[A in FAR.]

7. In making the vowel sounds, by expelling them, great care must be taken, to convert all the breath that is emitted, into pure sound, so as not to chafe the internal surface of the throat, and produce a tickling, or hoarseness. The happier and freer from restraint, the better: in laughing, the lower muscles are used involuntarily; hence the adage, 'laugh, and be fat.' In breathing, reading, speaking, and singing, there should be no rising of the shoulders, or heaving of the bosom; both tend to error and ill health. Beware of using the lungs, as it is said; let them act, as they are acted upon by the lower muscles.

Notes. 1. This, strictly speaking, is the only natural sound in all languages, and is the easiest made: it merely requires the under jaw to be dropped, and a vocal sound to be produced: all other vowels are derived from it; or, rather, are modifications of it. 2. When a is an article, i. e. when used by itself, it always has this sound, but must not be accented; as, "a man saw a horse and a sheep in a meadow;" except as contrasted with *the*; as, "I and the man, not a man." 3. When a forms an unaccented syllable, it has this sound: as, a-wake, a-bile, a-like, a-ware, a-tone, a-oid, a-way, &c. 4. It has a similar sound at the end of words, either with, or without an h: as, Noah, Han-nah, Sa-rab, Af-ri-ca, A-mer-i-ca, i-o-ta, dog-ma, &c. Beware of saying, No-er, Sa-rr, &c. 5. It generally has this sound, when followed by a single *n* in the same syllable: as, ar-on, ar-tist, &c.; also in star-ry, (full of stars,) and tar-ry, (besmeared with tar.)

Education. The derivation of this word will assist us in understanding its meaning; it being composed of the Latin word e-du-co, to lead or draw out. All developments, both of matter and spirit, are from

within—out; not from without—*n*. The beautiful rose—does not grow by accretion, like the rocks; its life flows into it through the nutriment, imbibed from the earth, the air, and the water, which are incorporated with the very life-blood of the plant as a medium: it is a manifestation of the LIFE that fills all things, and flows into all things, according to their various forms. The analogy holds good as it respects the human mind; tho' vegetables are matter, and mind is spirit; the former is of course much more confined than the latter. The powers of the mind—must be developed by a power from within, and above itself; and that is the best education, which will accomplish this most rapidly, and effectually, in accordance with the laws of God,—which always have reference to the greatest good and the most truth.

Anecdote. A clergyman, whose turn it was to preach in a certain church, happening to get wet, was standing before the session-room fire, to dry his clothes; and when his colleague came in, he asked him to preach for him; as he was very wet. "No Sir, I thank you;" was the prompt reply: "preach yourself; you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

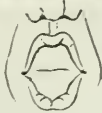
Proverbs. 1. A burden that one chooses, is not felt. 2. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. 3. After-wit is every body's wit. 4. Enough is as good as a feast. 5. All is but lip wisdom, that wants experience. 6. Better bend, than break. 7. Children and fools often speak the truth. 8. Out of debt, out of danger. 9. Wade not in unknown waters. 10. Do what you ought, and let come what will. 11. Empty vessels make the greatest sound. 12. Pause, before you follow an example.

Natural and Spiritual. Since we are possessed of both body and soul, it is of the first importance that we make use of natural and spiritual means for obtaining good; i. e. natural and spiritual truths. Our present and eternal destinies—should ever be kept in mind; and that, which is of the greatest moment, receive the principal attention: and, since death is only a continuation of life, our education should be continuous: both states of being will be best attended to, when seen and attended to in connection.

Varieties. 1. Horses will often do more for a whistle, than a whip: as some youth are best governed by a rod of love. 2. Why is a bankrupt like a clock? Because he must either stop, or go on tick. 3. True reading is true exposition. 4. Conceive the intentions of the author, and enter into the character. 5. The sciences and mechanical arts are the ministers of wisdom, not the end. 6. Do we love our friends more when present, or absent? 7. All natural truths, which respect the works of God in creation, are not only real natural truths, but the glasses and containing principles of spiritual ones.

8. The *means* to be used, thus to make known my *feelings* and *thoughts*, are *tones, words, looks, actions, expression, and silence*: whence it appears, that the *body* is the grand medium of *communication* between *myself* and *others*; for *by* and *through* the *body*, are tones, words, looks, and gestures produced. Thus I perceive, that the *mind*, is the *active* agent, and the *body*, the *passive* agent; that *this* is the *instrument*, and that the *performer*: here I see the elements of mental and vocal philosophy.

9. The third sound of A is broad: ALL, wall, auc-tion, aus-pice; his vaul-ting daugh-ter haul'd the dau-phin in the sauce-pan; the pal-try sauce-box waltz'd in the tea-sau-cer; al-be-it, the mawk-ish au-thor, dined on nau-seous sau-sa-ges; the au- burn pal-frey drew law-rel plau-dits; his naugh-ty dwarf got the groat through the fau-cit; he thwar-terd the fal-chion and salted the shawl in false wa-ter; the law-less gaw-ky got in-stall'd in the au-tumn, and de-frau-ded the green sward of its bal-dric awn-ing.



10. CURRAN, a celebrated Irish orator, presents us with a signal instance, of what can be accomplished by *assiduity* and *perseverance*: his enunciation was so *precipitate* and *confused*, that he was called "*stuttering Jack Curran*." To overcome his numerous defects, he devoted a portion of every day to reading and reciting *aloud*, slowly, and distinctly, some of the most eloquent *extracts* in our language: and his *success* was so *complete*, that among his *excellencies* as a speaker, was the clearness of his *articulation*, and an appropriate *intonation*, that melodized every *sentence*.

Notes. 1. To make this sound, drop and project the jaw, and shape the *mouth* as in the engraving: and when you wish to produce a very grave sound, in speech or song, in addition to the above, swell the windpipe, (which will elongate and enlarge the vocal chords,) and form the voice as low as possible in the larynx; for the longer and larger these chords are, the graver will be the voice: also, practice making sounds, while exhaling and inhaling, to deepen the tones. This sound is broader than the German *a*. 2. O sometimes has this sound: I thought he caught the cough, when he bought the cloth; he wrought, fought, and sought, but talked naught. 3. Beware of adding an *r* after *o*, as lawr, jawr, fawr, &c. 4. The *italic a* in the following, is broad. All were ap-pelled at the third-drom of Walter Ra-leigh, who was al-most scalded in the cal-dron of boiling wa-ter.

Habits of thought. Thinking is to the mind what digestion is to the body. We may hear, read, and talk, till we are gray; but if we do not think, and analyze our subjects, and look at them in every aspect, and see the *ends, causes, and effects*, they will be of little use to us. In thinking, however, we must think *clearly* and without *confusion*, as we would examine objects of *sight*, in order to get a perfect *idea* of them. Thinking—is *spiritually seeing*; and we should always think of things so *particularly*, as to be able

to describe them to others with as much *accuracy* as we do any *external* objects, which we have seen with our *material* eyes.

Anecdote. *Wild Outs.* After the first speech, made by the younger Pitt, in the House of Commons, an old member sarcastically remarked,—“I apprehend that the young gentleman has not yet sown all his *wild outs*.” To which Mr. Pitt *politely* replied, in the course of an elaborate and eloquent rejoinder, “Age—has its *privilege*; and the gentleman *himself*—affords an ample illustration, that I retain food enough for *geese* to *pick*.”

Proverbs. 1. A calumny, tho’ known to be such, generally leaves a *stain* on the reputation. 2. A blow from a *frying pan*, tho’ it does not hurt, *sullies*. 3. Fair and softly, go sure and far. 4. Keep your *business* and *conscience* well, and they will be sure to keep you well. 5. A man knows no more, to any purpose, than he practices. 6. Bells call others to church, but enter not themselves. 7. Revenge a wrong by forgiving it. 8. Venture not all you have at once. 9. Examine your accounts and your conduct every night. 10. Call me cousin, but don’t cozen me. 11. Eagles—fly alone, but sheep flock together. 12. It is good to begin well, but better to end well.

Theology—includes all religions, both *heathen* and *christian*; and comprehends the study of the Divine Being, his laws and revelations, and our duty towards Him and our neighbor. It may be divided into four grand divisions; viz. Paganism, Mahomedanism, Judaism, and Christianity. The study of Theology is the highest and noblest in which we can be engaged: but a mere theoretical knowledge, like the *sunbeam* on the mountain glacier, may only dazzle—to blind; for, unless the heart is warmed with love to God, and love to man, the coldness and barrenness of eternal death will reign in the soul: hence, the all of Religion relates to life; and the life of Religion is—to do good—for the sake of good.

Varieties. He, who studies books alone, will know how things ought to be; and he who studies men, will know how things are. 2. If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it; if you would wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you. 3. The more we follow nature, and obey her laws, the longer shall we live; and the farther we deviate from them, the sooner we shall die. 4. Always carry a few proverbs with you for constant use. 5. Let compulsion be used when necessary; but deception—never. 6. In China, physicians are always under pay, except when their patrons are sick; then, their salaries are stopped till health is restored. 7. All things speak; note well the language, and gather wisdom from it.

Nature—is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause—is God.

11. Words, I see, are among the *principal* means used for these important purposes; and they are formed by the organs of *voice*; these two things, then, demand my *first and particular* attention, *words and voice*; words are composed of *letters*; and the *voice*, is the effect of the proper *actions* of certain parts of the body, called *vocal organs*, converting air into sound; which two mighty *instruments, words and voice*, must be examined *analytically, and synthetically*; without which *process* I cannot understand any thing.

12. The fourth sound of A is short:

A'T, aft, add; I had *rath-er* have a *bar-rel* of *as-par-a-gus*, than the *en-am-el* and *ag-ate*; the *ca-bal* for *bade* the *mal-e-fac-tor* his *ap-par-el* and *jave-lin*; *Char-ity* *danc'd* in the *gran-ary* with *Cap-ri-corn*; the *mal-con-tents* pass'd thro' *Ath-ens* in *Feb-ru-ary*; his *cam-els* quaff'd the *As-phal-tic* can-al with *fa-cil-ity*; *plas-ter* the *fal-low-ground* *af-ter* *Jan-u-ary*; the *ad-age* an-swers on the *com-rade's* staff; the *plaid tas-sel* is *man-u-fac-tur'd* in France; he *at-tack'd* the *tar-iff* with *rail-le-ry*, *af-ter* he had scath'd the block and *tack-le* with his *ac-id* *pag-en-try*.



[A in AT.]

13. The more perfect the *medium*, the better will it subserve the uses of *communication*. Now, by analyzing the *constituents* of words and voice, I can ascertain whether they are in a condition, to answer the varied *purposes* for which they were *given*; and *fortunately* for me, while I am thus analyzing the *sounds*, of which words are composed, I shall, at the same time, become acquainted with the organs of *voice and hearing*, and gradually *accustom* them to the performance of their appropriate duties.

Notes. 1. To give the *exact* sounds of any of the vowels, take words, in which they are found at the *beginning*, and proceed as if you were going to pronounce the *whole* word, but *stop* the instant you have produced the *vowel sound*; and that is the *true* one. 2. Beware of *clipping* this, or any other sound, or *changing* it: not, I'kn go, you'kn see, they'kn come; but, I can go; you can see; they can come. 3. *A*, in *ate*, in *verbs*, is generally *long*; but in *other* parts of speech of more than one *syllable*, it is usually *short*; unless under some *accent*: as—intimate that to my intimate friend; educate that delicate and obstinate child; he calculates to aggravate the case of his affectionate and unfortunate wife; the compassionate son meditates how he may alleviate the condition of his disconsolate mother; vindicate your consul's honor; deprecate an unregenerate heart, by importunate prayer; the *pre-late* and *primate* calculate to regulate the ultimates immediately. 4. Observe—that often the sounds of vowels are sometimes *modified, or changed*, by letters immediately preceding or succeeding; which may be seen, as it respects *a*, for instance, in *ren-e-gade*, *mem-brane*, *rep-ro-bate*, *can-did-ate*, *po-ten-tate*, *night-in-gale*, &c.: some having a slight accent on the last syllable; and others having the *a* preceded, or followed by a vocal consonant; see previous Note 3. 5. A letter is called *short*, when it cannot be prolonged in speech, (though it can in Song,) without altering its form; and *long*, when it can be prolonged without such change: therefore, we call a sound *long, or short*, because it is *seen and felt* to be so: as, cold, hot; pale, mat: in making a *long* sound the glottis is kept open indefinitely; and in making a *short* one, it is closed suddenly, producing an abrupt sound, like some of the consonants.

Anecdote. Saving Fuel. Some time ago, when modern stoves were first introduced, and offered for sale in a certain city, the *ven-der* remarked, by way of recommending them,

that one stove would save *half* the *fuel*. Mr. Y—— being present, replied, "Sir, I will buy *two* of them, if you please, and then I shall save the *whole*."

Proverbs. 1. All truths must not be told at all times. 2. A good *servant* makes a good *master*. 3. A man in *distress*, or *despair*, does as much as *ten*. 4. Before you make a *friend*, eat a peck of salt with him. 5. *Passion*—will master you, if you do not master your *passion*. 6. *Form*—is good, but not *formality*. 7. Every tub must stand on its own *bottom*. 8. First *come*, first *serv'd*. 9. *Friendship*—cannot stand all on one *side*. 10. *Idleness*—is the hot-bed of *vice and ignorance*. 11. He that will steal a *pin*, will steal a *better* thing. 12. If you lie upon *roses* when *young*, you will lie upon *thorns* when *old*.

Qualifications of Teachers. Inas much as the nature of no one thing can be understood, without a knowledge of its *origin*, and the history of its *formation*, the qualifications of teachers are *seen and felt* to be so great, as to induce the *truly* conscientious to exclaim, in view of his duties, "*Who is sufficient* for these things?" How can we *educate* the child in a way appropriate to his *state and relations*, without a knowledge of his mental and physical *structure*? Is not a knowledge of *psychology and physiology* as necessary to the *educator*, as the knowledge of *mechanics* is to the *maker or repairer* of a *watch*? *Who* would permit a man even to *repair* a watch, (much less hire a man to *make* one,) who had only seen its *externals*? Alas! how *poorly* qualified are *nine-tenths* of our teachers for the stations they *occupy*! almost totally ignorant of the *nature and origin* of the human *mind*, and the science of *physiology*, which teaches us the *structure and uses* of the *body*. But how little they *understand* their calling, when they suppose it to be merely a teaching of *book-knowledge*; without any regard to the development of *mind and body*. A teacher should possess a good moral character, and entire self-control; a fund of knowledge, and ability to communicate it; a uniform temper, united with decision and firmness; a mind to discriminate character, and tact to illustrate simply the studies of his pupils; he should be patient and forbearing; pleasant and affectionate, and be capable of overcoming all difficulties, and showing the uses of knowledge.

Varieties. 1. If one were as eloquent as an *angel*, he would please *some* folks, much more by *listening*, than by *speaking*. 2. An upright politician asks—*what* recommends a man; a *corrupt* one—who recommends him. 3. Is any *law* independent of its *maker*? 4. *Kind* words—*cost* no more than *unkind* ones. 5. Is it not better to be *wise* than *rich*? 6. The power of *emphasis*—depends on *concentration*. 7. Manifested *wisdom*—infers *design*.

14. There are then, it appears, two *kinds* of language; an *artificial*, or *conventional* language, consisting of *words*; and a *natural* language, consisting of *tones, looks, actions, expression, and silence*; the *former* is addressed to the *eye*, by the *book*, and to the *ear*, by *speech*, and must thus be learned; the *latter*—addresses itself to both *eye and ear*, at the same *moment*, and must be thus *acquired*, so far as they *can* be acquired. To become an *Elocutionist*, I must learn *both* these languages; that of *art and science*, and that of the *passions*, to be used according to my *subject and object*.

15. *E* has two regular sounds; first, its *name* sound, or long: EEL; e-ra, e-vil; nei-ther de-ceive nor in-vei-gle the seam-stress; the sleek ne-gro bleats like a sheep; Cæ-sar's e-dict pre-cedes the e-poch of tre-mors; the sheik's beard stream'd like a me-te-or; the ea-gle shriek'd his pæ-an on the lea; the e-go-tist seemed pleas'd with his ple-na-ry leis-ure to see the co-te-rie; Æ-ne-as Leigh reads Mo-sheim on the e-dile's heath; the peo-ple tre-pann'd the fiend for jeer-ing his prem-ier; his liege, at the or-gies, gave œ-il-iads at my niece, who beat him with her be-som, like a cav-a-lier in Greece.



16. Since the *body* is the grand medium, for communicating *feelings and thoughts*, (as above mentioned,) I must see to it, that each part performs its proper *office*, without *infringement, or encroachment*. By *observation and experience*, I perceive that the *mind* uses certain *parts* for specific *purposes*; that the *larynx* is the place where vocal sounds are *made*, and that the power to *produce* them, is derived from the combined action of the *abdominal and dorsal* muscles. Both *body and mind* are rendered *healthy and strong*, by a proper use of all their *organs and faculties*.

17. *Irregular Sounds.* *I* and *Y* often have this sound; as—*an-tique, ton-tine*; the po-lice of the bas-tile seized the man-da-rin for his ca-price at the mag-a-zine; the u-nique fi-nan-cier, fa-tigued with his bom-ba-zine va-lise, in his re-treat from Mo-bile, lay by the ma-rines in the ra-vine, and ate ver-di-gris to re-lieve him of the cri-tique. Sheridan, Walker and Perry say, yea yea, and nay nay, making the *e long*; but Johnson, En-tick, Jamieson and Webster, and the author, pronounce *yea* as if spelled *yay*. Words derived immediately from the French, according to the genius of that language, are accented on the last syllables;—*ca-price, fa-tigue, po-lice, &c.*

Sorrow—treads heavily, and leaves behind
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:
While *Joy*—trips by, with steps, as light as wind,
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts
Of her faint foot-falls.

18. That the body may be *free*, to act in accordance with the dictates of the *mind*, all unnatural *compressions and contractions* must be avoided; particularly, *cravats and stocks* so tight around the *neck*, as to interfere with the proper action of the vocal *organs*, and the free circulation of the *blood*; also, tight *waistcoats*; double *suspenders*, made tighter with *straps*; elevating the *feet* to a point horizontal with, or above, the seat; and *lacing*, of any description, around the *waist*, impeding the freedom of breathing *naturally and healthfully*.

Anecdote. *True Modesty.* When Washington had closed his career, in the French and English war, and became a member of the House of Burgesses, in Virginia, the Speaker was directed, by a vote of the house, to return thanks to him, for the distinguished services he had rendered the country. As soon as Washington took his seat, as a member, Speaker Robinson proceeded to discharge the duty assigned him; which he did in such a manner as to confound the young hero, who rose to express his acknowledgments; but such was his confusion, that he was speechless; he blushed, stammered, and trembled for a short time; when the Speaker relieved him by saying—"Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty is equal to your valor; and that—surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Proverbs. 1. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage. 2. A deed done has an end. 3. A great city, a great solitude. 4. Desperate cuts—must have desperate cures. 5. All men are not men. 6. A stumble—may prevent a fall. 7. A fool always comes short of his reckoning. 8. Beggars must not be choosers. 9. Better late, than never. 10. Birds of a feather flock together. 11. Nothing is lost in a good market. 12. All is well, that ends well. 13. Like priest, like people.

Varieties. 1. The triumphs of truth—are the most glorious, because they are bloodless; deriving their highest lustre—from the number of the saved, instead of the slain. 2. Wisdom—consists in employing the best means, to accomplish the most important ends. 3. He, who would take you to a place of vice, or immorality, is not your real friend. 4. If gratitude—is due from man—to man, how much more, from man—to his Maker! 5. Arbitrary power—no man can either give, or hold; even conquest cannot confer it: hence, law, and arbitrary power—are at eternal enmity. 6. They who take no delight in virtue, cannot take any—either in the employments, or the inhabitants of heaven. 7. Beware of violating the laws of Life, and you will always be met in mercy, and not in judgment.

The calm of that old reverend brow, the glow
Of its thin silver locks, was like a flash
Of sunlight—in the pauses of a storm.

19. Having examined the structure of the body, I see the necessity of standing, at first, on the left foot, and the right foot a few inches from it, (where it will naturally fall, when raised up,) and pointing its heel toward the hollow of the left foot; of throwing the shoulders back, so as to protrude the chest, that the air may have free access to the air-cells of the lungs; of having the upper part of the body quiescent, and the mind concentrated on the lower muscles, until they act voluntarily.

20. The second sound of E is short: ELL; edge, en; the democrat's eq-i-page was a leath-er eph-od; the es-quire leap'd from the ped-es-tal in the kettle of eggs; a lep-er clenched the eph-a, zeal-ous of the eb-on feath-er, and held it steady; get the non-pa-reil weap-ons for the rec-on-dite her-o-ine; the ap-pren-tice for-gets the shek-els lent the deaf pre-ate for his her-o-ine; the clean-ly leg-ate held the tep-id macad-ow for a spe-cial home-stead; ster-e-o-type the pref-ace to the ten-ets as a pre-lude to our ed-i-ble re-tro-spec-tions; yester-day I guess'd the fet-id yeast es-caped with an ep-i-sode from the ep-ic into the pet-als of the sen-na; the pres-age is im-press'd on his ret-i-na in-stead of the keg of phlegm.



21. In these peculiar exercises of voice—are contained all the elements, or principles of articulation, accent, emphasis and expression; and, by their aid, with but little exertion, I shall be enabled to economize my breath, for protracted vocal efforts, and impart all that animation, brilliancy and force, that reading, speaking and singing ever require.

22. Irregulars. A, I, U, and Y, sometimes have this sound: as—any, or man-y pan-e-gyr-ists of Mur-y-land said,—the bur-y-ing ground a-against the world; says the lan-cet to the trum-pet—get out of my way a-gain, else the bur-ial ser-vice will be said over you in the black-ness of dark-ness; there is sick-ness in the base-ment of our plan-et, from the use of as-sa-fet-i-da, in-stead of her-rings: never say sus-pect for ex-pect, busi-niss for busi-ness, pay-munt for pay-ment, nor gar-munts for gar-ments.

23. As much depends on the quality of which any thing is made, I must attend to the manner, in which these sounds are produced, and see that they are made just right; each having its appropriate weight, form, and quantity. Taking the above position, and opening the mouth wide, turning my lips a little out all round, trumpet fashion, and keeping my eyes on a horizontal level, and inhaling full breaths, I will expel these sixteen vowel sounds into the roof of my mouth, with a suddenness and force similar to the crack of a thong, or the sound of a gun.

An ape—is an ope, a varlet—is a varlet,
Let them be clothed in silk, or scarlet.

Notes. 1. To make this sound of E, drop the under jaw, open the mouth wide, as indicated by the engraving, so as to prevent it from becoming in the least nasal. 2. E, in ent, ence, and ess, generally has this sound; tho' sometimes it slides into short u. 3. When e precedes two r's (rr,) it should always have this sound: as err, er-ror, mer-it, cher-ry, wher-ry; but when followed by only one r, it glides into short u, tho' the under jaw should be much depressed: as—the mar-chant heard the clerk calling on the ser-geant for mer-cy; let the ter-ma-gant learn that the pearls were jerked from the rob-ber in the tav-ern. I is similarly situated in certain words: the girls and birds in a mirth-ful cir-cle, sung dir-ges to the virgin: see short u. 4. E is silent in the last syllable of—even the shov-els are broken in the oven; a weasel opens the nov-el, with a sick-ning sniv-el; driv-en by a deaf-ening tit-tle from heav-en, he was of-ten taken and shaken till he was softened and ri-pened seven, e-leven or a doz-en times. 5. The long vowels are open and continuous; the short ones are shut, abrupt, or discrete, and end as soon as made.

Anecdote. A lawyer, to avenge himself on an opponent, wrote "Rascal" in his hat. The owner of the hat took it up, looked ruefully into it, and turning to the judge, exclaimed, "I claim the protection of this honorable court;—for the opposing counsel has written his name in my hat, and I have strong suspicion that he intends to make off with it."

Proverbs. 1. Make both ends meet. 2. Fair play—is a jewel. 3. Proverbs existed before books. All blood is alike ancient. 5. Beauty—is only skin deep. 6. Handsome is, that handsome does. 7. One fool makes many. 8. Give every one his due. 9. No rose without a thorn. 10. Always have a few maxims on hand for change.

Sublimity and Pathos. As weak lights—are obscured, when surrounded by the dazzling rays of the sun, so, sublimity, poured around on every side, overshadows the artifices of rhetoric: the like of which occurs in painting; for, tho' the light and shade, lie near each other, on the same ground, yet, the light first strikes the eye, and not only appears projecting, but much nearer. Thus, too, in composition, the sublime and pathetic—being nearer our souls, on account of some natural connection and superior splendor, are always more conspicuous than figures; they conceal their art, and keep themselves veiled from our view.

Sounds. 1. The whole sound made is not in the whole air only; but the whole sound is in every particle of air: hence, all sound will enter a small cranny unconfused. 2. At too great a distance, one may hear sounds of the voice, but not the words. 3. One articulate sound confounds another; as when many speak at once. 4. Articulation requires a mediocrity of loudness.

Varieties. 1. See how we apples swim. 2. He carries two faces. 3. Strain at a gate and swallow a saw-mill. 4. Who is the true gentleman? He whose actions make him such. 5. A sour countenance is a manifest sign of a froward disposition. 6. Speak—as you mean; do—as you profess, and perform what you promise. 7. To be as nothing, is an exalted state: the omnipotence of the heavens—exists in the truly humbled heart.

Whatever way you wend,
Consider well the end.

21. I observe that there are three distinct principles involved in oral words, which are their *essences*, or *vowel* sounds; their *forms*, or the *consonants* attached to them, and their *meaning*, or *uses*. By a quick, combined *action* of the lower muscles upon their contents, the diaphragm is elevated so as to force the *air*, or *breath*, from the *lungs* into the *windpipe*, and through the *larynx*, where it is converted into *vowel* sounds; which, as they pass out through the *mouth*, the *glottis*, *epiglottis*, *palate*, *tongue*, *teeth*, *lips*, and *nose*, make into *words*.

22. I has two regular sounds: *First*, its *NAME* sound, or long: ISLE; ire, i-o-dine: Gen-tiles o-blige their wines to lie for sac-charine li-lacs to ex-pe-dite their fe-line gibes; the ob-lique grind-stone lies length-wise on the ho-ri-zon; a ti-ny le-vi-a-than, on the heights of the en-vi-rons of Ar-gives, as-pires to sigh through the mi-cro-scope; the e-dile likes spike-nard for his he-li-a-cal ti-a-ra; the mice, in tri-ads, hie from the aisle. si-ne di-e, by a vi-va vo-ce vote; the bi-na-ry di-gest of the chrys-ta-line ma-gi, was hir'd by the choir, as a si-ne-cure, for a li-vre.



[I in ISLE.]

26. These vocal gymnastics produce astonishing power and flexibility of voice, making it strong, clear, liquid, musical and governable; and they are as healthful as they are useful and amusing. As there is only one straight course to any point, so, there is but one right way of doing any thing, and every thing. If I wish to do any thing well, I must first learn how; and if I begin right, and keep so, every step will carry me forward in accomplishing my objects.

Notes. 1. *I*, in some words, has this sound; particularly, when accented, and at the end of certain nouns and verbs: the hy-cu-m's al-ly proph-e-cy to the dy-nas-ty to mag-ni-fy oth-er's faults, but min-i-fy its own. 2. This first diphthongal sound begins nearly like 21 A, as the engraving indicates, and ends with the name sound of *e* (a-c.) 3. *I* is not used in any purely English word as a final letter; *y* being its representative in such a position. 4. When *I* commences a word, and is in a syllable by itself, if the accent be on the succeeding syllable, it is generally long: as, i-de-a, i-den-ti-fy, i-do-a-try, i-ras-ci-ble, i-ron-i-cal, i-tal-ic, i-tin-e-rant, &c. It is long in the first syllables of vi-tal-i-ty, di-am-eter, di-urnal, di-lem-ma, bi-en-ni-al, cri-te-ri-on, chi-me-ra, bi-og-ra-phy, li-cen-tious, gi-gan-tic, pri-me-val, vi-bra-tion, &c. 5. In words derived from the Greek and Latin, the prefixes bi, (twice,) and tri, (thrice,) the *I* is generally long.

Anecdote. *Seeing a Wind.* "I never saw such a wind in all my life;" said a man, during a severe storm, as he entered a temperance hotel. "Saw a wind!" observed another,—"What did it look like?" "Like!" said the traveller, "why, like to have blown my hat off."

ON A MUMMY.

Why should this worthless tegument—endure,

If its undying guest—he lost forever?

O let us keep the soul—embalmed and pure

In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption—may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit—in the skies may bloom.

Proverbs. 1. A crowd, is not company. 2. A drowning man will catch at a straw. 3. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 4. An ill workman quarrels with his tools. 5. Better be alone than in bad company. 6. Count not your chickens before they are hatched. 7. Every body's business, is nobody's business. 8. Fools—make feasts, and wise men eat them. 9. He that will not be counselled, cannot be helped. 10. If it were not for hope, the heart would break. 11. Kindness will creep, when it cannot walk. 12. Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.

General Intelligence. It is a signal improvement of the present day, that the actions and reactions of book-learning, and of general intelligence—are so prompt, so intense, and so pervading all ranks of society. The moment a discovery is made, a principle demonstrated, or a proposition advanced, through the medium of the press, in every part of the world; it finds, immediately, a host, numberless as the sands of the sea, prepared to take it up, to canvass, confirm, refute, or pursue it. At every water-fall, on the line of every canal and rail-road, in the counting-room of every factory and mercantile establishment; on the quarter-deck of every ship that navigates the high seas; on the farm of every intelligent husbandman; in the workshop of every skillful mechanic; at the desk of every school-master; in the office of the lawyer; in the study of the physician and clergyman; at the fireside of every man who has the elements of a good education, not less than in the professed retreats of learning, there is an intellect to seize, to weigh, and to appropriate the suggestions, whether they belong to the world of science, of tenets, or of morals.

Varieties. 1. Ought women be allowed to vote? 2. Nothing is troublesome, that we do willingly. 3. There is a certain kind of pleasure in weeping; grief—is soothed and alleviated, by tears. 4. Labor hard in the field of observation, and turn every thing to a good account. 5. What is a more lovely sight, than that of a youth, growing up under the heavenly influence of goodness and truth? 6. To speak ill, from knowledge, shows a want of character; to speak ill—upon suspicion, shows a want of honest principle. 7. To be perfectly resigned in the whole life and in its every desire, to the will and governance of the Divine Providence, is a worship most pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

To me, tho' bath'd in sorrow's dew,

The dearer, far, art thou:

I lov'd thee, when thy woes were few:

And can I alter—now?

That face, in joy's bright hour, was fair;

Moreauteous, since grief is there;

Tho' somewhat pale thy brow;

And be it mine, to soothe the pain,

Thus pressing on thy heart and brain.

27. *Articulation* is the *cutting out and shaping*, in a perfectly *distinct and appropriate manner*, with the organs of speech, all the *simple and compound sounds* which our twenty-six letters represent. It is to the ear what a fair hand-writing is to the eye, and relates, of course, to the *sounds*, not to the *names*, of both *vowels and consonants*. It depends on the exact *positions and correct operations*, of the vocal powers, and on the ability to *vary them with rapidity, precision and effect*: thus, articulation is purely an intellectual act, and belongs not to any of the *brute creation*.

28. The second sound of **I** is short:

IL; inn, imp; the *ser-vile spir-it* of a *rep-tile lib-er-tine* is *hos-tile* to *fem-i-nine fi-det-i-ty*; the *pu-cril-e dis-ci-pline* of *mer-can-tile chi-cane-ry*, is the *ar-tif-i-cer of mil-i-tary des-po-tism*; the *fer-tile eg-gan-tine* is *des-tin'd* for a *ju-ve-nile gift*; the *gen-u-ine pro-file* of *Cap-tain White-field* is the *an-tip-o-des of in-di-vi-si-bil-i-ty*; the wind, in the *vi-cin-i-ty* of mount *Lib-a-nus*, is a *me-di-ci-nal* for the *con-spir-a-cy* of the *brig-and*; and the *pris-tine foun-tains* of the *ad-a-man-tine spring* is *sul-lied* with the *guil-ty guil-o-tine*; man is an *ex-quis-ite e-pit-o-mé* of the *in-fi-nite Di-vin-i-ty*, and should be *stud-ied* as *def-i-nite-ly* as possible.



29. Two grand objects are, to correct *bad habits*, and form *good ones*; which may be done by the practice of *analysis and synthesis*: that is, taking compound *sounds, syllables, words, and sentences* into pieces; or, *resolving* them into their component *parts*, and then *recombining*, or putting them *together* again. *Error* must be *eradicated*, or *truth* cannot be *received*; we must cease to do *evil*, and learn to do *well*: what is *true* can be *received* only in proportion as its opposite *false* is *removed*.

30. *Irregulars.* A, E, O, U, and Y, in a few words, have this sound: as—the *hom-age giv-en* to *pret-ty wom-en* has been the *rich-est bus-i-ness* of *pet-ty tyr-an-ny*, since the English *proph-e-cy* of *Py-thag-o-rus*; the *styg-i-an furnace* of *bus-y Wal-lace*, in *Hon-ey al-ley*, is a *med-ley* of *pyr-i-tes*, and the *treb-le cyn-o-sure* of *cyg-nets, hys-sop*, and *syn-o-nyms*.

Notes. 1. Beware of Mr. Walker's error, in giving the sound of long E to the final unaccented I and Y of syllables and words, which is always short: as,—*as-per-e-tee*, for *as-per-i-ty*, *nee-nor-e-tee*, for *mi-nor-i-ty*; *char-ee-tee* for *char-i-ty*; *pos-see-l-ee-tee*, for *pos-si-bil-i-ty*, &c. 2. Some give the short sound of I to A in the unaccented syllables of *ad-age, cab-bage, post-age, long-age, us-age*, &c., which is agreeable to the authorities, and to give the a as in *at*, savors of affectation. 3. I is silent in *evil, devil, cousin, basin*, &c. 4. I, in final unaccented syllables, not ending a word, is generally short; *si-mil-i-tude, fi-del-i-ty, mi-nor-i-ty*.

A bark, at midnight, sent alone—

To drift upon a moonless sea,—

A lute, whose leading chord—is gone,

A wounded bird, that has but one

Imperfect wing—to soar upon,—

Is like what I am—wi hout thee.

Anecdote. *Accommodating.* A *Physician*—advertised, that at the request of his friends, he had moved near the church-yard; and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients. No doubt of it.

Proverbs. 1. A thousand probabilities will not make one truth. 2. A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with. 3. Gentility, without ability, is worse than beggary. 4. A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool. 5. If we would succeed in any thing, we must use the proper means. 6. A liar should have a good memory. 7. Charity begins at home, but does not end there. 8. An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning. 9. Short reckonings make long friends. 10. Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools. 11. Every one knows best where his own shoe pinches. A faint heart never won a fair lady.

Freedom. When freedom is spoken of, every one has an idea of what is meant; for every one has known what it is to live in freedom, and also what it is to live, and act under restraint. But then it is obvious, that different persons feel in freedom, according to circumstances; things which restrain and infringe upon the freedom of some, have no such effect upon others. So that in the same situation in which one would feel free, another would feel himself in bondage. Hence, it is evident that tho' all have a general idea of what freedom is, yet all have not the same idea of it. For as different persons would not all be free in the same circumstances, it follows, that freedom itself is not the same thing to all. Of course, the kinds of freedom are as many and various as the kinds of love are by which we are all governed; and our freedom is genuine or not genuine, according as our ruling love is good or evil.

Varieties. 1. Did you ever consider how many millions of people—live, and die, ignorant of themselves and the world? 2. Stinginess soon becomes a confirmed habit, and increases with our years. 3. The man, who is just, and firm in his purpose, cannot be shaken in his determined mind, either by threats or promises. 4. By continually scolding children and domestics, for small faults, they finally become accustomed to it, and despise the reproof. 5. Good books—are not only a nourishment to the mind, but they enlighten and expand it. 6. Why do we turn from those living in this world, to those who have left it, for the evidences of genuine love? 7. All principles love their nearest relatives, and seek fellowship and conjunction with them.

There are some bosoms—dark and drear,

Which an unwater'd desert are;

Yet there, a curious eye, may trace

Some smiling spot, some verdant place,

Where little flowers, the weeds between

Spend their soft fragrance—all unseen.

31. The organs of *speech* are, the *dorsal* and *abdominal* muscles, the *diaphragm* and *intercostal* muscles, the *thorax* or chest, the *lungs*, the *trachea* or wind-pipe, the *larynx*, (composed of five elastic cartilages, the upper one being the *epiglottis*;) the *glottis*, *palate*, *tongue*, *teeth*, *lips* and *nose*: but, in all efforts, we must use the *whole body*. All *vowel* sounds are made in the *larynx*, or vocal box, and all the *consonant* sounds *above* this organ.

32. O has three regular sounds: *first*, its *NAME* sound, or *long*: OLD; the *sloth*-ful *doge* *co*pes with the *flo*-rist before *Pha*-raoh, and sows *on*-ly *yel*-low oats and *o*-sier; the *home*-ly *por*-trait of the *a*-tro-cious *gold*-smith is the *yeo*-man-ry's *pil*-low; Job won't go [O in OLD.] to Rome and pour *tal*-low o-ver the broach of the *pre*-co-cious *wid*-ow Gross; the whole corps of *for*-gers tore the *tro*-phy from the *fel*-low's nose, and told him to store it under the *po*-ten-tate's so-fa, where the *de*-co-rus *pa*-trol pour'd the *hoa*-ry min-nows.



33. A correct and pure articulation, is indispensable to the public *speaker*, and essential in private *conversation*: every one, therefore, should make himself *master* of it. All, who are resolved to *acquire* such an articulation, and faithfully use the *means*, (which are here furnished in *abundance*;) will most certainly *succeed*, though opposed by slight organic defects; for the *mind* may obtain *supreme* control over the whole *body*.

34. Irregulars. *Au*, *Eau*, and *Eu*, have this sound in a few words: The beau *Ros-sau*, with *mourn*-ful *bau*-teur, stole the *haul*-boy, *bu*-reau, *cha*-teau and *flam*-beaux, and poked them into his *port*-manteau, before the *belle* sowed his toe to the *har*-row, for *strew*-ing the *shew*-bread on the *plat*-eau.

Anecdote. A *Narrow Escape*. A pedantic *English* traveler, boasting that he had been so *fortunate*, as to escape Mr. Jefferson's celebrated *non-importation law*, was told by a *Yankee lady*, "he was a *very* lucky man: for she understood that the *non-importation* law prohibited the importing of *goods*, of which *brass*—was the chief *composition*."

Proverbs. 1. *Affairs*, like *salt*-fish, should be a long time *soaking*. 2. A *fool's* tongue, like a *monkey's* tail, designates the animal. 3. *All* are not *thieves* that *dogs* bark at. 4. An *ant* may work its *heart* out, but it can never make *honey*. 5. Better go *around*, than fall into the *ditch*. 6. *Church* work generally goes on *slowly*. 7. Those, whom *guilt* contaminates, it renders *equal*. 8. *Force*, without *forecast*, is little worth. 9. *Gen*-tleness, without *ability*, is worse than plain *beg*-gary. 10. *Invite*, rather than *avoid* labor. 11. He'll go to *law*, at the wagging of a *straw*. 12. *Hobson's* choice,—that, or none.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent—to engage
In lofty trifles; or, to swell my page—
With wind, and noise.

Natural Philosophy—includes all substances that affect our five senses,—*hearing*, *seeing*, *tasting*, *smelling* and *feeling*; which substances are called *matter*, and exist in three states, or conditions,—*solid*, when the particles cohere together, so as not to be easily separated; as *rocks*, *wood*, *trees*, &c.: *liquid*, when they cohere slightly, and separate *freely*; as *water*: and *gaseous*, or *aeriform* state, when they not only separate *freely*, but tend to *recede* from each other, as far as the *space* they occupy, or their *pressure* will permit,—as *air*, &c.

Educators, and Edneation. We all must serve an *apprenticeship* to the five senses; and, at every step, we need assistance in learning our trade: *gentleness*, *patience*, and *love*—are almost every thing in education: they constitute a mild and blessed atmosphere, which enters into a child's soul, like *sunshine* into the *rosebud*, slowly, but surely expanding it into *vigor* and *beauty*. *Parents* and *Teachers* must govern their own feelings, and keep their hearts and consciences *pure*, following *principle*, instead of *impulse*. The cultivation of the affections and the development of the body's senses, begin together. The first effort of intellect is to associate the names of objects with the sight of them; hence, the necessity of early habits of *observation*—of paying attention to surrounding things and events; and enquiring the *whys* and *wherefores* of every thing; this will lead to the *qual*-ities, *shapes*, and *states* of *inanimate* substances; such as *hard*, *soft*, *round*, *square*, *hot*, *cold*, *swift*, *slow*, &c.; then of *vegeta*-bles, afterwards of *animals*; and finally, of *men*, *angels*, and *God*. In forming the *human* character, we must not proceed as the *sculptor* does, in the formation of a *statue*, working sometimes on one part, then on another; but as *nature* does in forming a *flower*, or any other production; throwing out altogether the whole system of being, and all the rudiments of every part.

Varieties. 1. The just man will flourish in spite of envy. 2. *Disappointment* and *suffering*, are the school of *wisdom*. 3. Is corporeal punishment necessary in the *school*, *army* and *navy*? 4. Every thing within the scope of human power, can be accomplished by well-directed efforts. 5. *Woman*—the *morning*-star of our youth, the *day*-star of our manhood, and the *evening*-star of our age. 6. When Newton was asked—by what means he made his discoveries in *science*; he replied, "by *thinking*." 7. *Infinity*—can never be received fully—by any recipient, either in *heaven*, or on *earth*.

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
Round broken columns, clasping ivy twin'd,
And o'er the ruins—stalk'd the stately hind.

O cursed thirst of gold! when, for thy sake,
The fool—throws up his interest in both worlds;
First, starv'd in this, then, damn'd—in that to come.

35. Attend to the *quantity* and *quality* of the sounds, which *you* and *others* make; that is, the *volume* and *purity* of voice, the *time* occupied, and the *manner* of enunciating *letters*, *words*, and *sentences*: also, learn their *differences* and *distinctions*, and make your voice *produce*, and your ear *observe* them. Get clear and distinct *ideas* and *conceptions* of *things* and *principles*, both as respects *spirit*, and *matter*; or you will grope in *darkness*.

36. The second sound of O is close:

OOZE; do stoop, and choose to ac-cou-tre the gour-mand and trou-ba-dour, with boots and shoes; the soot-y cou-ri-er broods a youth-ful boor to gamboge the goose for a don-ceur; Brougham, (Broom,) proves the uncouth dra-goon to be a wound-ed tou-rist by his droop-ing sur-tout; it be-hoves the boo-by to shoot his bou-sy noo-dle soon, lest, buo-yant with soup, the fool moor his poor ca-noe to the roof of the moon.



[O in OOZE.]

37. The difference between *expulsion* and *explosion* is, that the latter calls into use, principally, the *lungs*, or *thorax*: i. e. the effort is made too much *above* the diaphragm: the *former* requires the combined action of the muscles *below* the midriff; this is favorable to *voice* and *health*; that is deleterious, generally, to *both*: many a one has injured his *voice*, by this unnatural process, and others have exploded their *health*, and some their *life*; beware of it.

Notes. 1. *Au*, in some French words, have this sound; as—chef-d'eau-vre, (she-doovr, a master stroke); also, *Eu*; as—ma-nau-vre; coup-d'a'il, (coo-dale, first, or slight view) coup-de-main, (a sudden attack) and coup-de-grace, (coo-de-gras, the finishing stroke). 2. Beware of Walker's erroneous notation in pronouncing oo in book, cook, took, look, &c., like the second sound of o, as in boon, pool, tooth, &c. In these first examples, the oo is like u in pull; and in the latter the o is close. In the word to, in the following, when it constitutes a part of the verb, the o is close: as—"in the examples alluded to;" "attend to the exceptions." 3. In concert practice, many will let out their voices, who would read so low as not to be heard, if reading individually.

Proverbs. 1. A fog—cannot be dispelled with a fan. 2. A good tale—is often marr'd in telling. 3. Diligence—makes all things appear easy. 4. A good name—is better than riches. 5. A man may even say his prayers out of time. 6. A pel-les—was not a painter in a day. 7. A plaster is a small amends for a broken head. 8. All are not saints that go to church. 9. A man may live upon little, but he cannot live upon nothing at all. 10. A rolling stone gathers no moss. 11. Patience—is a bitter seed; but it yields sweet fruit. 12. The longest life must have an end.

There is a pleasure—in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture—on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music—in its roar:
I love not Man—the less, but Nature—more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle—with the Universe, and feel—
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Causes of Greek Perfection. All Greek Philologists have failed to account satisfactorily, for the *form*, *harmony*, *power*, and *superiority* of that language. The reason seems to be, that they have sought for a thing where it is not to be found; they have look'd into books, to see—what was never written in books; but which alone could be heard. They learned to read by ear, and not by letters; and, instead of having manuscripts before them, they memorized their contents, and made the thoughts their own, by actual appropriation. When an author wished to have his work published, he used the living voice of himself, or of a public orator, for the printer and bookseller: and the public speaker, who was the best qualified for the task, would get the most business: the greater effect they produced, the higher their reputation. The human voice, being the grand instrument, was developed, cultivated, and tuned to the highest perfection. Beware of dead book knowledge, and seek for living, moving nature: touch the letter—only to make it alive with the eternal soul.

Anecdote. I hold a wolf by the ears: which is similar to the phrase—catching a Tartar; supposed to have arisen from a trooper, meeting a Tarter in the woods, and exclaiming, that he had caught one: to which his companion replied,—“Bring him along, then;”—he answered, “I can't;” “Then come yourself;”—“He won't let me.” The meaning of which is, to represent a man grappling with such difficulties, that he knows not how to advance or recede.

Varieties. 1. Is it not strange, that such beautiful flowers—should spring from the dust, on which we tread? 2. Patient, persevering thought—has done more to enlighten and improve mankind, than all the sudden and brilliant efforts of genius. 3. It is astonishing, how much a little added to a little, will, in time, amount to. 4. The happiest state of man—is—that of doing good, for its own sake. 5. It is much safer, to think—what we say, than to say—what we think. 6. In affairs of the heart, the only traffic is—love for love; and the exchange—all for all. 7. There are as many orders of truth, as there are of created objects of order in the world; and as many orders of good—proper to such truth.

There is a spell—in every flower,
A sweetness—in each spray,
And every simple bird—hath power—
To please me, with its lay.
And there is music—on the breeze,
Th't sports along the glade,
The crystal dew-drops—on the trees,
Are gems—by fancy made.
O, there is joy and happiness—
In every thing I see,
Which bids my soul rise up, and bless
The God, th't blesses me.

38. Oratory—in all its refinement, and necessary circumstances, belongs to no particular people, to the exclusion of others; nor is it the gift of nature alone; but, like other acquirements, it is the reward of arduous efforts, under the guidance of consummate skill. Perfection, in this art, as well as in all others, is the work of time and labor, prompted by true feeling, and guided by correct thought.

39. The third sound of O is short:

ON; fore-head, prod-uce; the dol-o-rous coll-ier trode on the bron-z'd ob-e-lisk, and his sol-ace was a com-bat for om-lets made of gor-geous cor-als; the vol-a-tile pro-cess of making [O in ON.] ros-in glob-ules of trop-i-cal mon-ades is extra-or-di-na-ry; the doc-ile George for-got the joc-und copse in his som-bre prog-ress to the moss broth in yon-der trough of knowl-edge; beyond the flor-id frosts of morn-ing are the sop-o-rif-ic prod-ucts of the hol-y-days.



40. Dean Kirwan, a celebrated pulpit orator, was so thoroughly convinced of the importance of manner, as an instrument of doing good, that he carefully studied all his tones and gestures; and his well modulated and commanding voice, his striking attitudes, and his varied emphatic action, greatly aided his wing-ed words, in instructing, melting, inflaming, terrifying and overwhelming his auditors.

41. Irregulars. A sometimes has this sound: For what was the wad-dling swan quar-rel-ing with the wasp wan-der-ing and wab-ling in the swamp? it was in a quan-da-ry for the quan-ti-ty of wars be-tween the squash and wash-tub, I war-rant you.

Notes. 1. The o in nor is like o in on and or: and the reason why it appears to be different, is that the letter, when smooth, partakes more of the properties of the vowel than the rest. 2. O is silent in the final syllables of pris-on, bi-son, dam-son, ma-son, par-son, sex-ton, ar-son, bla-son, glut-ton, par-don, bu-ton, rea-son, mut-ton, la-son, trea-son, reck-on, sea-son, u-ni-son, ho-ri-son, crim-son, les-son, per-son, Mil-ton, John-son, Thomp-son, &c.

Proverbs. 1. A man of gladness—seldom falls into madness. 2. A new broom sweeps clean. 3. A whetstone—can't itself cut, yet it makes tools cut. 4. Better go around, than fall into the ditch. 5. Religion—is an excellent armor, but a bad cloak. 6. The early bird—catches the worm. 7. Every one's faults are not written in their fore-heads. 8. Fire and water—are excellent servants, but bad masters. 9. Fools and obstinate people, make lawyers rich. 10. Good counsel—has no price. 11. Great barkers—are no biters. 12. Regard the interests of others, as well as your own.

'Tis liberty, alone, that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre, and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

Man's soul—in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause—that motion owes.

Analogies. Light—is used in all languages, as the representative of truth in its power of illustrating the understanding. Sheep, lambs, doves, &c., are analogous to, or represent certain principles and affections of the mind, which are pure and innocent; and hence, we select them as fit representatives of such affections: while, on the other hand, bears, wolves, serpents, and the like, are thought to represent their like affections. In painting and sculpture it is the artist's great aim, to represent, by sensible colors, and to embody under material forms, certain ideas, or principles, which belong to the mind, and give form to his conceptions on canvass, or on marble: and, if his execution be equal to his conception, there will be a perfect correspondence, or analogy, between his picture, or statue, and the ideas, which he had endeavored therein to express. The works of the greatest masters in poetry, and those which will live the longest, contain the most of pure correspondences; for genuine poetry is identical with truth; and it is the truth, in such works, which is their living principle, and the source of their power over the mind.

Anecdote. Ready Wit. A boy, having been praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman observed,—“When children are so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid when they become advanced in years.” “What a very sensible boy you must have been, sir,”—replied the lad.

Varieties. 1. Why is a thinking person like a mirror? because he reflects. 2. Self-sufficiency—is a rock, on which thousands perish; while diffidence, with a proper sense of our strength, and worthiness, generally ensures success. 3. Industry—is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. 4. The generality of mankind—spend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable. 5. When we do wrong, being convinced of it—is the first step towards amendment. 6. The style of writing, adopted by persons of equal education and intelligence, is the criterion of correct language. 7. To go against reason and its dictates, when pure, is to go against God: such reason—is the divine governor of man's life: it is the very voice of God.

THE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale—their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.

Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb—now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And so it wul be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal—will still ring on,
When other bards—shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

42. Yield implicit obedience to all *rules* and *principles*, that are founded in *nature* and *science*; because, *ease*, *gracefulness*, and *efficiency*, always follow *accuracy*; but rules may be *dispensed* with, when you have become divested of bad habits, and have *perfected* yourself in this useful art. Do not, however, destroy the *scaffold*, until you have erected the *building*; and do not raise the super-structure, till you have dug *deep*, and laid its *foundation* stones upon a *rock*.

43. U has three regular sounds: *first*, NAME sound, or long: MUTE; June re-fu-ses as-tute Ju-ly the juice due to cu-cum-ber; this feudal con-nois-sieur is a suit-a-ble co-ad-ju-tor for the cu-ri-ous man-tua-ma-ker; the a-gue and [U is MUTE.] fe-ver is a sin-gu-lar nu-i-sance to the a-cu-men of the mu-lat-to; the cu-rate cal-cu-lates to ed-u-cate this lieu-ten-ant for the tribu-nal of the Duke's ju-di-cat-ure.



44. *Elocution*, is reading, and speaking, with *science*, and *effect*. It consists of two parts: the *Science*, or its true principles, and the *Art*, or the method of presenting them. *Science* is the knowledge of *Art*, and *Art* is the practice of *Science*. By *science*, or knowledge, we know *how* to do a thing; and the *doing* of it is the *art*. Or, *science* is the *parent*, and *art* is the *offspring*; or, *science* is the *seed*, and *art* the *plant*.

45. *Irregulars*. *Ew*, has sometimes this diphthongal sound, which is made by commencing with a conformation of organs much like that required in short *e*, as in *ell*, terminating with the sound of *o*, in *ooze*; see the engraving. Re-view the dew-y Jew a-new, while the cat mews for the stew. In pronouncing the *single* sounds, the mouth is in one condition; but, in giving the *diphthong*, or double sound, it changes in conformity to them.

Notes. 1. U, when long, at the beginning of a word, or syllable, is preceded by the consonant sound of y: i. e. it has this consonant and its own vowel sound: as; u-ni-verse, (yu-ni-verse,) pen-u-ry, (pen-yu-ry,) stat-u-a-ry, (stat-yu-a-ry,) ewe, (yu) vel-ume, (vol-yu-me,) na-ture, (nat-yure,) &c.: but not in col-umn, al-um, &c., where the u is short. 2. Never pronounce duty, dooty; tune, tuon; news, noor; blue, bleo; slow, sloo; dew, doos; Jews, Joos; Tuesday, Toosday; gratitude, gratitoo-de. 3. Sound all the syllables full, for a time, regardless of sense, and make every letter that is not silent, tell truly and fully on the ear: there is no danger that you will not clip them enough in practice.

Anecdote. A Dear Wife. A certain extravagant speculator, who failed soon after, informed a relation one evening, that he had that day purchased an elegant set of jewels for his dear wife, which cost him two thousand dollars. "She is a dear wife, indeed,"—was the laconic reply.

Knowledge—dwells

In heads, replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.

Proverbs. 1. Fools—make fashions, and other people follow them. 2. From nothing, nothing can come. 3. Give but rope enough, and he will hang himself. 4. Punishment—may be tardy, but it is sure to overtake the guilty. 5. He that plants trees, loves others, besides himself. 6. If a fool have success, it always ruins him. 7. It is more easy to threaten, than to do. 8. Learning—makes a man fit company for himself, as well as others. 9 Little strokes ie. Great oaks. 10. Make the best of a bad bargain. 11. The more we have, the more we desire. 12. Gentee society—is not always good society.

The Innocent and Guilty. If those, only, who sow to the wind—reap the whirlwind, it would be well: but the mischief is—that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy—seek their victims, principally, amongst the innocent and unoffending. The cottage—is sure to suffer, for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error—sits in the seat of power and authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent, which originates indeed, in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale below.

Eternal Joy. The delight of the soul—is derived from love and wisdom from the Lord; and because love is effective through wisdom, they are both fixed in the effect, which is use: this delight from the Lord flows into the soul, and descends through the superiors and inferiors of the mind—to all the senses of the body, and fulfills itself in them; and thence joy—becomes joy, and also eternal—from the Eternal.

Varieties. 1. Gaming, like quicksand, may swallow up a man in a moment. 2. Real independence—is living within our means. 3. Envy—has slain its thousands; but neglect, its tens of thousands. 4. Is not a sectarian spirit—the devil's wedge—to separate christians from each other? 5. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism—would not gain force on the plains of Marathon; or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Ionia. 6. Rational evidence—is stronger than any miracle whenever it convinces the understanding; which miracles do not. 7. Man, in his salvation, has the power of an omnipotent God, to fight for him; but in his damnation, he must fight against it, as being ever in the effort to save him.

THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love. Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm; Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles, And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.

Even from the body's purity—the mind—
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

46. By ANALYSIS—*sounds, syllables, words, and sentences* are resolved into their constituent *parts*; to each is given its own peculiar *sound, force, quality, and meaning*; and thus, every shade of *vocal coloring, of thought and feeling*, may be *seen and felt*. By **SYNTHESIS**, these parts are again *re-united*, and presented in all their *beautiful and harmonious combinations*, exhibiting all the varieties of *perception, thought, and emotion*, that can be *produced* by the human mind.

47. The second sound of U is short : UP; an *ul-tra numb-skull* is a *mur-ky scut-lion*; she urged her *cour-te-ous hus-band* to *coup-le* himself to a *tre-men-dous tur-tle*; the *coun-try ur-chin pur-chased* a bunch of [U in UP.] *mush and tur-nips*, with an *ef-ful-gent duc-at*, and burst with the bulk of fun, because the *um-pire de-murr-ed* at the *suc-co-tash*.



48. Lord Mansfield, when quite young, used to recite the orations of *Demosthenes*, on his native *mountains*; he also practised before *Mr. Pope*, the poet, for the benefit of his *criticisms*; and the *consequence* was, his melodious *voice* and graceful *diction*, made as deep an impression, as the beauties of his *style* and the excellence of his *matter*; which obtained for him the appellation of "*the silver-toned Murray*."

49. Irregulars. A, E, I, O, and Y, occasionally have this sound: the *wo-man's hus-band's* clerk whirled his *com-rade* into a bloody flood for mirth and *mon-ey*; sir *squir-rel* does *noth-ing* but shove *on-ions* up the *col-lan-der*; the *sov-reign monk* has just come to the *col-ored mon-key*, quoth my *won-dering mother*; this *sur-geon* bumbs the *hor-ror-stricken bed-lam-ites*, and *cov-ets* the *com-pa-ny* of *mar-tyrs* and *rob-bers*, to *plun-der* some tons of *cous-ins* of their *gloves, com-fort, and hon-ey*; the bird *en-vel-ops* some worms and *pome-gran-ates* in its *ston-ach, a-bow* the *myr-tle*, in front of the *lav-ern*, thus, *tres-pass-ing* on the *cov-er-ed vi-and*s; the *wan-ton sex-ton* en-com-pass-es the earth with *gi-ant whirl-winds*, and *plun-ges* its sons into the *bot-tom-less o-cean* with his *shov-el*.

Notes. 1. E and U, final, are silent in such words as, *bogue, vague, eclogue, synagogue, plague, catalogue, rogue, demagogue*, &c. 2. Do justice to every letter and word, and as soon think of stepping *backward* and *forward* in walking, as to pronounce your words in reading: nor should you call the words incorrectly, any sooner than you would put on your *shoes* for your *hat*, or your *boinet* for your *shawl*. 3. When e or i precedes one r, in the same syllable, it generally has this sound: *berth, mirth, beard, vir-gin*, &c., see N. p. 18. 4. Sometimes r is double in sound, though written single.

Could we—with ink—the ocean fill,

Were earth—of parchment made;

Were every single stick—a quill,

Each man—a scribe by trade;

To write the tricks—of half the sex,

Would drink the ocean dry:—

Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,

The blind—eat many a fly.

C

Proverbs. 1. Like the dog in the manger; he will neither do, nor let do. 2. Many a slip between the cup and lip. 3. No great loss, but there is some small gain. 4. Nothing venture, nothing have. 5. One half the world knows not how the other half lives. 6. One story is good till another is told. 7. Pride—goes before, and shame—follows after. 8. Saying and doing, are two things. 9. Some—are wise, and some—are otherwise. 10. That is but an empty purse, that is full of other folk's money. 11. Common fame is generally considered a liar. 12. No weapon, but truth; no law, but love.

Anecdote. *Lawyer's Mistake.* When the regulations of West Boston bridge were drawn up, by two famous lawyers,—one section, it is said, was written, accepted, and now stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually, on the first Tues-day of June; provided, the same does not fall on Sunday."

Habits. If parents—only exercised the same *forethought, and judgment*, about the education of their *children*, as they do in reference to their *shoemaker, carpenter, joiner, or even gardener*, it would be much better for these *precious ones*. In all cases, what is *learned*, should be *learned well*: to do which, *good teachers*—should be preferred to *cheap ones*. *Bad habits*, once learned, are not easily corrected: it is better to learn one thing well, and thoroughly, than many things wrong, or imperfectly.

Varieties. 1. Is *pride*—an indication of *talent*? 2. A *handsome woman*—pleases the *eye*; but a *good woman* the *heart*: the former—is a *jewel*; the latter—a *living treasure*. 3. An *ass*—is the gravest *beast*; an *owl*—the gravest *bird*. 4. What a *pity* it is, when we are speaking of one who is *beautiful and gifted*, that we cannot add, that he or she is *good, happy, and innocent*! 5. Don't rely too much on the torches of *others*; light one of your *own*. 6. *Ignorance*—is like a *blank sheet of paper*, on which we may write; but *error*—is like a *scribbled one*. 7. All that the *natural sun* is to the *natural world*, that—is the *Lord*—to his *spiritual creation* and world, in which are our *minds*—and hence, he enlightens *every man*, that cometh into the world.

Our birth—is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
The soul, th't rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere—its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory—do we come
From God, who is our home.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, that have the least to say.

Pity—is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants—use it cruelly.

'Tis the first sanction, nature gave to man,
Each other to assist, in what they can.

c 2

50. It is not the *quantity* read, but the *manner* of reading, and the acquisition of correct and efficient *rules*, with the ability to *apply* them, *accurately*, *gracefully*, and *involuntarily*, that indicate *progress* in these arts: *therefore*, take *one* principle, or *combination* of principles, at a time, and *practice* it till the object is *accomplished*: in this way, you may obtain a perfect *mastery* over your vocal *powers*, and all the elements of language.

51. The third sound of U is full: FULL; cru-el Bru-tus rued the crude fruit bruised for the pud-ding; the pru-dent ru-ler wound-ed this youth-ful cuck-oo, because he would, could, or should not im-brue his hands in Ruth's gru-el, pre-par'd for a faith-ful [U in FULL] dru-id; the butcher's bul-let push-ed poor puss on the sin-ful cush-ion, and gracefully put this tru-ant Prus-sian into the pul-pit for cru-ci-fix-ion.



52. Avoid *rapidity* and *indistinctness* of utterance; also, a drawing, mincing, harsh, mouthing, artificial, rumbling, monotonous, whining, stately, pompous, unvaried, wavering, sleepy, boisterous, labored, formal, faltering, trembling, heavy, theatrical, affected, and self-complacent manner; and read, speak, sing, in such a clear, strong, melodious, flexible, winning, bold, sonorous, forcible, round, full, open, brilliant, natural, agreeable, or mellow tone, as the sentiment *requires*; which contains in itself so sweet a charm, that it almost atones for the absence of argument, sense, and fancy.

53. Irregulars. *Ew, O, and Oo*, occasionally have this sound: the shrewd woman es-chewed the wolf, which stood pul-ing Ruth's wol-sey, and shook Tru-man Wor-ces-ter's crook, while the brew-er and his but-ly crew huz-za'd for all; you say it is your truth, and I say it is my truth; you may take care of your-self, and I will take care of my-self.

Notes. 1. Beware of omitting vowels occurring between consonants in unaccented syllables: as his'try, for his-to-ry; lit'ral for lit-e-ral; vol'try, for vo-ta-ry; past'ral, for pas-to-ral; numb'ring, for num-ber-ing; corp'ral, for cor-po-ral; gen'ral, for gen-e-ral; mem'try, for mem-o-ry, &c. Do not pronounce this sound of U like oo in loon, nor like u in mute; but like u in full: as, chew, not chuo, &c. 2. The design of the practice on the forty-four sounds of our letters, each in its turn, is, besides developing and training the voice and ear for all their duties, to exhibit the general laws and analogies of pronunciation, showing how a large number of words should be pronounced, which are often spoken incorrectly.

Anecdote. Stupidity. Said a testy lawyer,—"I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity." "That may be," replied his opponent; "but the bar, and the court, are of opinion, that you had it the natural way."

O there are hours, aye moments, that contain Feelings, that years may pass, and never bring.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd, and decay'd.
Still lets in light, thro' ehinks, that time has made.

Proverbs. 1. Away goes the devil, when the door is shut against him. 2. A liar is not to be believed when he speaks the truth. 3. Never speak ill of your neighbors. 4. Constant occupation, prevents temptation. 5. Courage—ought to have eyes, as well as ears. 6. Experience—keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other. 7. Follow the wise few, rather than the foolish many. 8. Good actions are the best sacrifice. 9. He who avoids the temptation, avoids the sin. 10. Knowledge—directs practice, yet practice increases knowledge.

Duties. Never cease to avail yourself of information: you must observe closely—read attentively, and digest what you read,—converse extensively with high and low, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, bond and free,—meditate closely and intently on all the knowledge you acquire, and have it at perfect command. Obtain just conceptions of all you utter—and communicate every thing in its proper order, and clothe it in the most agreeable and effective language. Avoid all redundancy of expression; be neither too close, nor too diffuse,—and, especially, be as perfect as possible, in that branch of oratory, which Demosthenes declared to be the first, second, and third parts of the science,—action,—god-like action,—which relates to every thing seen and heard in the orator. Elocution,—enables you, at all times, to command attention: its effect will be electric, and strike from heart to heart; and he must be a mere declaimer, who does not feel himself inspired—by the fostering meed of such approbation as mute attention,—and the return of his sentiments, fraught with the sympathy of his audience.

Varieties. 1. Have steamboats—been the occasion of more evil, than good? 2. Those that are idle, are generally troublesome to such as are industrious. 3. Plato says—God is truth, and light—is his shadow. 4. Mal-information—is more hopeless than non-information; for error—is always more difficult to overcome than ignorance. 5. He, that will not reason, is a bigot; he, that cannot reason, is a fool; and he, who dares not reason, is a slave. 6. There is a great difference between a well-spoken man and an orator. 7. The Word of God—is divine, and, in its principles, infinite: no part can really contradict another part, or have a meaning opposite—to what it asserts as true; although it may appear so in the letter: for the letter—killeth; but the spirit—giveth life.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?

Pause a moment, softly tread;

Anxious friends—are fondly keeping

Vigils—by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken,—

One remains,—that slumber deep;

Speak not, lest the slumberer waken

From that sweet, that saving sleep.

54. A Diphthong, or double sound, is the union of two vowel sounds in one syllable, pronounced by a single continuous effort of the voice. There are four diphthongal sounds, in our language; long *i* as in *isle*; *oi*, in *oil*; the pure, or long sound of *u* in *lure*, and *ou* in *our*; which include the same sounds under the forms of long *y* in *rhyme*; of *oy* in *coy*; of *ew* in *pew*; and *ow* in *how*. These diphthongs are called *pure*, because they are all heard; and in *speaking* and *singing*, only the radical, (or opening fullness of the sound,) should be *prolonged*, or *sung*.

55. Diphthongs. *Oi* and *Oy*: **OIL**; broil the joint of loin in poi-son and oint-ment; spoil not the oysters for the hoy-den; the boy pitch-es quoits a-droit-ly on the soil, and sub-joins the joists to the pur-loins, and em-plays the de-stroy'd toi-let to soil the res-er-voir, lest he be cloy'd with his me-moires.



56. The late Mr. Pitt, (Lord Chatham,) was taught to *declaim*, when a mere boy; and was, even then, much admired for his talent in *recitation*: the result of which was, that his *ease*, *grace*, *power*, *self-possession*, and imposing *dignity*, on his first appearance in the British Parliament, "drew audience and attention, still as night;" and the irresistible force of his *action*, and the power of his *eye*, carried conviction with his arguments.

Notes. 1. The radical, or root of this diphthong, commences nearly with 31 *a*, as in *ail*, and its vanish, or terminating point, with the name sound of *e*, as in *cel*; the first of which is indicated by the engraving above. 2. Avoid the vulgar pronunciation of *ile*, for *oil*; *jice*, for *joist*; *pint*, for *point*; *bile*, for *boil*; *jint*, for *joint*; *hist*, for *hoist*; *epite*, for *spoil*; *quate*, for *quoit*; *pur-line*, for *pur-loin*; *pi-zen*, for *poi-son*; *brile*, for *broil*; *cliyde*, for *cloyed*, &c.: this sound, especially, when given with the jaw much dropped, and rounded lips, has in it a captivating nobleness; but beware of extremes. 3. The general rule for pronouncing the vowels is—they are open, continuous, or long, when final in accented words and syllables; as *a-ble*, *fa-ther*, *aw-ful*, *me-tre*, *bi-ble*, *no-ble*, *moo-ted*, *tu-mult*, *bru-tal*, *poi-son*, *oc-tet-most*; but they are shut, discrete, or short, when followed in the same syllable by a consonant; as, *ap-ple*, *sev-er*, *lit-tle*, *pot-ter*, *but-ton*, *sym-pa-thy*. Examples of exceptions—*ale*, *are*, *all*, *file*, *note*, *tune*, &c. 4. Another general rule is—a vowel followed by two consonants, that are repeated in the pronunciation, is short: as, *mat-ter*, *ped-lar*, *bit-ter*, *but-ter*, &c.

Anecdote. *The king's evil.* A student of medicine, while attending medical lectures in London, and the subject of this *evil* being on hand, observed—"that the king's evil had been but little known in the United States, since the Revolution.

They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?
Misers, by their hoarded gold;
And, in fancy—now are heaping
Gems and pearls—of price untold.
Golden chains—their limbs encumber,
Diamonds—seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream—is flown.

Compare each phrase, examine every line.
Weigh every word, and every thought refine.

Proverbs. 1. Home is home, if it be ever so homely. 2. It is too late to complain when a thing is done. 3. In a thousand pounds of law, there is not an ounce of love. 4. Many a true word is spoken in jest. 5. One man's meat is another man's poison. 6. Pride, perceiving humility—HONORABLE, often borrows her cloak. 7. Say-well—is good; but do-well—is better. 8. The eye, that sees all things, sees not itself. 9. The crow—thinks her own birds the whitest. 10. The tears of the congregation are the praises of the minister. 11. Evil to him that evil thinks. 12. Do good, if you expect to receive good.

Our Food. The laws of man's constitution and relation evidently show us, that the plainer, simpler and more natural our food is, the more perfectly these laws will be fulfilled, and the more healthy, vigorous, and long-lived our bodies will be, and consequently the more perfect our senses will be, and the more active and powerful may the intellectual and moral faculties be rendered by cultivation. By this, is not meant that we should eat grass, like the ox, or confine ourselves to any one article of food: by simple food, is meant that which is not compounded, and complicated, and dressed with pungent stimulants, seasoning, or condiments; such kind of food as the Creator designed for us, and in such condition as is best adapted to our anatomical and physiological powers. Some kinds of food are better than others, and adapted to sustain us in every condition; and such, whatever they may be, (and we should ascertain what they are,) should constitute our sustenance: thus shall we the more perfectly fulfil the laws of our being, and secure our best interests.

Varieties. 1. Was Eve, literally, made out of Adam's rib? 2. He—is doubly a conqueror, who, when a conqueror, can conquer himself. 3. People may be borne down by oppression for a time; but, in the end, vengeance will surely overtake their oppressors. 4. It is a great misfortune—not to be able to speak well; and a still greater one, not to know when to be silent. 5. In the hours of study, acquire knowledge that will be useful in after life. 6. Nature—reflects the light of revelation, as the moon does that of the sun. 7. Religion—is to be as much like God, as men can be like him: hence, there is nothing more contrary to religion, than angry disputes and contentions about it.

The pilgrim fathers—where are they?

The waves, that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore:—
Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day,
When the May Flower moor'd below;
When the sea around, was black with storms,
And white the shore—with snow.

By reason, man—a Godhead can discern:
But how he should be worship'd, cannot learn.

57. There are no *impure* diphthongs or triphthongs, in which *two or three* vowels represent, or *unite*, in *one* sound; for all are *silent* except *one*; as in *air*, *aunt*, *awl*, *plaid*, *steal*, *lead*, *curtain*, *soar*, *good*, *your*, *cough*, *feu-dal*, *dun-geon*, *beau-ty*, *a-dieu*, *view-ing*. These *silent* letters, in connection with the *vowels*, should be called *di-graphs* and *tri-graphs*; that is, *doubly* and *triply* written: they sometimes merely indicate the *sound* of the accompanying vowel, and the derivation of the *word*. Let me beware of *believing* anything, unless I can see that it is *true*: and for the *evidence* of truth, I will look at the *truth itself*.

58. Diphthongs; Ou, and Ow: OUR;

Mr. Brown wound an ounce of sound a-round a cloud, and drowned a mouse in a pound of sour chow-der; a drow-sy mouse de-vour'd a house and howl'd a pow-wow a-bout the moun-tains; the gou-ty owl crouched in his tow-er, and the scowl-ing cow bowed down de-vout-ly in her bow-er; the giour (jower) en-shroud-ed in pow-er, en-dow-ed the count's prow-ess with a re-noun'd trow-el, and found him with a stout gown in the coun-ty town.



[OU in OUR]

59. Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, paid many thousands to a teacher in *Elocution*; and Cicero, the Roman orator, after having completed his education, in other respects, spent two whole years in *recitation*, under one of the most celebrated tragedians of antiquity. Brutus declared, that he would prefer the honor, of being esteemed the master of Roman eloquence, to the glory of many triumphs.

60. Notes. 1. *Ou* and *ow* are the only representatives of this diphthongal sound; the former generally in the middle of words, and the latter at the end: in *blow*, *show*, and *low*, *w* is silent. 2. There are 12 *mono-thongal* vowels, or *single* voice sounds, and 4 *diph-thongal* vowels, or *double* voice sounds: these are heard in *isle*, *tune*, *oil* and *out*. 5. There is a very incorrect and offensive sound given by some to this diphthong, particularly in the Northern states, in consequence of drawing the corners of the mouth back, and keeping the teeth too close, while pronouncing it; it may be called a flat, nasal sound: in song it is worse than in speech. It may be represented as follows—*heou*, *ncou*, *geoun*, *peour*, *deoun*, *heoun*, *shewoer*, &c. Good natured, laughing people, living in cold climates, where they wish to keep the mouth nearly closed, when talking, are often guilty of this vulgarity. It may be avoided by opening the mouth wide, projecting the under jaw and making the sound deep in the throat.

Anecdote. *Woman as she should be.* A young woman went into a public library, in a certain town, and asked for "Man as he is." "That is out, Miss," said the librarian; "but we have 'Woman as she should be.'" She took the book and the hint too.

Where are the heroes of the ages past: [ones
Where the brave chieftains—where the mighty
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?

All to the grave gone down!—On their fall'n fame,
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,

Sits grim Forgetfulness. The warrior's arm

Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame:

Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.

Proverbs. 1. As you make your bed, so must you lie in it. 2. Be the character you would be called. 3. Choose a calling, th't is adapted to your inclination, and natural abilities. 4. Live—and let live; i. e. do as you would be done by. 5. Character—is the measure of the man. 6. Zealously keep down little expenses, and you will not be likely to incur large ones. 7. Every one knows how to find fault. 8. Fair words and foul play cheat both young and old. 9. Give a dog an ill name, and he will soon be shot. 10. He knows best what is good, who has endured evil. 11. Great pains and little gains, soon make man weary. 12. The fairest rose will wither at last.

Cause and Effect. The evils, which afflict the country, are the joint productions of all parties and all classes. They have been produced by over-banking, over-trading, over-spending, over-dashing, over-driving, over-reaching, over-borrowing, over-eating, over-drinking, over-thinking, over-playing, over-riding, and over-acting of every kind and description, except over-working. Industry is the foundation of society, and the corner-stone of civilization.

Recipients. We receive according to our states of mind and life: if we are in the love and practice of goodness and truth, we become the receivers of them in that proportion; but if otherwise, we form receptacles of their opposites,—*falsity* and *evil*. When we are under heavenly influences, we know that all things shall work together for our happiness; and when under infernal influences, they will work together for our misery. Let us then choose, *this day*, whom we will serve; and then shall we know—where-in consists the art of happiness, and the art of misery.

Varieties. 1. Is not the single fact, that the human mind has thought of another world, good proof that there is one? 2. Toler-eration—is good for all, or it is good for none. 3. He who swallows up the substance of the poor, will, in the end, find that it contains a bone, which will choke him. 4. The greatest share of happiness is enjoyed by those, who possess affluence, without superfluity, and can command the comforts of life, without plunging into its luxuries. 5. Do not suppose that every thing is gold, which glitters; build not your hopes on a sandy foundation. 6. The world seems divided into two great classes, agitators and the non-agitators: why should those, who are established on the immutable rock of truth, fear agitation? 7. True humiliation—is a pearl of great price; for where there is no resistance, or obstacle, there,—heaven, and its influences must enter, enlighten, teach, purify, create and support.

The only prison, th't enslaves the soul,
Is the dark habitation, where she dwells,
As in a noisome dungeon.

59. Reading—by vowel sounds only, is analogous to singing by *note*, instead of by *word*. This is an exceedingly *interesting* and *important* exercise: it is done, simply, by omitting the *consonants*, and pronouncing the *vowels*, the same as in their respective words. *First*, pronounce *one* or *more* words, and then *re-pronounce* them, and leave off the *consonants*. The *VOWELS* constitute the *ESSENCE* of words, and the *CONSONANTS* give that material the proper *FORM*.

60 *All the vowel sounds, thrice told*,—James Parr; Hall Mann; Eve Prest; Ike Sill; Old Pool Forbs; Luke Munn Bull; Hoyle Prout—ate palms walnuts apples, peaches melons, ripe figs, cocoas goosberries hops, cucumbers prunes, and boiled sour-cROUT, to their entire satisfaction. **Ale, ah, all, at; eel, ell; isle, ill; old, ooze, on; mute, up, full; oil, ounce.** Now *repeat* all these vowel sounds consecutively: A, A, A, A; E, E; I, I; O, O, O; U, U, U; Oi. Ou.

61. Elocution—comprehends Expulsion of Sound, Articulation, Force, Time, Pronunciation, Accent, Pauses, Measure and Melody of Speech, Rhythm, Emphasis, the Eight Notes, Intonation, Pitch, Inflexions, Circumflexes, Cadences, Dynamics, Modulation, Style, the Passions, and Rhetorical Action. *Reading* and *Speaking* are inseparably connected with *music*; hence, every step taken in the *former*, according to this system, will advance one equally in the *latter*: for *Music* is but an *elegant* and refined *species* of Elocution.

62. CERTAIN VOWELS TO BE PRONOUNCED SEPARATELY. In reading the following, be very deliberate, so as to shape the sounds *perfectly*, and give each syllable clearly and distinctly; and in *all* the ex-*am*-ples, here and elsewhere, make those sounds, that are objects of attention, very prominent. *Ba*-al, the *o*-ri-ent *a*-e-ro-nant and *cham*-pi-on of *fi*-ery *scor*-pi-ons, took his *a*-e-ri-al flight into the *ge*-o-*met*-ri-cal *em*-py-*re*-an, and dropped a *beau*-ti-ful *vi*-o-let into the *Ap*-pi-i Fo-*rum*, where they sung *hy*-me-ne-al *re*-qui-ems; *Be*-el-ze-bub *vi*-o-lent-ly rent the *va*-ri-e-ga-ted *di*-a-dem from his *zo*-o-log-i-cal *crani*-um, and placed it on the *Eu*-ro-pe-an *ge*-ni-i, to *me*-li-o-rate their *in*-cho-ate *i*-de-a of *cu*-ring the *pit*-e-ous *in*-val-ids of *Man*-tu-a and *Pom*-pe-i, with the *tri*-en-ni-al pan-a-*ce*-a of no-al-o-gy, or the *lin*-e-a-ment of *a*-ri-es.

Notes. 1. The constituent diphthongal sounds of *I* are nearly 31 *a*, and 1ste; those of *u*, approach to 21 *e*, and 21 *o*: those of *ai*, to 31 *a*, and 21 *i*; and those of *ou* to 31 *a*, and 21 *o*: make and analyze them, and observe the funnel shape of the lips, which change with the changing sounds in passing from the radicals to their vanishes. 2. Preventives and curatives of incipient disease, may be found in these principles, positions and exercises.

Loveliness—

Needs not the aid of *foreign* ornament;
But is, when *unadorned*, adorned the most.

Proverbs. 1. A man is no better for liking himself, if nobody else likes him. 2. A *white* glove often conceals a *dirty* hand. 3. Better pass at once, than to be *always* in danger. 4. *Misunderstandings*—are often best prevented, by *pen* and *ink*. 5. *Knowledge* is *treasure*, and *memory* is the *treasury*. 6. *Crosses*—are *ladders*, leading to *heaven*. 7. *Faint* praise, is *disparagement*. 8. *Deliver* me from a person, who can talk only on *one* subject. 9. He who peeps through a *key-hole* may see what will *vex* him. 10. If *shrewd* men play the *fosi*, they do it with a *vengeance*. 11. *Physicians* rarely take medicines. 12. *Curses*, like *chickens*, generally come home to *roost*.

Anecdote. *A get-off.* Henry the *Fourth* was instigated to propose *war* against the *Protestants*, by the importunity of his *Parliament*; whereupon, he declared that he would make every *member* a *captain* of a *company* in the *army*: the proposal was then *unanimously* *negated*.

Contrasts. *Our* fair ladies laugh at the *Chinese* ladies, for depriving themselves of the use of their *feet*, by tight *shoes* and *bandages*, and whose *character* would be *ruined* in the estimation of their associates, if they were even *suspected* of being able to *walk*:—while *they*, by the more *dangerous* and *destructive* habits of *tight-lacing*, destroy functions of the body far more important, not only to *themselves*, but to their *offspring*; and whole *troops* of *dandies*, quite as *taper-waisted*, and almost as *masculine* as their *mothers*, are the natural results of such a gross *absurdity*. If to be *admired*—is the *motive* of such a custom, it is a most paradoxical mode of *accomplishing* this end; for that which is *destructive* of *health*, must be *more* *destructive* of *beauty*—that *beauty*, in a vain effort to preserve which, the *victims* of this fashion have *devoted* themselves to a joyless *youth*, and a premature *decrepitude*.

Varieties. 1. Is it best to divulge the truth to *all*, whatever may be their state of mind and life? 2. A *good* tale—is never the worse for being *twice* told. 3. Those who do not *love* any thing, rarely experience great enjoyments; those who *do* love, often suffer deep griefs. 4. The way to *heaven* is *delightful* to those who love to *walk* in it; and the *difficulties* we meet with in endeavoring to *keep* it, do not spring from the *nature* of the way, but from the *state* of the *traveler*. 5. He, who *wishes* nothing, will *gain* nothing. 6. It is good to *know* a great deal; but it is *better* to make a good *use* of what we *do* know. 7. Every *day*—brings forth something for the mind to be *exercised* on, either of a *mental*, or *external* character; and to be *faithful* in it, and acquit ourselves with the advantage *derived* thereby, is both *wisdom* and *duty*.

Whether he *knew* things, or no,
His tongue *eternally* would go;
For he had *impudence*—at *will*.

63. Elocution and Music being inseparable in their nature, every one, of common organization, whether aware of it, or not, uses all the elements of Music in his daily intercourse with society. When we call to one at a distance, we raise the voice to the upper pitches: when to one near by, we drop it to the lower pitches; and when at a medium distance, we raise it to the middle pitches: that is, in the first case, the voice is on, or about the eighth note: in the second, on, or about the first note: and in the last place, on, or about the third or fifth note. In commencing to read or speak in public, one should never commence above his fifth note, or below his third note: and, to ascertain on what particular pitch the lowest natural note of the voice is, pronounce the word *awe*, by prolonging it, without feeling; and to get the upper one, sound *eel*, strongly.

64. Vocal Music. In the vowel sounds of our language, are involved all the elements of music; hence, every one who wishes, can learn to sing. These eight vowels, when naturally sounded, by a developed voice, will give the intonations of the notes in the scale, as follows, commencing at the bottom.

1st e in eel, 8	—O—	C note O-8-la-High.
1st i in Isle, 7	—O—	B note
		Tone.
2d o in ooze, 6	—O—	A note
		Tone.
1st o in old, 5	—O—	G note O-5-la-Medium.
		Tone.
4th a in at, 4	—O—	F note
		Half tone.
1st a in ale, 3	—O—	E note O-3-la-Medium.
		Tone.
2d a in ar, 2	—O—	D note
		Tone.
3d a in all, 1	—O—	C note O-1-la-Low.

65. This Diatonic Scale of eight notes, (though there are but seven, the eighth being a repetition of the first,) comprehends five whole tones, and two semi, or half tones. An erect ladder, with seven rounds, is a good representation of it; it stands on the ground, or floor, which is the tonic, or first note; the first round is the second note, or supertonic; the second round is the third note, or mediant; the third round, is the fourth note, or subdominant; between which, and the second round, there is a semitone; the fourth round is the fifth note, or dominant; the fifth round is the sixth note, or submediant; the sixth round is the seventh note, or subtonic; and the seventh round is the eighth note, or octave.

Keep one consistent plan—from end—to end.

Notes. 1. In *Song*, as well as in *Speech*, the *Articulation*, *Pitch*, *Force*, and *Time*, must be attended to; i. e. in both arts, master the right form of the elements, the degree of elevation and depression of the voice, the kind and degree of loudness of sounds, and their duration: there is nothing in singing that may not be found in speaking.

Anecdote. Musical Pun. A young Musician, remarkable for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills, effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "that he trembled so, that he could not shake."

Proverbs. 1. A word—is enough to the wise. 2. It is easier to resist our bad passions at first, than after indulgence. 3. Jokes—are bad coin to all but the jocular. 4. You may find your worst enemy, or best friend—in yourself. 5. Every one has his hobby. 6. Fools—have liberty to say what they please. 7. Give every one his due. 8. He who wants content, cannot find it in an easy chair. 9. Ill-will never spoke well. 10. Lawyer's gowns are lined with the witfulness of their clients. 11. Hunger—is an excellent sauce. 12. I confide, and am at rest.

True Wisdom. All have the faculty given them of growing wise, but not equally wise: by which faculty is not meant the ability to reason about truth and goodness from the sciences, and thus of confirming whatever any one pleases; but that of discerning what is true, choosing what is suitable, and applying it to the various uses of life. He is not the richest man, who is able to comprehend all about making money, and can count millions of dollars; but he, who is in possession of millions, and makes a proper use of them.

Varieties. 1. Does not life—beget life, and death—generate death? 2. The man, who is always complaining, and bewailing his misfortunes, not only feeds his own misery, but wearies and disgusts others. 3. We are apt to regulate our mode of living—more by the example of others, than by the dictates of reason and common sense. 4. Frequent recourse to artifice and cunning—is a proof of a want of capacity, as well as of an illiberal mind. 5. Every one, who does not grow better, as he grows older, is a spendthrift of that time, which is more precious than gold. 6. Do what you know, and you will know what to do. 7. As is the reception of truths, such is the perception of them in all minds. 8. Do you see more than your brother? then be more humble and thankful; hurt not him with thy meat, and strong food: when a man, he will be as able to eat it as yourself, and, perhaps, more so.

Walk with thy fellow creatures: note the hush
Or whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf—but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak—doth know I am. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper—all the day.

66. The twenty-eight consonant sounds. For the purpose of still further developing and training the *voice*, and *ear*, for reading, speaking, and singing, a *systematic*, and *thorough practice*, on the *twenty-eight consonants*, is absolutely *essential*: in which *exercises*, it is of the *first importance*, to make the effort *properly*, and observe the exact positions of the *organs*. These *consonants* are either *single*, *double*, or *triple*; and some of them are *vocal sounds*, (*sub-tonics*, or *sub-vowels*,) *others*, merely *aspirates*, *breath sounds* or *atonics*: let them be analyzed and presented according to their *natures*, and *uses*.

67. B has but one sound, which is its name sound: BA; *ba*, ball, bat; *be*, beg; *bide*, bid; *bode*, boon, boss; *bute*, buss, brute; *boil*, bound; a *rob*-in imbibed *blub*-bers from a *bob*-bin, and *gob*-bled for *cab*-bage; the *rob*-ber blabbed *bar*-ba-rous-ly, and *bam*-boo-zled the *tab*-by *na*-bob; *Ja*-cob *dab*-bled in *rib*-bons, and played *hob*-nob with a *cob*-ler; the *bab*-oon *ba*-by *gab*-bled its *gib*-ber-ish, and made a *hub*-bub for its *bib* and *black*-ber-ries; the *rab*-ble's *hob*-by is, to *brow*-beat the *bram*-ble bushes for *bil*-ber-ries, and bribe the *boo*-by of his *bom*-has-tic *black*-bird.



[B in BA.]

68. By obtaining correct ideas of the sounds of our letters, and their *influences* over each other; of the *meaning* and *pronunciation* of words, and their power over the understanding and will of man, when properly arranged into *sentences*, teeming with correct *thought* and genuine *feeling*, I may, with proper application and exercise, become a good *reader*, *speaker*, and *writer*.

Notes. 1. To get the vocal sound of *b*, speak its name, *be*, and then make a strong effort to pronounce it again, compressing the lips closely; and the moment you give the sound of *be*, when you get to *e*, stop, and you will have the right sound; or, pronounce *ub*, in the usual way, then, with the *teeth* shut, and the *lips* very close, prolonging the last sound; and, in both cases, let none of the sound of *b*, come into the mouth, or pass through the nose. 2. It was in analyzing and practicing the sounds of the letters, and the different pitches and qualities of voice, that the author became acquainted with the principles of VENTRILLOQUISM, (or *vocal modulation*, as it should be called,) which art is perfectly simple, and can be acquired and practiced by almost any one of common organization. Begin by swallowing the sound, suppressing and depressing it. 3. *B* is silent in *deb*t, *sub*-le, *doub*t, *lamb*, *comb*, *duab*, *thumb*, *limb*, *crumb*, *sub*-le-ty, *suc*-cumb, *bell*-ium.

Anecdote. A beautiful English *countess* said, that the most agreeable compliment she ever had *paid* her, was from a *sailor* in the street; who looked at her, as if fascinated, and exclaimed, "*Bless me! let me light my pipe at your eyes.*"

We rise—in glory, as we sink—in pride;

Where boasting—ends, there dignity—begins.

The true, and only friend—is he,

Who, like the *Arbor-vitæ* true,

Will bear our image—on his heart.

Whatever is excellent, in art, proceeds

From labor and endurance.

Proverbs. 1. *Gentility*, sent to market, will not buy even a peck of *corn*. 2. He, that is *warm*, thinks *others* so. 3. A *true friend*—should venture, sometimes, to be a little *offensive*. 4. It is easy to take a man's *part*; but the difficulty is to maintain it. 5. *Misfortunes*—seldom come alone. 6. Never quit *certainly*—for *hope*. 7. *One*—beats the *bush*, and another—catches the *bird*. 8. *Plough*, or not *plough*,—you must pay your rent. 9. *Rome*—was not built in a *day*. 10. *Seek* till you find, and you will not lose your labor. 11. An *oak*—is not felled by one stroke. 12. A display of *courage*—often causes real *cowardice*.

Party Spirit. The spirit of *party*—unquestionably, has its source in some of the native *passions* of the heart; and free governments naturally furnish more of its *aliment*, than those under which liberty of *speech*, and of the *press* is *restrained*, by the strong arm of *power*. But so naturally does *party* run into *extremes*; so *unjust*, *cruel*, and *remorseless* is it in its *excess*; so *ruthless* is the *war* which it wages against *private character*; so *unscrupulous* in the choice of *means* for the attainment of selfish ends; so *sure* is it, eventually, to dig the *grave* of those *free institutions* of which it pretends to be the necessary *accompaniments*; so *irrevocably* does it end in *military despotism*, and *unmitigated tyranny*; that I do not know how the *voice* and *influence* of a good man could, with more propriety, be exerted, than in the effort to *assuage* its *violence*.

Varieties. 1. Are our ideas *innate*, or *acquired*? 2. The mind that is *conscious* of its own rectitude, *disregards* the lies of common *report*. 3. *Some*—are very *liberal*, even to *profuseness*, when they can be so at the expense of *others*. 4. There are *pure loves*, else, there were no *white lilies*. 5. The glory of *wealth* and external *beauty*—is *transitory*; but *virtue*—is *everlasting*. 6. We soon acquire the *habits* and *practices*, of those we *live* with; hence the importance of associating with the *best company*, and of carefully avoiding such as may *corrupt* and *debase* us. 7. The *present* state is totally different from what men *suppose*, and *make*, of it; the *reason* of our existence—is our growth in the life of *heaven*; and all things are *moved* and *conspire* unto it; and *great* might be the *produce*, if we were *faithful* to the ordinances of *heaven*.

In eastern lands, they talk in *flower*'s,
And they tell, in a *garland*, their love and cares;
Each blossom, th't blooms in their garden bow-
ers,

On its leaves, a mystic language bears;
Then gather a *wreath* from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart—in *flowers*.
Praise, from a friend, or censure, from a foe,
Is lost—on hearers th't our merits know.

As full as an *egg* is of *meat*.

69. *These arts, like all others, are made up of many little things; if I look well to them, all difficulties will vanish, or be easily overcome. Every youth ought to blush at the thought, of REMAINING ignorant, of the first principles of his native language. I can do almost ANY thing, if I only think so, and try; therefore, let me not say I CAN'T; but I WILL.*

70. **C** has four regular sounds: first, name sound, or that of *s*, before *e*, *i*, and *y*; cede, *ci-on*, *cy-press*; *rec-i-pe* for *cel-i-ba-cy* (in the *cit-y* of *Cin-cin-na-ti* is a *fas-ci-nat-ing sol-ace* for *civ-il* [*C* in *CEDE*,] *so-ci-e-ty*; *Cic-e-ro* and *Ce-cil-i-as*, with *tac-it* *re-ci-proc-i-ty* *di-lac-er-ate* the *a-cid* *pum-ice* with the *fa-cile* *pin-cers* of the *vice-ge-ncy*; the *a-ces-cen-cy* of the *cit-rons* in the *pla-cid* *cel-lar*, and the *im-bec-ile* *lic-o-rice* on the *cor-nice* of the *prec-i-pice* *ex-cite* the *dis-ci-pline* of the *doc-ile* *di-oc-e-san*.



71. *Lisping*—is caused by permitting the tongue to come against, or between the front teeth, when it should not; thus, substituting the *breath* sound of *TH* for that of *s* or *SH*. This bad habit may be avoided or overcome by practicing the above and similar combinations, with the teeth closely and firmly set; not allowing the tongue to press against the teeth, nor making the effort too near the front part of the mouth. The object to be attained is worthy of great efforts: many can be taught to do a thing, in a proper manner, which they would never find out of themselves.

72. **Irregulars.** *S* often has this sound; rise and *pro-gress*. The *pre-cise* *Sal-lust*, starts on stilts, and assists the earthen in the *u-ni-verse* for *con-science*' sake; he spits base brass and subsists on stripes; the *ma-gis-trates* sought; *So-lus* boasts he twists the texts and suits the several sects; the strong masts stood still in the finest streets of *Syr-a-cuse*; *Se-sos-tris*, still strutting, persists the *Swiss* ship is sunk, while sweetness sits smiling on the lips. *Swan* swam over the sea; well swum swan; swan swam back again; well swum swan. *Sam Slick* sawed six sleek slim slippery saplings. Amidst the mists he thrust his fists against the posts, and insists he sees the ghosts in Sixth street.

Notes. 1. *S* has the above sound, at the beginning of words, and other situations, when preceded or followed by an aspirate, or a breath consonant. 2. To make this aspirate, place the organs as in the engraving, and begin to whisper the word *see*; but give one of the sound of *c*. Never permit sounds to coalesce, that ought to be heard distinctly; hosts, costs, &c. 4. Don't let the teeth remain together an instant, after the sound is made; rather un-ling them quite together. 5. *C* is silent in the following: *Czar*, *arbuscles*, *victuals*, *Czarina*, (*i* long *c*), *muscle*, *indictable*, and second *c* in *Connecticut*.

Hear, then, my argument; confess we must,

A God there is—supremely just;

If so, however things affect our sight,

(As sings the bard,) "whatever is—is right."

As the wind blows, you must set your sail.

Good measure, pressed down and running over.

Proverbs. 1. *Building*—is a sweet impoverishing. 2. *Unmanliness*—is not so impolite, as over-politeness. 3. *Death*—is deaf, and hears no denial. 4. Every good scholar is not a good schoolmaster. 5. Fair words break no bones; but foul words many a one. 6. He, who has not bread to spare, should not keep a dog. 7. If you had fewer pretended friends, and more enemies, you would have been a better man. 8. Lean liberty—is better than fat slavery. 9. Much coin—much care; much meat—much malady. 10. The submitting to one wrong—often brings another. 11. Consult your purse, before you do fancy. 12. Do what you ought, come what will.

Anecdote. *The Psalter.* The Rev. Mr. M—, paid his devours to a lady, who was prepossessed in favor of a Mr. *Psalter*: her partiality being very evident, the former took occasion to ask, (in a room full of company,) "Pray Miss, how far have you got in your *Psalter*?" The lady archly replied,—As far as "*Blessed is the man.*"

Book Keeping—is the art of keeping accounts by the way of debt and credit. It teaches us all business transactions, in an exact manner, so that, at any time, the true state of our dealings may be easily known. Its principles are simple, its conclusions natural and certain, and the proportion of its parts complete. The person, who buys or receives, is *Dr.* (*Debtor*), the one who sells, or parts with any thing, is *Cr.* (*Creditor*;) that is, *Dr.* means your charges against the person; and *Cr.* his against you: therefore, when you sell an article, in charging it, say, "*To so and so,*" (mentioning the article, weight, quantity, number, amount, &c.) "*so much?*" but when you buy, or receive any thing, in giving credit for it, say, *By so and so*; mentioning particulars as before. A knowledge of Book-keeping is important to every one who is engaged in any kind of business; and it must be evident, that for the want of it—many losses have been sustained, great injustice done, and many law-suits entailed.

Varieties. 1. Ought lotteries to be abolished? 2. Carking cares, and anxious apprehensions are injurious to body and mind. 3. A good education—is a young man's best capital. 4. He, that is slow to wrath, is better than the mighty. 5. Three difficult things are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and make good use of leisure hours. 6. If one speaks from an evil affection, he may influence, but not enlighten; he may cause blind acquiescence, but not action from a conscious sense of right. 7. Men have just so much of life in them, as they have of pure truth and its good—implanted and growing in them.

Would you live an angel's days?

Be honest, just, and wise, always.

73. A perfect knowledge of these *elementary* and *combined* sounds, is essential to my becoming a good *elocutionist*, and is an excellent preparation for studying any of the modern languages: I must master them, or I cannot succeed in acquiring a *distinct, appropriate, graceful and effective* enunciation; but *resolution, self-exertion and perseverance* are almost *omnipotent*: I will try them and see.

74. The second sound of *C*, is hard.

or like *k*, before *a, o, u, k, l, r, t*; and generally at the end of words and syllables. *Came*, car, call, cap; cove, coon, cot; cute cut, crude; coil, cloud; Clark comes to catch clams, crabs and *craw-fish* to cram his cow; the *croak-ing scap-tic*, in *rac-coon moc-a-sins*, *suc-cumbs* to the *arc-tic spec-tacle*, and *ac-com-mo-dates* his *ac-counts* to the *oc-cult stuc-co* of the *e-clip-tic*; the crowd claims the clocks, and climbs the cliffs to clutch the crows that craunched the *bu-col-ics* of the *mi-cro-cosm*.



[C in CAR.]

75. The chest should be comparatively *quiescent*, in breathing, speaking and singing; and the *dorsal and abdominal* muscles be principally used for these purposes. All children are *naturally right*, in this particular; but they become *perverted*, during their primary *education*: hence, the author introduces an entirely *new* mode of learning the *letters*, of *spelling*, and of teaching to read *without* a book, and then *with* a book; the same as we learn to *talk*. The *effort*—to produce *sounds*, and to *breathe*, must be made from the lower muscles, above alluded to: thus by the practice of *expelling*, (not *exploding*) the vowel sounds, we return to *truth* and *nature*.

76. *Irregulars*. *Ch* often have this sound; (the *h* is silent;) also *q* and *k*—always when not silent; the queer *co-quette* kicks the *chi-mer-i-cal ar-chi-lect*, for *cat-e-chising* the *crit-i-cal* choir about the *char-acter* of the *chro-matic cho-rus*; *Tich-i-cus Schenck*, the *quid-nunc me-chan-ic* of *Mu-nich*, *qui-et-ly* quits the *ar-chieves* of the *Tus-can* mosque, on *ac-count* of the *ca-cher-y* of *cac-o-tech-ny*; the *piq-uant erit-ic* quaked at the *quilt-ing*, and asked *ques-tions* of the quorum of *quilt-ers*.

77. The expression of *affection* is the legitimate function of *sound*, which is an element *prior* to, and *within* language. The affections produce the varieties of sound, whether of *joy* or of *grief*; and *sound*, in speech, manifests both the *quality* and *quantity* of the affection: hence, all the *music* is in the *vowel sounds*: because, all music is from the *affectuous part* of the mind, and *vowels* are its only mediums of manifestation. As music *proceeds* from affection and is *addressed* to the affection, a person does not *truly* sing, unless he *sings* from affection; nor does a person *truly* listen, and derive the greatest enjoyment from the music, unless he *yields* himself *fully* to the *affection*, which the music inspires.

D

Notes. 1. To produce this guttural aspirate, whisper the imaginary word *huh*, (*u* short;) or the word *hook*, in a whispering voice, and the *last* sound is the one required: the posterior, or root of the tongue being pressed against the uvula, or veil of the palate. 2. Observe the difference between the *names* of letters, and their peculiar *sounds*. In giving the *names* of consonants, we use one, or more vowels, which make no part of the consonant sound; thus, we call the letter *C* by the name *see*; but the *ee* make no part of its *sound*, which is simply a hiss, made by forcing the air from the lungs, through the teeth, when they are shut, as indicated by the engraving; similar facts attend the other consonants. 3. *H* is silent before *n*;—as the *Anavish* knight knuckled and kneeled to the knit knobs of the *knees'* knick-knacks, &c.; *Gh*, have this sound in *lough*, (*lock*, a lake; *Irish*;) *hough*, (*heck*, joint of a hind leg of a beast.)

Proverbs. 1. Every *dog* has his *day*, and every *man* his *hour*. 2. *Forbid* a fool a thing, and he'll *do* it. 3. *He* must rise *betimes*, that would please *every* body. 4. It is a *long* lane that has no *turning*. 5. Judge not of a *ship*, as she lies on the *stocks*. 6. Let them laugh that *win*. 7. No great *loss* but there is some small *gain*. 8. Never too old to *learn*. 9. No condition so *low*, but may have *hopes*; and none so *high*, but may have *fears*. 10. The *wise* man thinks he knows *but little*; the *fool*—thinks he knows *all*. 11. *Idleness*—is the mother of *vice*. 12. When *liquor* is in, *sense*—is out.

Anecdote. William Penn—and Thomas Story, on the approach of a *shower*, took shelter in a *tobacco-house*; the *owner* of which—happened to be *within*: he said to the traveler,—“You enter without *leave*;—do you know *who I am*? I am a *Justice of the Peace*.” To which Mr. Story replied—“My *friend* here—makes such things as *thee*;—he is *Governor of Pennsylvania*.”

Eternal Progress. It is not only *comforting*, but *encouraging*, to think that *mind*—is *awaking*; that there is universal *progress*. Men are borne *onward*,—whether they *will* or *not*. It does not matter, whether they believe that it is an impulse from *within*, or *above*, that impels them forward; or, whether they acknowledge that it is the *onward tendency* of things, controlled by *Divine Providence*: *onward* they must go; and, in *time*, they will be blessed with a clearness of *vision*, that will leave them at *no loss* for the *whys* and the *where-fores*.

Varieties. 1. To pay great attention to *trifles*, is a sure sign of a little *mind*. 2. Which is worse, a *bad* education, or no education? 3. The mind must be occasionally indulged with *relaxation*, that it may return to *study* and *reflection* with increased *vigor*. 4. *Love*, and love *only*, is the *loan* for love. 5. To reform *measures*, there must be a change of *men*. 6. *Sudden and violent* changes—are not often productive of *advantage*—to either *church, state* or *individual*. 7. True and sound *reason*—must ever accord with *scripture*: he who appeals to *one*, must appeal to the *other*; for the word *within* us, and the word *without* us—are *one*, and bear testimony to *each other*.

78. These principles must be faithfully *studied and practiced*, with a particular reference to the *expulsion* of the short vowel sounds, and the *prolongation* of the long ones; which exhibit *quantity* in its elementary state. I must exercise my *voice and mind*, in every useful way, and labor to attain an intimate knowledge of my *vocal and mental* capacity; then I shall be able to see any *defects*, and *govern* myself accordingly.

79. The third sound of **C**, is like that of **Z**: suffice; the discerner at *sice*, *dis-cern-i-bly* *dis-cerns* *dis-cern-i-ble* things with *dis-cern-ing* *dis-cern-ment*, and *dis-cern-i-ble-ness*; the *sac-ri-fi-cer*, in *sac-ri-fi-* [C in *SICE*.] *cine*, *sac-ri-fi-ces* the *sac-ri-fice* on the *altar* of *sac-ri-fice*, and *suf-fi-ceth* the *law* of *sac-ri-fice*. These are nearly all the words in our language, in which *c*, sounds like *z*.



80. *Vowels*—are the mediums of conveying the *affections*, which impart *life and warmth* to speech; and *consonants*, of the *thoughts*, which give *light and form* to it; hence, all letters that are not *silent*, should be given *fully and distinctly*. The *reason*—why the *brute* creation cannot speak, is, because they have no *understanding*, as *men* have; consequently, no *thoughts*, and of course, no *articulating* organs: therefore, they merely *sound* their affections, instead of *speaking* them; being guided and influenced by *instinct*, which is a power given them for their *preservation and continuance*.

81. *Irregulars*. **S, Z, and X**, sometimes are thus pronounced; as, the *pres-i-dent* *re-signs* his *is-o-la-ted* *hou-ses*, and *ab-solves* the *grea-sy* *hus-sars* of *Is-lam-ism*; the *puz-zler* *puz-zles* his brains with *na-sal* pains, *buz-zes* about the trees as much as he *plea-ses*, and *re-sumes* the *zig-zag* *giz-zards* of *Xer-xes* with *dis-sol-ving* *huz-zas*; *Xan-thus* and *Xen-o-pho* *dis-band* the *pis-mires*, which *dis-dain* to *dis-guise* their *dis-mal* *phiz-es* with their *gris-ly* beards; *Zion's* zeal breathes *zeph-yr*s upon the paths of *truths*, where *re-sides* the soul, which loves the tones of *music* coming up from *Nat-ure's* *res-o-nant* *tem-ples*.

Notes. 1. This vocal diphthongal sound is made by closing the teeth, as in making the name sound of **C**, and producing the 2d sound of *a* in the larynx, ending with a hissing sound; or it may be made by drawing out the sound of *z* in *z-est*. 2. *S*, following a vocal consonant, generally sounds like **Z**: *tubs*, *adds*; *eggs*; *needs*; *pens*; *cars*, &c.; but following an *aspirate*, or *breath* consonant, it sounds like *c* in *cent*, *facts*, *tips*, *muffs*, *cracks*, &c.

Would you taste the tranquil scene?

Be sure—your bosom be serene:

Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,

Devoid of all, th't poisons life.

And much it 'rails you—in their place,

To graft the love of human race.

Be always as merry as ever you can,

For 'tis one delight in a sorrowful man.

82. The *perfection of music*, as well as of *speech*, depends upon giving the *full and free* expression of our thoughts and affections, so as to produce *corresponding* ones in the minds of others. This is not the work of a *day*, a *month*, or a *year*; but of a *life*; for it implies the *full* development of *mind* and *body*. The *present* age presents only a faint idea, of what *music and oratory* are capable of becoming; for we are surrounded, and loaded, with almost as many bad *habits* (which prevent the perfect cultivation of humanity,) as an Egyptian *mummy* is of folds of *linen*. Let the axe of *truth*, of *principle*, be laid at the root of every tree that does not bring forth good fruit. Which do we like better—*error*, or *truth*?

Proverbs. 1. A man may be *strong*, and not *now* well. 2. It is easier to keep out a bad associate, than to get rid of him, after he has been admitted. 3. Consider well what you *do*, whence you *come*, and whither you *go*. 4. Every *fool* can find faults, that a great many *wise* men cannot *mend*. 5. He who follows his *own* advice, must take the *consequences*. 6. In *giving*, and *taking*, it is easy *mistaking*. 7. *Letters* do not *blush*. 8. *Murder*—will out. 9. Nothing that is *violent*—is *permanent*. 10. Old foxes want no *tutors*. 11. The first chapter of *fools* is, to esteem themselves *wise*. 12. *God*—tempers the wind—to the shorn lamb.

Anecdote. *Doctor-em.* A physician, having been out *gaming*, but without *success*, his *servant* said, he would go into the next *field*, and if the birds were *there*, he would '*doctor-em*.' "Doctor-em,—what do you mean by that?" inquired his master: "Why, *kill 'em*, to be sure,"—replied the servant.

Varieties. 1. Which has caused most evil, *intemperance*, *war*, or *famine*? 2. *Power*, acquired by *guilty* means, never *was*, and never will be exercised—to promote good *ends*. 3. By applying ourselves *diligently* to any art, science, trade, or profession, we become *expert* in it. 4. To be fond of a great *variety* of dishes—is a *sure* proof of a perverted *stomach*. 5. *Prosperity*—often leads persons to give way to their *passions*, and causes them to forget whence they *came*, what they *are*, and whither they are *going*. 6. *Evil* persons—asperse the characters of the *good*, by malicious *tales*. 7. Every *man* and *woman* have a *good*—*proper* to them, which they are to *perfect* and *fill up*. To do this—is all that is *required* of them; they need not seek to be in the state of *another*.

In *pleasure's* dream, or *sorrow's* hour,

In crowded hall, or lonely bow'r,

The bus'ness of my soul—shall be—

Forever—to remember thee.

Who more than he is worth doth *spend*,

Ev'n makes a *rope*—his life to *end*.

83. Elocution or vocal delivery, relates to the propriety of utterance, and is exhibited by a proper enunciation, inflection and emphasis; and signifies—the *manner* of delivery. It is divided into *two parts*; the *correct*, which respects the *meaning* of what is read or spoken; that is, such a clear and accurate pronunciation of the *words*, as will render them perfectly intelligible; and the *rhetorical*, which supposes *feeling*; whose object is fully to convey, and enforce, the *entire sense*, with all the *variety, strength, and beauty*, that *taste and emotion* demand.

84. The fourth sound of C is SH; after the *accent*, followed by *ea, ia, ie, eo, cou, and iou*; O-CEAN; ju-di-cious Pho-ci-on, te-na-cious of his lus-cious spe-cies, ap-pre-ci-ates his con-sci-en-tious as-so- [C in CIA.] ci-ate, who e-nun-ci-ates his sap-o-na-cious pre-science; a Gre-cian pro-fi-cient, with ca-pa-cious su-per-fi-cies and hal-cy-on pron-un-ci-a-tion, de-pre-ci-ates the fe-ro-cious gla-ciers, and ra-pa-cious pro-vin-cial-isms of Cap-a-do-cia.



85. The business of training youth in Elocution, should begin in *childhood*, before the contraction of bad *habits*, and while the character is in the rapid process of *formation*. The *first school* is the *NURSERY*: here, at least, may be formed a clear and distinct *articulation*; which is the *first requisite* for good *reading, speaking and singing*: nor can *ease and grace*, in *eloquence and music*, be separated from *ease and grace* in *private life*, and in the *social circle*.

86. Irregulars. *S, t, and ch*, in many words, are thus pronounced: the *lus-cious* no-tion of *Cham-pagne* and *prec-i-ous* sugar, in *re-ver-sion* for *pa-tients*, is sufficient for the ex-pul-sion of *tran-sient* ir-ra-tion-al-ity from the ju-di-cial chev-a-li-ers of *Mich-i-gan*, in *Chi-ca-go*; (*She-caw-go*), the *nav-se-a-ting* ra-ci-oc-i-na-tions of *sen-sual* *char-la-tans* to pro-pi-ti-ate the *pas-sion-ate* *mar-chion-ess* of *Che-mung*, are mi-nu-ti-a for *ra-tion-al* *fis-ures* to make *E-gyp-tian* op-ti-cians of.

Notes. 1. This aspirate diphthongal sound may be made, by prolonging the letters *sh*, in a whisper, *sh—ow*. See engraving. 2. Beware of prolonging this sound too much. 3. Exercise *all* the muscular, or fleshy parts of the body, and let your efforts be made from the dorsal region; i. e. the small of the back; thus girling up the loins of the mind. 4. If you do not feel refreshed and invigorated by these exercises, after an hour's practice, rest assured you are not in nature's path: if you meet with difficulty, be particular to inform your teacher, who will point out the *cause* and the *remedy*. 5. *C* is silent in *Czar*, *indict*, *Cne-us*, *Ctes-i-phon*, *science*, *muscle*, *sence*, *sceptre*, &c.; *S*, do in *isle*, *vis-count*, *island*, &c.; *Ch*, in *schism*, *yacht*, (*yot*), *drachm*.

True love's the gift, which God has given
To man alone, beneath the heaven.
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver chord, the silken tie,
Which, heart—to heart, and mind—to mind,
In body, and in soul—can bind.

Pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams.

Proverbs. 1. He who sows *brambles*, must not go *barefoot*. 2. It is better to do well, than to say well. 3. Look before you leap. 4. *Noth-ing* is so bad as not to be good for some-thing. 5. One fool in a house is enough. 6. Put off your armor, and then show your courage. 7. A right choice is half the battle. 8. The fox—is very cunning; but he is more cunning, than catches him. 9. When a person is in fear, he is in no state for enjoyment. 10. When rogues fall out, honest men get their due. 11. Reward—is certain to the faithful. 12. Deceit—shows a little mind.

Anecdote. A gentleman, who had listened attentively to a long, diffuse and highly ornamented prayer, was asked, by one of the members, "if he did not think their minister was very gifted in prayer." "Yes;" he replied, "I think it as good a prayer as was ever offered to a congregation."

Our Persons. If our knowledge of the outlines, proportions, and symmetry of the human form, and of natural attitudes and appropriate gestures were as general as it ought to be, our exercises would be determined by considerations of *health, grace and purity of mind*; the subject of *clothing* would be studied in reference to its true purposes—protection against what is *with-out*, and a tasteful adornment of the *person*; decency would no longer be determined by *fashion*, nor the approved costumes of the *day* be at variance with personal *comfort and ease of carriage*; and in the place of fantastic figures, called *fashionably* dressed persons, moving in a *constrained and artificial* manner, we would be arrayed in vestments adapted to our *size, shape*, and undulating outline of *form*, and with *drapery* flowing in graceful folds, adding to the elasticity of our *steps*, and to the varied movements of the whole body.

Varieties. 1. The true statesman will never flatter the people; he will leave that for those, who mean to betray them. 2. Will dying for principles—prove any thing more than the sincerity of the martyr? 3. Which is the stronger passion, love, or anger? 4. Public speakers—ought to live longer, and enjoy better health, than others; and they will, if they speak right. 5. Mere imitation—is always fruitless; what we get from others, must be inborn in us, to produce the designed effects. 6. Times of general calamity, and revolution, have ever been productive of the greatest minds. 7. All mere external worship, in which the senses hear, and the mouth speaks, but in which the life—is unconcerned, is perfectly dead, and profiteth nothing.

Habitual evils—change not on a sudden;
But many days, and many sorrows,
Conscious remorse, and anguish—must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue—can resume the place she lost.
Let the tenor of my life—speak for me.

87. *Good reading and speaking is music; and he who can sit unmoved by their charms, is a stranger to correct taste, and lost in insensibility. A single exhibition of natural eloquence, may kindle a love of the art, in the bosom of an aspiring youth, which, in after life, will impel and animate him—through a long career of usefulness. Self-made men are the glory of the world.*

88. *D has two sounds; first, its name sound; DAME; dart, dawn, dab; deed, dead; die, did; dole, do, dog; duke, duck, druid; doit, doubt; a dan-dy de-frauded his dad-dy of his second-hand-ed sad-dle, and dubbed the* [D in DO.] *had-dok a la-dy-bird; the doub-le head-ed pad-dy, nod-ding at noon-day, de-ter-mined to rid-dle ted-ded hay in the fields till dooms-day; the dog-ged dry-ads ad-dict-ed to depre-dations, robbed the day-dawn of its dread-ed di-a-dem, and erred and strayed a good deal the down-ward road to ad-endum.*



89. I must give all the sounds, particularly the final ones, with great care, and never run the words together, making one, out of three. And—is pronounced six different ways; only one of which is right. Some call it *an*, or *en*; others, *un*, 'nd, or *n*; and a few—and; thus good-an-bad causen-effect; loaves-en-fishes, hills-un groves; pen-un-ink, you-nd I, or youn-I; an-de-said; hooks-en-eyes, wor-sen-worse, pleasure-un-pain; cakes-n-beer, to-un-the; round'n-round, ol-d'n-young, voice-n-ear; bread-en-butter; vir-tu-n-vice; Jame-zen-John; solem-un-sub-lime, up-'n-down, pies'-n-cakes. I will avoid such glaring faults, and give to each letter its appropriate sound.

Notes. 1. Here the delicate ear may perceive the aspirate after the vocal part of *d*, as after *b*, and some other letters. The vocal is made, (see engraving,) by pressing the tongue against the gums of the upper fore-teeth, (the incisors,) and the roof of the mouth, beginning to say *d*, without the *e* sound; and the aspirated part, by removing the tongue, and the organs taking their natural positions; but avoid giving the aspirate of the vocal consonants, any vocality. 2. By whispering the vocal consonants, the aspirate only is heard. 3. *D* is silent in *hand-sel, hand-saw, hand-some, hand-ker-chief*, and the first *d* in *Wednesday, stout-holder*, and in *Dnie-per*, (*Nie-per*), and *Dnie-s-ter*, (*Nee-ter*). 4. Do not give the sound of *j* to *d* in any word; as—*grand-eur, sold-ier, verd-ure, ed-u-cate, ob-di-rate, cred-u-lous, mod-u-late*, &c.; but speak them as though written *grand-yur, sold-yur*, &c.; the same analogy prevails in *na-ture, fort-une*, &c. 5. The following participials and adjectives, should be pronounced without abridgment; a blessed man gives unfeigned thanks to his learned friend, and beloved lady; some winged animals are curs-ed things; you say he curs'd him, for he feign'd that he had learn'd his lesson. 6. Pronounce words in the Bible, the same as in other books.

Anecdote. *Blushing.* A certain fashionable and dissipated youth, more famed for his red nose, than for his wit, on approaching a female, who was highly rouged, said; "Miss; you blush from modesty." "Pardon me Sir,"—she replied, "I blush from reflection."

Kindness—in woman, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love.

90. As practicing on the gutturals very much improves the voice, by giving it depth of tone, and imparting to it smoothness and strength, I will repeat the following, with force and energy, and at the same time convert all the breath into sound: the discarded hands dread-ed the sounds of the muffled drums, that broke on the sad-den'd dream-er's ears, mad-dened by des-pair; the blood ebb'd and flow'd from their double dy'd shields, and worlds on worlds, and friends on friends by thousands roll'd.

Proverbs. 1. An irritable and passionate man—is a downright drunkard. 2. Better go to heaven in rags, than to hell, in embroidery. 3. Common sense—is the growth of all countries, but very rare. 4. Death has nothing terrible in it, but what life has made so. 5. Every vice fights against nature. 6. Folly—is never long pleased with itself. 7. Guilt—is always jealous. 8. He that shows his passion, tells his enemy where to hit him. 9. It is pride, not nature, that craves much. 10. Keep out of broils, and you will neither be a principal nor a witness. 11. One dog barking, another soon joins him. 12. Money—is a good servant, but a bad master.

Changes. We see that all material objects around us are changing; their colors change just as the particles are disturbed in their relations. This result is not owing to any natural cause, but to the Divine Power. And are there not higher influences more potent, tho' invisible, acting on man's moral nature, pervading the deepest abysses of his affection, and the darkest recesses of his thoughts; to purify the one, and enlighten the other, and from the chaos of both—to educe order, beauty and happiness? And why is it not changed? Shall we deny to his moral nature, the powers and capacities which we assign to stocks and stones? Or, is the Almighty less inclined to bring the most highly endowed of his creatures into the harmony and blessedness of his own Divine Order? To affirm either would be the grossest reflection on the character of God, and the nature of his works. If man, then, be not changed, so as to reflect the likeness and image of his Creator and Redeemer, it must be in consequence of his own depraved will, and blinded understanding.

Varieties. 1. Why is the letter *D* like a sailor? because it follows the *C*. 2. Books, (says Lord Bacon,) should have no patrons, but truth and reason. 3. Who follows not virtue in youth, cannot fly vice in old age. 4. Never buy—what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be a dear article to you in the end. 5. Those—bear disappointments the best, who have been most used to them. 6. Confidence—produces more conversation than either wit or talent. 7. Attend well to all that is said; for nothing—exists in vain, either in outward creation, in the mind, in the speech, or in the actions.

Authors, before they write, should read.

91. Do not *hurry* your enunciation of words, precipitating syllable over syllable, and word over word; nor melt them together into a mass of confusion, in pronouncing them; do not *abridge* or *prolong* them too much, nor *swallow* nor *force* them; but deliver them from your vocal and articulating organs, as golden coins from the mint, accurately *impressed*, perfectly *finished*, neatly and elegantly *struck*, *distinct*, in due *succession*, and of full *weight*.

92. The second sound of *D*, is that of *T*; when at the end of words, after *c*, *f*, *ss*, *p*, *q*, *o*, *x*, *ch*, and *sh*, with silent *e*, under the accent; *FAC'D*: he curs'd his stuff'd shoe, and dipp'd it in *D*. in *FAC'D*, poach'd eggs, that escap'd from the vex'd cook, who watch'd the spic'd food with arch'd brow, tripp'd his crisp'd feet, and dash'd them on the mash'd hearth; she pip'd and wisp'd a tune for the watch'd thief who jump'd into the sack'd pan, and scratch'd his blanch'd face, which eclips'd the chaf'd horse, that was attach'd and wrapp'd for a tax'd scape-grace.



93. To read and speak with *ease*, *accuracy*, and *effect*, are great *accomplishments*; as *elegant* and *dignified* as they are *useful*, and *important*. Many covet the art, but few are willing to make the necessary *application*: and this makes *good* readers and speakers, so very rare. *Success* depends, principally, on the student's own *exertions*, uniting *correct theory* with *faithful practice*.

94. Irregulars. *T*—generally has this sound; the little *tat-ler* *ti-tered* at the *taste-ful tea-pot*, and caught a *tempt-ing tar-tar* by his *sa-ti-e-ty*; the stout *Ti-tan* took a *tell-tale ter-magant* and thrust her against the *tot-ter-ing tow-ers*, for *twist-ing the frit-ters*; *Ti-tus* takes the *pet-u-lent out-casts*, and *tos-ses* them into *na-ture's pas-tures* with the *tur-tles*; the guests of the hosts *at-tract* a great deal of *at-ten-tion*, and *sub-sti-tute* their *pre-texts* for *tem-pests*; the *cov-et-ous part-ner*, *des-ti-tute* of *fort-une*, states that when the *steed* is *stolen*, he shuts the *sta-ble door*, lest the *gravi-ty* of his *ro-tun-di-ty* tip his *tac-tics* into *non-en-ti-ty*.

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist,
For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

Notes. 1. This dental-lingual sound may be made by whispering the imaginary word *tuh*, (short *u*) the tongue being pressed against the upper front teeth, and then suddenly removed, as indicated by the engraving. 2. *T* is silent when preceded by *s*, and followed by the abbreviated terminations *en*, *le*. Apostle, glisten, fasten, epistle, often, castle, pestle, soften, whistle, chasten, bustle, christen; in *eclat*, *bil-let-doux*, *debut*, *haut-boy*, *courants*, *de-pot*, *hostler*, *mortgage*, *Christmas*, *Tmojus*, and the first *t*, in *chest-nut* and *mis-de-toe*. 3. The adjectives, *blessed*, *curs'd*, &c. are exceptions to the rule for pronouncing *d*. 4. Consonants are sometimes double in their pronunciation, although not found in the *name* spelling; *pit-ied*, (*pit-ted*), *river*, (*riv-var*), *mon-ey* (*mon-ney*), &c. Beware of chewing your words, as *vir-chu*, *na-chure*, &c.

Self—alone, in *nature* rooted fast,
Attends us—*first*, and leaves us—*last*

Proverbs. 1. *None* of you know where the shoe pinches. 2. One may *live* and *learn*. 3. Remember the *reckoning*. 4. Such as the *tree* is, such is the *fruit*. 5. The biggest *horses* are not the best *travelers*. 6. What cannot be *cured*, must be *endured*. 7. You cannot catch *old birds* with *chaff*. 8. *Argument*—seldom convinces any one, contrary to his *inclinations*. 9. A horse—is neither *better*, nor *worse*, for his *trappings*. 10. *Content*—is the *philosopher's stone*, that turns all it touches into *gold*. 11. Never sport, with the opinions of *others*. 12. Be prompt in *every* thing.

Anecdote. President *Harrison*, in his last out-door exercise, was assisting the gardener in adjusting some *grape-vines*. The gardener remarked, that there would be but little *use* in trailing the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned; for the boys would come on *Sunday*, while the family was at *church*, and *steal* all the grapes; and suggested to the general, as a *guard* against such a loss, that he should purchase an active *watch-dog*. Said the general, “Better employ an active *Sabbath-school* teacher; a *dog* may take care of the *grapes*, but a good *Sabbath-school* teacher will take care of the *grapes* and the *boys* too.”

Home. Wherever we *roam*, in whatever *climate* or *land* we are cast, by the accidents of human life, beyond the *mountains* or beyond the *ocean*, in the legislative halls of the *Capitol*, or in the retreats and shades of *private* life, our hearts turn, with an irresistible instinct, to the cherished *spot*, which ushered us into existence. And we dwell, with *delightful* associations, on the recollection of the *streams*, in which, during our *boyish* days, we bathed, the *fountains* at which we drank, the *piney fields*, the *hills* and the *valleys* where we sported, and the *friends*, who shared these enjoyments with us.

Varieties. 1. If we do *well*, shall we not be accepted? 2. A guilty *conscience*—paralyzes the energies of the *boldest* mind, and enfeebles the *stoutest* heart. 3. Persons in *love*, generally *resolve*—*first*, and *reason* *afterward*. 4. All contingencies have a *Providence* in them. 5. If these principles of *Elocution* be *correct*, practicing them as here taught, will not make one *formal* and *artificial*, but *natural* and *effectuous*. 6. Be *above* the opinion of the world, and act from your *own* sense of right and wrong. 7. All christians believe the soul of man to be *im-mortal*: if, then, the souls of *all*, who have departed out of the *body* from this world, are in the *spiritual* world, what *millions* of inhabitants must exist therein!

The man, who consecrates his powers,
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once, he draws the sting of life, and death;
He walks with *Nature*; and her paths—are *peace*.

95. Let the position be *erect*, and the body balanced on the foot upon which you stand: banish all *care* and *anxiety* from the mind; let the forehead be perfectly *smooth*, the lungs entirely *quiescent*, and make every effort from the abdominal region. To expand the thorax and become straight, strike the PALMS of the hands together *before*, and the backs of them *behind*, turning the thumbs *upward*: do all with a united action of the body and mind, the center of exertion being in the small of the back; be in earnest, but husband your breath and strength; breathe often, and be perfectly *free, easy, independent*, and *natural*.

96. F has two sounds: first, *name* sound: FIFE; off with the scarf from the calf's head; the *af-fa-ble* buf-foon, *faith-ful* to its *gaf-fa*, lifts his wife's *fa-ther* from the *cof-fin*, and puts in the *fret-* [F in FIFE.] *ful* *cuf-fy*; *fear-ful* of the *ef-fects*, the *fright-ful* *fel-low* *prof-fers* his *hand-ker-chief* to fire off the *dan-druff* from the *fil-ful* fool's *of-fen-sive* *fowl-ing*-piece.



97. If you read and speak *slow*, and *articulate* well, you will always be heard with *attention*; although your delivery, in *other* respects, may be very *faulty*: and remember, that it is not necessary to speak very *loud*, in order to be understood, but very *distinctly*, and, of course, *deliberately*. The *sweeter*, and more *musical* your voice is, the better, and the farther you may be *heard*, the more accurate will be your *pronunciation*, and with the more *pleasure* and *profit* will you be *listened* to.

98. Irregulars, Gh and Ph frequently have this sound; *Phil-ip* Brough, laugh'd enough at the phantoms of the her-maph-rodite *phi-los-o-phy*, to make the nymph *Saph-i-ra* have a *phthis-i-cal* *hic-cough*; the seraph's draught of the *proph-e-cy* was *lith-o-graph'd* for an *eph-a* of *phos-pho-res-ent* *naph-tha*, and a *spher-i-cal* trough of tough *phys-ic*.

Notes. 1. To make this dento-labial aspirate, press the under lip against the upper fore teeth, as seen in the engraving, and blow out the first sound of the word *f*—*ire!* 2. *Gh*, are silent in drought, burrough, nigh, high, brought, dough, flight, etc.; and *Ph* and *h* in *phthis-i-cal*. 3. The difficulty of applying *rules*, to the pronunciation of our language, may be illustrated by the two following lines, where *ough* is pronounced in different ways; as *o, uff, off, ou, oo, and ock*. Though the lough *cough* and *hiccough* plough me through, O'er life's dark lough my course I will pursue.

Anecdote. Natural Death. An old man, who had been a close observer all his life, when dangerously sick, was urged by his friends, to take advice of a quack; but objected, saying,—“I wish to die a *natural* death.”

The patient mind, by yielding—overcomes.

Proverbs. 1. *Hope*—is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. 2. It is right to put *every* thing to its proper use. 3. *Open* confession—is good for the soul. 4. *Pride*—must have a fall. 5. The lower mill-stone—grinds as well as the upper one. 6. Venture not all in one vessel. 7. What one ardently desires, he easily believes. 8. *Yielding*—is sometimes the best way of succeeding. 9. A man that breaks his word, bids others be false to him. 10. *Amendment*—is repentance. 11. There is *nothing* useless to a person of sense. 12. The hand of the diligent—maketh rich.

Patience and Perseverance. Let any one consider, with attention, the structure of a common engine to raise water. Let him observe the intricacy of the machinery, and behold in what vast quantities one of the heaviest elements is forced out of its course; and then let him reflect how many experiments must have been tried in vain, how many obstacles overcome, before a frame of such wonderful variety in its parts, could have been successfully put together: after which consideration let him pursue his enterprise with hope of success, supporting the spirit of industry, by thinking how much may be done by *patience* and *perseverance*.

Varieties. Was the last war with England—justifiable? 2. In every thing you undertake, have some definite object in mind. 3. Persons of either sex—may captivate, by assuming a feigned character; but when the deception is found out, disgrace and unhappiness will be the consequences of the fraud. 4. All truths—are the forms of heavenly loves; and all falsities—are the forms of infernal loves. 5. While we co-operate with Nature, we cannot labor too much—for the development and perfection of body and mind; but when we force or contradict her, so far from mending and improving “the human form divine,” we actually degrade it below the brute. 6. How ridiculous some people make themselves appear, by giving their opinions for or against a thing, with which they are unacquainted! 7. The law of God is divine and eternal, and no person has a right to alter, add, or diminish, one word: it must speak for itself, and stand by itself.

Who needs a teacher—to admonish him, [mist? That flesh—is grass? That earthly things—are What are our joys—but dreams? and what our But goodly shadows in the summer cloud? [hopes, There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies, But puts its sickle—in the fields of life, [cares. And mows its thousands, with their joys and

Our early days!—How often—back We turn—on Life's bewildering track, To where, o'er hill, and valley, plays The sunlight of our early days!

A monkey, to reform the times, Resolved to visit foreign climes.

99. He who attempts to make an *inroad* on the existing *state* of things, though evidently for the *better*, will find a *few* to *encourage* and *assist* him, in effecting a *useful* reform; and *many* who will treat his honest exertions with *resentment* and *contempt*, and cling to their *old errors* with a fonder *persecution*, the more vigorous is the effort to tear them from their arms. There is more hope of a *fool*, than of one wise in his own *conceit*.

100. The second sound of *F*, is that of *V*: *OF*; (*never off*, nor *uv*;) *there-of* *here-of*, *where-of*; the only words in our language, in which *F*, has this sound: a piece of cake, not a piece-*u*-cake, nor a piece-*ur*-cake.

[*F* in *OF*.]

101. *Muscle Breakers*. Thou waf'd'st the rickety skiff over the mountain height cliffs, and clearly saw'st the full orb'd moon, in whose silvery and effulgent light, thou reef'd'st the haggled sails of the ship-wrecked vessel, on the rock-bound coast of *Kamschat-ka*. He was an unamiable, disrespectful, incommunicative, disingenuous, formidable, unmanageable, intolerable and pusillanimous old bachelor. Get the latest amended edition of Charles Smith's *Thucyd-i-des*, and study the colonist's best interests.

102. *Irregulars*. *V* has this vocal aspirate; also *Ph* in a few words; my vain *nephew*, *Stephen Van-de-ver*, be-lieves *Ve-nus* a *ves-tal vir-gin*, who *viv-i-fies* his *shiv-er'd liv-er*, and im-proves his *vel-vet* voice, so as to speak with *viv-id viv-ac-i-ty*; the brave *chev-a-lier* be-haves like a *vol-a-tile con-ser-va-tive*, and says, he loves white wine *vin-e-gar* with *veal vict-u-als* every warm day in the *vo-cal* vales of *Vu-co-var*.

103. *FAULTS* in articulation, early contracted, are suffered to gain strength by *habit*, and grow so inveterate by *time*, as to be almost *incurable*. Hence, parents should assist their children to pronounce *correctly*, in their first attempts to speak, instead of permitting them to pronounce in a faulty manner: but soine, so far from endeavoring to correct them, encourage them to go on in their baby talk; thus cultivating a vicious mode of articulation. Has wisdom *fled* from men; or was she *driven* away?

Notes. 1. This *diphthongal* sound, is made like that of *f*, with the addition of a *voice* sound in the larynx: see engraving. 2. A modification of this sound, with the upper lip over-lapping the under one, and blowing down on the chin, gives a very good imitation of the humble-bee. 3. Avoid saying *gim* me some, for give me some; I *haint* got any, for I have not got any; I don't luff to go; for, I don't love, (like rather,) to go; you'll *haff* to do it; for you will have to do it.

What is a man,
If his *chief* good and *market* of his *time*,
Be but to *sleep* and *feed*? A *beast*, no more. *Sure*,
He, th't made us, with such large *discourse*,
Looking *before*, and *after*, gave us *not*
That *capability*—and *god-like* reason,
To *rust* in us—*unused*.

Proverbs. 1. A good cause makes a stout heart, and a strong arm. 2. Better ten guilty persons escape, than one innocently suffer. 3. Criminals—are punished, that crime may be prevented. 4. Drunkenness—turns a man out of himself, and leaves a *beast* in his room. 5. He that goes to church, with an evil intention, goes on the devil's errand. 6. Most things have handles; and a wise man takes hold of the best. 7. Our flatterers—are our most dangerous enemies; yet they are often in our own bosom. 8. Poverty—makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. 9. Make yourself all honey, and the flies will be sure to devour you. 10. Many talk like philosophers, and live like fools. 11. A stitch in time—saves nine. 12. The idle man's head, is the devil's workshop.

Anecdote. School master and pupil. A school master—asked a boy, one very cold winter morning, what was the *Latin*—for the word *cold*: at which the boy hesitated, —saying, I have it at my *finger's ends*.

Ourselves and Others. That man—deserves the thanks of his country, who connects with his *own*—the good of *others*. The *philosopher*—enlightens the world; the *manufacturer*—employs the *needy*; and the *merchant*—gratifies the *rich*, by procuring the varieties of every *clime*. The *mis-er*, altho' he may be no burden on society, yet, thinking only of *himself*, affords no one *else*—either *profit*, or *pleasure*. As it is not of any one—to have a very large share of happiness, that man will, of course, have the largest portion, who makes *himself*—a partner in the happiness of *others*. The *BENEVOLENT*—are sharers in every one's joys.

Varieties. 1. Ought not the study of our language be made part of our education? 2. He who is slowest in making a promise, is generally the most faithful in performing it. 3. They who are governed by reason, need no other motive than the goodness of a thing, to induce them to practice it. 4. A reading people—will become a thinking people; and then they are capable of becoming a rational and a great people. 5. The happiness of every one—depends more on the state of his own mind, than on any external circumstance; nay, more than all external things put together. 6. There is no one so despicable, but may be able, in some way, and at some time, to revenge our impositions. 7. *Desire*—seeks an end: the nature of the desire, love and life, may be known by its end.

When lowly *Merit*—feels misfortune's blow,
And seeks relief from penury and wo,
Hope fills with rapture—every generous heart,
To share its treasures, and its hopes impart;
As, rising o'er the sordid lust of gold,
It shows the impress—of a heavenly mould!

Whose nature is—so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none.

104. In *all* schools, one leading object should be, to teach the *science* and *art* of reading and speaking with *effect*: they ought, indeed, to occupy seven-fold more time than at present. *Teachers* should strive to improve *themselves*, as well as their *pupils*, and feel, that to *them* are committed the future orators of our country. A first-rate *reader* is much more *useful* than a first-rate performer on a *piano*, or any *other* artificial instrument. Nor is the voice of *song* sweeter than the voice of *eloquence*: there may be eloquent *readers*, as well as eloquent *speakers*.

105. *G* has three sounds: *first*, name sound, or that of *J*, before *e*, *i*, and *y*, generally: GEM; *Gen-er-al* Ghent, of *gi-ant* ge-ni-us, suggests that the *o-rig-i-nal* mag-ic of the *frag-ile* *gip-sey* has *gen-er-a-ted* the *gen-e-al-o-gy* of *Geor-* [G in GEM.] *gi-um* *Si-dus*; the *geor-gics* of *George* *Ger-man* are *ex-ag-er-a-ted* by the *pan-c-gyr-ics* of the *log-i-cal* *ser-geant*; *hy-dro-gen*, *og-y-gen* and *ging-seng*, *ger-min-ate* *gen-teel* *ginger-bread* for the *o-rig-i-nal* *ab-o-rig-i-nes* of *Ge-ne-va*.



106. It is of the first importance, that the *reader*, *speaker* and *singer* be *free* and *unrestrained* in his manner; so as to avoid using the *chest* as much as possible, and also of being *monotonous* in the flow of his words: thus, there will be perfect *correspondence*—of the *feelings*, *thoughts* and *actions*. Look out upon *Nature*; all is *free*, *varied*, and *expressive*; such should be our *delivery*. *Nature*—abhors *monotony*, as much as she does a *vacuum*.

107. Irregulars. *J* generally has this sound. The *je-june* judge *just-ly* *jeal-ous* of *Ju-lia's* joy, joined her to *ju-ba* James in June or July; the *ju-ry* *jus-ti-fy* the joke, in *jerk-ing* the *juve-lin* of *Ju-pi-ter* from the *jol-ly* *Jes-u-it*, and *jam-ming* it into the *jov-i-al* Jew, to the *jeop-ar-dy* of the *jeer-ing* *jock-ey*.

Notes. 1. This triphthongal sound, as are most of the other vocal consonants, is composed of a vocal and aspirate. To make it, compress the teeth, and begin to pronounce the word *judge*, very loud; and when you have made a sound, *e. i.* got to the *u*, stop instantly, and you will perceive the proper sound; or begin to pronounce the letter *g*, but put no *e* to it: see engraving. 2. The three sounds, of which this is composed, are that of the name sound of *d*, and those of *e*, and *h*, combined. 3. *Breath* as well as *voice* sounds, may be arrested, or allowed to escape, according to the nature of the sound to be produced.

Anecdote. A *pedlar*—overtook another of his tribe on the road, and thus accosted him: "*Hallo*, friend, what do you *carry*?" "*Rum* and *Whisky*,"—was the prompt reply. "*Good*," said the other; "you may go *ahead*; I carry *gravestones*."

The quiet sea,

Th't, like a *giant*, resting from his toil,
Sleeps in the morning sun.

Proverbs. 1. He that seeks trouble, it were a pity he should miss it. 2. *Honor* and *ease*—are seldom *bed-fellows*. 3. It is a miserable sight to see a *poor* man *proud*, and a *rich* man *avaricious*. 4. One cannot *fly* without *wings*. 5. The fairest rose at last is *withered*. 6. The best evidence of a clegyman's *usefulness*, is the holy lives of his *parishoners*. 7. We are rarely so *unfortunate*, or so *happy*, as we *think* we are. 8. A friend in *need*, is a friend *indeed*. 9. *Bought* wit is the best, if not bought too dear. 10. *Disputations*—leave *truth* in the *middle*, and the *parties* at both ends. 11. We must do and *live*. 12. A diligent pen supplies many *thoughts*.

Authority and Truth. Who has not observed how much more *ready* mankind are to bow to the authority of a *name*, than yield to the evidence of *truth*? However *strong* and *incontestible*—the force of *reasoning*, and the array of *facts* of an individual, who is unknown to *fame*, a slavish world—will *weigh* and *measure* him by the obscurity of his *name*. *Integrity*, *research*, *science*, *philosophy*, *fact*, *truth*, and *goodness*—are no shield against *ridicule*, and *misrepresentation*. Now this is exceedingly *humiliating* to the *freed* mind, and shows the great necessity of looking at the *truth itself* for the *evidence* of truth. Hence, we are not to believe what one says, *because* he says it, but because we see that it is *true*: this course is well calculated to make us independent *reasoners*, *speakers*, and *writers*, and *constitute* us, as we were designed to be—*FREEMEN*, in *feeling*, *thought* and *act*.

Varieties. 1. How long was it, from the discovery of *America*, in 1492, by *Columbus*, to the commencement of the Revolutionary War, in 1775? 2. Most of our laws would never have had an *existence*, if evil *actions* had not made them *necessary*. 3. The grand *secret*—of never *failing*—in propriety of *deportment*, is to have an *intention*—of always doing what is *right*. 4. Only *that*, which is sown *here*, will be reaped *hereafter*. 5. Is there *more* than *one God*? 6. The human race is so *connected*, that the well intentioned *efforts* of each individual—are never *lost*; but are propagated to the *mass*; so that what *one*—may ardently *desire*, another—may resolutely *endeavor*, and a *third*, or *tenth*, may actually *accomplish*. 7. All *thought* is dependent on the *will*, or *voluntary* principle, and takes its *quality* therefrom: as is the *will*, such is the *thought*; for the *thought*—is the *will*, in *form*; and the *state* of the will—may be *known* by that *form*.

Go abroad, upon the paths of *Nature*. and when its *voices* whisper, and its silent things [all
Are breathing the deep *beauty* of the world,
Kneel at its simple *altar*, and the *God*,
Who hath the *living* waters—shall be there.

108. Elocution—is not, as some erroneously suppose, an art of something *artificial* in *tones, looks and gestures*, that may be learned by *imitation*. The *principles* teach us—to exhibit *truth and nature* dressed to *advantage*: its objects are, to enable the *reader, and speaker*, to manifest his thoughts, and feelings, in the most *pleasing, perspicuous, and forcible* manner, so as to charm the *affections*, enlighten the *understanding*, and leave the *deepest, and most permanent* impression, on the mind of the attentive hearer.

109. The second sound of G, is hard, or *guttural*, before *a, o, u, l, r,*

and often before *e, and i*; also, at the end of monosyllables, and sometimes at the end of dissyllables, and *their preceding syllables*.



GAME; a giddy goose [G in GAME.] got a ci-gar, and gave it to a *gan-grene* beggar: Scrog-gins, of Brob-dig-nag, growls over his green-glass gog-gles, which the big ne-gro gath-er-ed from the bog-gy quag-mire; a gid-dy gig-gling girl glides into the grog-ge-ry, and gloats over the gru-el in the great pig-gin of the rag-ged grand-mother, ex-claim-ing, dig or beg, the game is gone.

110. Foreigners and natives may derive *essential* aid from this system of mental and vocal philosophy; enabling them to *read and speak* the language *correctly*; which they most certainly *ought* to do, before they are employed in our *schools*: for whatever children *learn*, they should *learn correctly*. Good teachers are quite as necessary in the *primary* school, as in the *Academy or College*: at least, so thought *Philip*, king of Macedonia, when he sent his son *Alexander* to *Aristotle*, the great philosopher, to learn his *letters*: and Alexander says, he owed more to his *teacher*, than to his *father*.

111. Irregulars. *Gh*, in a few words, has this sound: tho', strictly speaking, the *h* is silent. The ghast-ly bur-gher stood a-ghast to see the ghost of the ghyll, eat the ghas-tly gher-kins in the ghos-tly burgh. They are silent in—the neigh-bors taught their daugh-ters to plough with de-light, though they caught a fur-lough; &c.

Notes. 1. This vocal sound is made, by pressing the roots of the tongue against the uvula, so as to close the throat, and beginning to say *g*, without the *o*; the sound is intercepted lower down than that of first *d*, and the jaw dropped more; observe also the vocal and aspirate; the sound is finished, however, in this, as in all other instances of making the vocal consonants, by the organs resuming their natural position, either for another effort, or for silence. 2. If practice enables persons with half the usual number of fingers to accomplish whatever manual labor they undertake; think how much may be done in this art, by those who possess their vocal organs complete, provided they pursue the course here indicated,—there is nothing like these vocal gymnastics.

'Tis autumn. Many, and many a fleeting age
Hath faded, since the primal morn of Time;
And silently the slowly journeying years,
All redolent of countless seasons, pass.

112. Freedom of Thought. Beware of pinning your *faith* to another's *sleeve*—of forming your *own* opinion entirely on that of *another*. Strive to attain to a modest *independence* of mind, and keep clear of *leading-strings*: follow *no* one, where you cannot *see* the road, in which you are desired to *walk*: otherwise, you will have no *confidence* in your *own* judgment, and will become a *changeling* all your days. Remember the old adage—"let every tub stand on its own bottom!" And, "never be the mere shadow of another."

Proverbs. 1. He dies like a *beast*, who has done *no good* while he lived. 2. 'Tis a base thing to *betray* a man, because he *trusted* you. 3. *Knaves*—imagine that *nothing* can be done without *knavery*. 4. He is not a *wise* man, who pays *more* for a thing than it is worth. 5. *Learning*—is a *sceptre* to *some*, and a *bauble*—to *others*. 6. *No tyrant* can take from you your *knowledge*. 7. Only that which is *honestly* got—is *true* gain. 8. *Pride*—is as *loud* a beggar as *want*; and a great deal more *saucy*. 9. That is a *bad* child, that *goes* like a *top*; no longer than it is *whipped*. 10. It is hard for an *empty* bag to stand *upright*. 11. Learn to bear disappointment *cheerfully*. 12. Eradicate your *prejudices*.

Anecdote. A sharp Eye. A witness, during the assizes, at York, in England, after several ineffectual attempts to go on with his story, declared, "he could not proceed in his testimony, if Mr. Brougham did not take his eyes off from him."

Varieties. 1. Which does society the most injury, the *robber*, the *slanderer*, or the *murderer*? 2. In every period of life, our *talents* may be *improved*, and our *mind* expanded by *education*. 3. The mind is *powerful*, in proportion as it possesses *powerful truths*, reduced to *practice*. 4. Give not the *meats and drinks* of a *man*, to a *child*; for how should they do it *good*? 5. A *proverb*, well applied at the end of a phrase, often makes a very happy *conclusion*: but beware of using such sentences too *often*. 6. Extravagant—and misplaced *eulogiums*—neither honor the one, who *bestows* them, nor the person, who *receives* them. 7. *Apparent* truth—has its *use*, but *genuine* truth a *greater* use: and hence, it is the part of *wisdom*—to seek it.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle Spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the wind
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past,—yet, on the stream, and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud,—the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh—and on yon cloud,
That floats on still and placidly through heaven,
The Spirits—of the Seasons—seem to stand;
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter, with his aged locks, and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge—o'er the dead year—
Gone, from the Earth, forever.

113. These principles of oratory—are well calculated to accustom the mind to the closest *investigation* and *reasoning*; thus, affording a better discipline for the *scientific*, *rational*, and *affectuous* faculties of the mind, than even the study of the *mathematics*: for the *whole* man is here addressed, and all his *mental* powers, and all his *acquirements*, are called into requisition. This system is a *fiery ordeal*; and those who pass through it, *understandingly*, and *practically*, will come out purified as by *fire*: it solves *difficulties*, and leads the mind to correct *conclusions*, respecting what one is to *do*, and what one is *not* to do.

114. The third sound of G is that of **ZH**; which, tho' common to s and z, is derived to this letter from the French; or, perhaps we should say, the words in which G has this sound, are French words not *Anglicised* [G in ROUGE.]

—or made into *English*. The pro-te-ge (pro-ta-zha, a person protected, or patronized,) during his bad-e-nage, (bad-e-nazh, light or playful discourse,) in the me-nag-e-ry, (a place for the collection of wild animals, or their collection,) on the mi-ra-ge, (me-razh, an optical illusion, presenting an image of water in sandy deserts,) put rouge, (roozh, red paint for the face,) on the charge-d'aff-air, (shar-zha-dif-fare, an ambassador, or minister of secondary rank.)

115. This work informs the *pupil*, as the *master workman* does the *apprentice*: it teaches the *principles*, or *rules*, and the way to *apply* them; and when they are thus applied to practice, he has no more *use* for them: indeed, its rules and directions serve him the same purpose as the *guide-post* does the *traveler*; who, after *visiting* the place, towards which it directs, has no further *need* of it.

116. Irregulars. S often has this sound, and Z, generally. The az-ure ad-he-sion to the am-bro-sial eu-clo-sures is a ro-se-ate treas-ure of vis-ions of pleas-ures; the seizure of the viz-ier's en-thu-si-asm is an invasion of the gla-zier's di-vi-sions of the scis-sors; the ho-sier takes the bra-zier's cro-sier with a-bra-sions and cor-ro-sions by ex-po-sure, and treas-ures it up without e-lis-ions.

Notes. 1. This vocal triphthongal consonant sound may be made, by placing the organs, as if to pronounce *sh* in *show*, and adding a voice sound, from the larynx; or, by drawing out the sound of the imaginary word *zhure*, zh—ure. 2. Analyze these sounds thus; give the first sound of c, keep the teeth still compressed, add the aspirate of h, and then prefix the vocality; or reverse the process. G is silent in—the na-ligu phlegm of the poignant gnat, impregns the en-sign's di-a-phragm, and gnaws into Char-le-magne's se-rnet-in.

Anecdote. A considerate Minister. A very dull clergyman, whose delivery was monotonous and uninteresting to his hearers, putting many of the old folks asleep—said to the boys, who were playing in the gallery; "Don't make so much noise there; you will awake your parents below."

For me, my lot—was what I sought; to be,
In life, or death, the fearless,—and the free.

Proverbs. 1. Impudence, and wit, are vastly different. 2. Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. 3. Listeners—hear no good of themselves. 4. Make hay while the sun shines. 5. An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit. 6. Purposing, without performing, is mere fooling. 7. Quiet persons—are welcome every where. 8. Some have been thought brave, because they were afraid to run away. 9. A liar—is a bravo towards God, and a coward towards men. 10. Without a friend, the world is a wilderness. 11. A young man idle,—an old man—needy. 12. Resolution, without action, is a slothful folly.

Reading Rooms. Incalculable good might be done to the present and the rising generation, by the establishment, in every town and village in our country, of Public Reading Rooms, to be supported by voluntary subscription: indeed, it would be wise in town authorities to sustain such institutions of knowledge by direct taxation. Oh! when shall we wake up to a consideration of things above the mere love of money-making.

Varieties. 1. Did Napoleon—do more evil than good—to mankind? 2. A necessary part of good manners—is a punctual observation of time; whether on matters of civility, business, or pleasure. 3. It is absurd—to expect that your friends will remember you, after you have thought proper to forget them. 4. How much pain has borrowed trouble cost us. 5. Adversity—has the effect of eliciting talents, which, in prosperous circumstances, would have lain dormant. 6. When the infidel would persuade you to abandon the Bible, tell him you will, when he will bring you a better book. 7. When the mind becomes persuaded of the truth of a thing, it receives that thing, and it becomes a part of the person's life: what men seek, they find.

The spacious firmament—on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun—from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes—to ev'ry land,
The work—of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth, from pole to pole.

What, though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid these radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us—is divine."

117. Be very particular in pronouncing the *jaw*, or *voice-breakers*, and cease not, till you can give every sound *fully, correctly and distinctly*. If your vocal powers are well exercised, by faithful practice on the more difficult combinations, they will acquire a facility of movement, a precision of action, a flexibility, grace, and force truly surprising.

118. *H* has but one sound, which is an aspirate, or forcible breathing, made in the glottis: **HALE:** his high-ness holds high his haugh-ty head, and ex-hib-its his shrunk shanks to the ho-ly horde in the hu-mid hall; the ^[H is HALE.] hard-heart-ed hedge-hog, heed-less of his hav-oc of the house-wife's ham, hies himself home, hap-py to have his head, his hands, and his heart whole; the harm-ful hum-ble-bee hur-tles through the hot-house, and ex-horts his ex-haust-ed hive-lings to hold their house-hold-stuff for a hab-by-horse till har-vest-home.



119. It is said, that no description can adequately represent *Lord Chatham*: to comprehend the force of his eloquence, it was necessary to see and to hear him: his whole delivery was such, as to make the orator a part of his own eloquence: his mind was view'd in his countenance, and so embodied was it in his every look, and gesture, that his words were rather felt than followed; they invested his hearers; the weapons of his opponents fell from their hands; he spoke with the air and vehemence of inspiration, and the very atmosphere flamed around him.

120. *H* is silent at the beginning and end of many words. The hon-est shepherd's ca-tarrh, hum-bles the heir-ess in her dish-a-billes, and hu-mors the thy-my-rhetoric of his rhymes to rhap-so-dy; the humor-some Thom-as ex-plained diph-thongs and triph-thongs to A-bi-jah, Be-ri-ah—Ca-lah, Di-nah, E-ti-jah, Ge-rah, Hul-dah, I-sa-iah, Jo-nah, Han-nah, Nin-e-vah, O-ba-di-ah, Pis-gah, Ru-mah, Sa-rah, Te-rah, Uri-ah, Va-ni-ah, and Ze-lah.

Notes. 1. This sound is the material of which all sounds are made, whether vowel or consonant, either by condensation, or modification. To demonstrate this position, commence any sound in a whisper, and proceed to a vocality; shaping the organs to form the one required, if a vowel or vocal consonant, and in a proper way to produce any of the aspirates. 2. Those who are in the habit of omitting the *h*, when it ought to be pronounced, can practice on the preceding and similar examples: and also correct such sentences as this; *Hi* took my horse hand went hout to hunt my legs, hand got hoff my horse, hand lched im to a boak tree, hand gave im some hoats. 3. It requires more breath to make this sound, than any other in our language; as in producing it, even mildly, the lungs are nearly exhausted of air. It may be made by whispering the word *hah*: the higher up, the more scattering, the lower in the throat, the more condensed, till it becomes vocal.

I am well aware, that what is base,
No polish—can make sterling—and that vice,
Though well perfumed, and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass,—trick'd with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance,—fitter far
For cleanly riddance,—than for fair attire.

Proverbs. 1. When the cat is away, the mice will play. 2. One may be a wise man, and yet not know how to make a watch. 3. A wicked companion invites us to hell. 4. All happiness and misery—is in the mind. 5. A good conscience is excellent divinity. 6. Bear and forbear—is good philosophy. 7. Drunkenness—is a voluntary madness. 8. Envy shoots at others, and wounds herself. 9. Fools lade out the water, and wise men catch the fish. 10. Good preachers give fruits, rather than flowers. 11. Actions are the raiment of the man. 12. Faith is the eye of love.

Anecdote. *Frederick the Great*, of Prussia, an ardent lover of literature and the fine arts, as well as of his people, used to rise at three or four o'clock in the morning to get more time for his studies; and when one of his intimate friends noticed how hard he worked, he replied,—“It is true, I do work hard,—but it is in order to live; for nothing has more resemblance to death, than idleness: of what use is it, to live, if one only vegetates?”

Wrong Choice. How miserable some people make themselves, by a wrong choice, when they have all the good things of earth before them, out of which to choose! If good judgment be wanting, neither the greatest monarch, nor the repeated smiles of fortune, can render such persons happy; hence, a prince—may become a poor wretch, and the peasant—completely blessed. To know one's self—is the first degree of sound judgment; for, by failing rightly to estimate our own capacity, we may undertake—not only what will make us unhappy, but ridiculous. This may be illustrated by an unequal marriage with a person, whose genius, life and temper—will blast the peace of one, or both, forever. The understanding, and not the will—should be our guide.

Varieties. 1. What can the virtues of our ancestors profit us, unless we imitate them? 2. Why is it, that we are so unwilling to practice a little self-denial for the sake of a future good? 3. The toilet of woman—is too often an altar, erected by self-love—to vanity. 4. Half the labor, required to make a first-rate musician, would make an accomplished reader and speaker. 5. Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss. 6. A conceit of knowledge—is a great enemy to knowledge, and a great argument for ignorance. 7. Of pure love, and pure conception of truth, we are only receivers: God only is the giver; and they are all His from first to last.

It is a beautiful belief, that ever—round our head,
Are hovering, on noiseless wing, the spirits of the dead,
It is a beautiful belief, when ended our career,
That it will be our ministry to watch o'er others here;
To lend a moral to the sinner; breathe wisdom on the wind;
To hold commune, at night's pure noon, with the imprisoned mind,
To bid the mourner—cease to mourn, the trembling be forgiven;
To bear away, from ills of clay, the infant—to its heaven.
Ah! when delight—was found in life, and joy—in every breath,
I cannot tell how terrible—the mystery of death.
But now, the past is bright to me, and all the future—clear:
For 'tis my faith, that after death, I still shall linger here.

121. Important Remarks. Every pupil should be required to notice, distinctly, not only all the specific *sounds* of our language, simple and compound, but also the different and exact positions of the vocal *organs*, necessary to *produce* them. The teacher should, unyieldingly, insist upon having these two things faithfully attended to: for *success* in elocution, and music, absolutely *demand* it: no one, therefore, should wish to be excused from a full and hearty compliance. *Master* these elementary principles, and you will have command of all the mediums for communicating your thoughts and feelings.

122. L has only one sound, which is its name sound. LAY; the laird's little fool loudly lauds the lil-y white lamb the live-long day; Lem-u-el Ly-ell loves the lass-lorn lul-la-by of the land-lord's love-ly la-dy, and, with [L in LAY.] bliss-ful dal-li-ance, gen-teel-ly lis-tens to the low-ly lol-lard's live-ly song; the lawyer le-gal-ly, and plain-ly tells his luck-less cli-ent, that he lit-er-al-ly re-pels the il-log-i-cal re-ply of the nul-ly-fy-ing leg-is-lator, who, in list-less lan-guor, lies, and re-gales him-self over the el-der blow tea: (not l-oo-t loot.)



123. Pronounce my, you, your, and that, when *emphatic*, with the vowels *full* and *open*. My harp is as good as yours. He told you, but would not tell me. I said he was my friend, not yours. That man related that story. When these words are not *emphatic*, the sounds of *y* and *u* are shortened, the *o* silent, and *u* having its second sound, while the *a* is entirely suppressed. My pen is as bad as my paper. How do you do? Very well; and how do you do? Have you got your book? This is not your book; it is my book. I said that you said, that you told him so.

Notes. 1. This vocal lingual dental sound (from the larynx, tongue and teeth,) is made by pressing the tongue against the upper gums and the roof of the mouth: pronounce the word *lo*, by prologing the sound of *l*; l—o. 2. Do not let the eye mislead the ear in the comparison of sounds; *gay* and *ghay* are alike to the ear, tho' unlike to the eye: so are *ph* in philosophy and *f* in folly: the same may be observed of *th* in thine and thou. 3. Never forget the difference between the names of letters, and their respective sounds; weigh their natures, powers and qualities. 4. Notice the dissimilarity between the letters *o-n-e*, and the word *one* (*oun*); also *c-i-g-h-t*, and *eight* (*ate*); *e-n-o-u-g-h*, and *cnuft*. Is there not a better way? and is not this that way? 5. *L* is silent in *halm*, *salve*, could, *psalm*, would, *chalk*, should, *talk*, *hal-ser* (*havo-ser*), *ful-con* (*fawo-k'n*), *salm-on*, *folks*, *malm-sey* (2la) *alm-onds*, &c.

Anecdote. One Tongue. Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*, was one day asked, by a friend of female education, if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages: "No Sir," replied Milton, "one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Ye despots, too long—did your tyranny hold us
In a vassalage vile—ere its weakness we knew;
But we learn'd, that the links of the chain, that enthral'd us,
Were forg'd by the fears of the captive alone.

Proverbs. 1. *Almost*, and very *nigh*, save many a lie. 2. A man may buy even *gold* too dear. 3. He, that waits for *dead men's shoes*, may long go *barefoot*. 4. It is an *ill* cause, that none dare speak in. 5. If *pride* were an *art*, there would be many *teachers*. 6. Out of *sight*, out of *mind*. 7. The whole *ocean* is made of *single drops*. 8. There would be no *great* ones, if there were no *little* ones. 9. Things *unreasonable*—are never *durable*. 10. *Time* and *tide* wait for no man. 11. An author's *writings* are a mirror of his *mind*. 12. *Every* one is architect of his own character.

In the Truth. How may a person be said to be in the truth? This may be understood, rationally, by a comparison: we say—such a man is in the *mercantile* business; by which we mean, that his *life*—is that of *merchandizing*, and is regulated by the laws of his peculiar *calling*. In like manner, we say of a *christian*, that he is in the *truth*, and in the *Lord*, when he is in the true order of his creation; which is—to love the *Lord*, with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself; and to do unto others—as he would they should do unto him: such a one is, emphatically, in the truth, and the truth makes him free; and this is the only freedom on earth, or in heaven; and any other state is *abject slavery*.

Varieties. 1. Why is the *L*, in the word *military*, like a man's nose? Because, it is between two *i* *i*. 2. No one is wise at all times; because every one is *finite*, and of course, *imperfect*. 3. *Money*—is the servant of those, who know how to use it; but the master of those, who do not. 4. *Rome*—was built, 753 years before the christian era; and the Roman empire—terminated 476 years after it; what was its *duration*? 5. The tales of other times—are like the calm dew of the morning, when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale. 6. As is the state of mind, such is the reception, operation, production, and manifestation—of all that is received. 7. Ends of actions show the quality of life; natural men ever regard natural ends; but spiritual men—spiritual ones.

Changing, forever changing!—So depart
The glories—of the old majestic wood:
So—pass the pride, and garbure of fields;
The growth of ages, and the bloom of days,
Into the dust of centuries; and so—
Are both—renewed. The scattered tribes of men,
The generations of the populous earth,
All have their seasons too. And jocund Youth
Is the green spring-time—Manhood's lusty strength
Is the maturing summer—hoary Age
Types well the autumn of the year—and Death
Is the real winter, which forecloses all.
And shall the forests—have another spring,
And shall the fields—another garland wear,
And shall the worms—come forth, renewed in life,
And clothed with highest beauty, and mit MAN?
No!—in the Book before me now, I read
Another language; and my faith is sure,
That though the chains of death may hold it long,
This mortal—will o'er-master them, and break
Away, and put on immortality.

124. *Read, and speak, in such a just and impressive manner, as will instruct, interest and affect your hearers, and reproduce in them all those ideas and emotions, which you wish to convey. Remember, that theory—is one thing, and practice—another; and that there is a great difference, between knowing how a sentence should be read or spoken, and the ability to read or speak it: theory—is the result of thought; practice—of actual experience.*

125. M has only one sound; MAIM: meek men made *mum-mies* out of *gam-mon*, and *moon-beams* of *gum-myam-mo-ni-a*, for a *pre-mi-um* on *dum-my som-nam-bu-lism*: mind, *man-ners* and [M is MAIM.] *mag-na-nim-i-ty*, make a *migh-ty* man, to a *mal-ga-mate em-blems* and *wam-pum* for an *om-ni-um goth-er-um*: the *malt-man* *circum-am-bu-lates* the *cim-me-ri-an ham-mock*, and *tum-bles* the *mur-muring mid-ship-man* into a *min-i-mum* and *max-i-mum* of a *man-mi-form di-lem-ma*.



126. CICERO and DEMOSTHENES, by their *words, lives, maxims, and practice*, show the high *estimation*, in which they held the *subject of oratory*; for they devoted *years* to the study and practice of its theory and art, under the most celebrated *masters of antiquity*. *Most* of the effects of *ancient*, as well as of *modern* eloquence, may be attributed to the *manner of delivery*: we read their *words*, but their *spirit* is gone; the *body* remains, *beautiful* indeed, but *motionless—and dead*; *TRUE* eloquence—*revivifies* it.

Notes. To produce this labio-nasal sound, close the lips and make a sound through the nose, resembling the plaintive lowing of an ox, with its mouth closed; or, a wailing sound through your nose. 2. This is called a *nasal* sound, because it is made through the *nose*; and not because it does not pass through it, as many imagine: which may become evident, by producing the sound when the nose is held between the thumb and forefinger. 3. Avoid detaching letters from *preceding* words, and attaching them to *succeeding* ones; as—his cry moved me; for, his *crine* moved me. 4. M is silent before n, in the same syllable; as, *Mason*, and *mne-mon-ics*.

127. *That is th' man, th't said that you saw him. I say th't that, th't that man said, is not that, th't that man told him. That th't I say is this: th't that, th't that gentleman advanced, is not that, th't he should have spoken; for he said, th't that THAT, th't that man pointed out, is not that that, th't that lady insisted th't it was; but is another that.*

THE PATHS OF LIFE.

Go forth—the world is very *wide*,
And many paths—before you lie,
Devious, and dang'rous, and untrod;
Go forth with wary eye!
Go! with the heart—by grief unbow'd!
Go! ere a shadow, or a cloud
Hath dimm'd the laughing sky!
But, lest your wand'ring footsteps stray,
Choose ye the straight, the narrow way.

E

128. By the aid of the principles here inculcated, *children* can be taken, before they have learned the *names* of the letters, and, in a few *months*, become better *readers* than one in *fifty* of those taught in the *usual* way; and they may have their voices so *devel-oped* and *trained*, by the natural use of the proper organs and muscles, as to be able to *read, speak, and sing*, for *hours* in *success-ion*, without *hoarseness*, or *injurious ex-haustion*. It is a melancholy reflection, that children learn more *bad* habits than *good* ones, in most of our common schools.

Proverbs. 1. He, that does you an *ill turn*, will never *forgive* you. 2. It is an *ill* wind that blows *nobody* any good. 3. The *proof* of the *pudding*—is in *eating*. 4. None so *deaf*, as they that will not hear. 5. *Time*—is a *file*, that *wears*, and makes no *noise*. 8. When *every* one takes care of *himself*, care is taken of *all*. 7. Without *pains*, there can be no *gains*. 8. One may as well expect to be at *ease*, without *money*, as to be *happy*, without *virtue*. 9. A *man*, like a *watch*, is valued according to his *going*. 10. The govern-ment of the *will* is better than an increase of *knowledge*. 11. *Character*—is every thing—to both old and young. 12. *War* brings *scars*.

Anecdote. *Long Enough.* A man, upon the verge of *bankruptcy*, having purchased an elegant *coat*, upon *credit*, and being told by one of his *acquaintances*, that the cloth was very *beautiful*, though the coat was too *short*; replied,—with a sigh—"It will be *long* enough before I get another.

Honor—was the virtue of the *pagan*; but *christianity*—teaches a more *enlarged* and *noble* code; calling into activity—all the best feelings of our *nature*,—illuminat-ing our path, through this world, with deeds of *mercy* and *charity*, mutually *done* and *re-ceived*,—and *sustaining* us, amidst *difficul-ties* and *temptations*—by the hope of a glorious *immortality*,—in which *peace*—shall be *inviolable*—and *joy*—*eternal*.

Varieties. 1. Why is a fashionably dressed lady, like a careful *housewife*? Be-cause her *waist* (waste), is always as small as she can *make* it. 2. *Literature* and *Science*, to produce their *full* effect, must be *generally* diffused, like the healthful *breeze*. 3. The *elements*, so mixed in him, that *Nature* might stand up, and say to all the world, "*This is a man!*" 4. All minds are influenced every *moment*; and there is a providence in every *feeling, thought* and *word*. 5. The excesses of our *youth*, are drafts on our old *age*, payable with *interest*; though sometimes, they are payable at *sight*. 6. I will not only *know* the way, but *walk* in it. 7. As it is God's will to fill us with his *life*, let us exert every faculty we possess, to be *filled* with it; and that with all *sin-cerity* and *diligence*.

The man, th't's *resolute*, and *just*,
Firm to his *principles* and *trust*,
Nor *hopes*, nor *fears*—can bind.

129. Distinctness of articulation demands special *attention*, and requires that you should pronounce the vocal *letters*, as well as every word, *audibly* and *correctly*, giving to each its appropriate *force* and *quantity*. Unless these principles are perfectly *understood*, your *future* acquirements will be more or less *fruitly*: for, in proportion as one is *ignorant* of what ought to be *felt*, *thought*, and *done*, will he be liable to *err*.

130. N has two sounds; first its name sound: NINE; the *land-man's* *nin-ny*, *neg-li-gent* of the *hunts-man's* *en-chant-ments*, *con-tam-i-nates* the *no-ble-man's* *nine-pins* with his *an-ti-no-mi-an non-* (N in NINE.) sense: *Na-hant*, and *Flan-ni-gan*, joint-tenants of *nine-ty-nine* *Man-i-kins*, *u-nan-i-mous-ly* *en-chain* with *win-ning* tones, the *be-nig-nant du-en-na*, while they are con-vened to *nom-i-nate con-di-ments* for the *so-cin-i-an con-ven-tion* of the *non-res-i-dents*; he knows his *nose*; I know he knows his nose: he said I *knew* he knows his nose: and if he *says* he knows I know he knows his *nose*, of course, he *knows* I know he knows his nose.



131. Some public speakers, in *other* respects *inferior*, from the *ease*, *grace*, *dignity* and *power* of their delivery, are *followed* and *applauded*; while *others*, however sound in *matter*, and finished in *language*, on account of their *deficiency* of *manner*, are passed by almost unnoticed. *All* experience teaches us the great importance of *manner*, as a means of inculcating *truth*, and persuading others to embrace it. Lord Bacon says, it is as necessary for a public speaker, as *decorum* for a gentleman.

Notes. 1. This vocal nasal sound is made, by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and thus preventing the sound from passing through the mouth, and emitting all of it through the nose: see engraving. 2. In comparing sounds, be guided solely by the ear; beware of going by sight in the science of acoustics. 3. Remember, when there is a change in the position of the organs, there is a corresponding change in the sounds. 4. In words where *l* and *n* precede *ch*, the sound of *t* intervenes in the pronunciation: *filch*, *blanch*, *vench*, *luch*, *bench*, &c. 5. Beware of omissions and additions; Boston notion, not Boston ocean. Regain either, not regain neither.

Anecdote. The Rev. Mr. Whitfield—was once accused, by one of his hearers, of *wandering* in his discourse; to which he replied: "If you will *ramble* like a lost *sheep*, I must *ramble* after you."

Truth—

Comes to us with a *slow*—and *doubtful* step;
Measuring the ground she treads on, and forever
Turning her curious eye, to see that all
Is right—*behind*; and, with *keen survey*,
Choosing her onward path.

Seize upon *truth*,—wherever found,
On *christian*,—or on *heathen* ground;
Among your friends,—among your foes;
The plant's *divine*,—where'er it grows.

Proverbs. 1. It is not the *burthen*, but the *over-burthen*, that *kills* the *beast*. 2. The death of youth is a *shipwreck*. 3. There is no disputing of *tastes*, *appetites*, and *fancies*. 4. When the *fox preaches*, let the *geese* beware. 5. *Alms-giving*—never made a man *poor*; nor *robbery*—*rich*; nor *prosperity*—*wise*. 6. A *lie*, begets a *lie*, till they come to *generations*. 7. *Anger*—is often more hurtful than the *injury* that caused it. 8. Better *late* ripe, and *bear*, than *blossom*, and *blast*. 9. *Experience*—is the mother of *science*. 10. He that will not be *counselled*, can not be *helped*. 11. Expose one's *evils*, and he will either *forsake* them, or hate you for the *exposure*. 12. Do not hurry a *free horse*. 13. Every thing would *live*.

Gradations. The dawn, the deep light, the sun-rise, and the blaze of day! what softness and gentleness! all is *graduated*, and yet, all is *decisive*. Again, observe how *winter*—passes into *spring*,—each—*weakened* by the *struggle*; then, steals on the *summer*, which is followed by the maturity of *autumn*. Look also at the *gradations* and *commingling* of *infancy*, *childhood*, *youth*, *manhood* and *age*: how beautiful the series! and all this may be seen—in the successive developments of the human mind:—there is first *sense*, then *fancy*, *imagination* and *reason*,—each of which—is the ground, or continent, of all that succeed: *sense*—is the rude *germ*, or *crust* of the *fancy*, which is the full-fledged bird, freed from its confinement and limited notices, and soaring aloft, unrestrained, in the luxuries of its new being; then, succeeds *imagination*, a well regulated fancy, that emulates the work of *reason*, while it borrows the hues—of its immediate parent: and *reason*—is the full and perfect development—of all that *sense*—originally contain'd, *fancy*—decorated, and *imagination*—designed—in a thousand forms; thus *reason*—combines the whole, and from the whole, thro' the light of the Supreme Mind, deduces her conclusions: thus, shall the *gradations*, or series of developments, continue in the good, and the true—to all eternity!

Varieties. 1. How many years *intervened*—between the discovery of the mariner's compass, in 1302, and the discovery of America? 2. The *covetous* man—is as much deprived of what he has, as of what he has not; for he enjoys *neither*. 3. Ah! who can tell, how hard it is to climb the steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar, checked by the scoff of *Pride*, by *Envy's* frown, and *Poverty's* unconquerable bar! 4. A man of cultivated mind, can converse with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion in a *statue*. 5. *Little men*—triumph over the errors of great ones, as an owl—rejoices at an eclipse of the sun. 6. The eternal and natural worlds are so united, as to make but one; like the soul and the body. 7. What is the difference between good sense, and wit?

A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected.

132. Be perfectly *distinct* in your articulation, or you cannot become an *easy, graceful, effective and natural elocutionist*; therefore, practice on the *vowels and consonants*, as here recommended, *separately and combined*. If your utterance is *rapid*, and *indistinct*, your *reading and speaking*, will not be listened to with much *pleasure, or profit*. A *hint*—to those who would be wise, is *sufficient*.

133. The second sound of *N*, is that of *Ng*, before hard *g*, and often before hard *c, k* and *q* under the accent. *BANK*; *con-gress con- quers the strang-ling don-key,* and *sanc-tions the lank con-clave* (*N* in *BANK*.) in *punc-til-ious con-course*: the *san-guine un-cle, anx-ious to ling-er much long-er among the tink-ling in-gots, jin-gles his rink-led fin-ger over the lin-guist's an-gu-lar shrunk shanks.*



134. The *common* mode of teaching elocution is considered the *true* one, because it has been so long *admitted and practiced*: the *old* have become *familiar* with it, and *follow* it from *habit*, as their predecessors did; and the *rising* generation receive it on *trust*: thus, they pass on, striving to keep each other in *countenance*: hence it is, that *most* of our bad habits, in this important *art*, are *born* in the *primary school, brought up* in the *academy*, and *graduated* in the *college*; if we *proceed* so far in our education. Is not an *entire* revolution *necessary*.

135. *Irregulars.* *Ng* have generally this sound. In cultivating and strength-en-ing the *un-der-stand-ing*, by *stud-y-ing, read-ing, writ-ing, cy-pher-ing, and speak-ing*, I am *think-ing* of *con-tend-ing* for *go-ing* to *sing-ing meet-ing*; in *re-lin-quish-ing* your *stand-ing* in the *crisp-ing fry-ing* pan, by *jump-ing o-ver the wind-ing rail-ing*, you may be *sail-ing* on the *boil-ing o-cean*, where the *limp-ing her-rings* are *skip-ping, and danc-ing*, around *some-thing* that is *laugh-ing* and *cry-ing, sleep-ing* and *wa-king, lov-ing* and *smi-ling*.

Notes. 1. This nasal diphthongal vocal consonant sound, may be made by drawing the tongue back, closing the passage from the throat into the mouth, and directing the sound through the nose; as in giving the name sound of *N*; it can be distinctly perceived by pro-longing, or singing the *ng* sound in the word *sing*. 2. If the accent be on the syllable beginning with *g* and *chard*, and *k*, and *q*, the *n* may take its name sound; as, *con-grat-u-late, con-fer, con-clude*, &c. 3. The three sounds of *m* and *n*, are the only nasal ones in our language. 4. Some consonant sounds are continuous: the 1st, 3d, and 4th of *c*; the 2nd of *f*, the 3rd of *g*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, &c. are examples; others are abrupt or discrete; as, *b, d, p, k, t*, &c.: so we have *continuous* sounds, (the *long* ones,) and *abrupt* or *discrete* ones, (the *short*.)

Anecdote. *Equality.* When *Lycurgus*, king of *Sparta*, was to reform and change the *government*, one advised him, that it should be reduced to an absolute *popular equality*: "Sir," said the lawgiver, "begin it in your *own house first*."

*Love—reckons hours—for months,—and days—for years;
And every little absence—is an age.*

Proverbs. 1. A *miss*, is as good as a *mile*. 2. A man is a *lion* in his *own* cause. 3. He that has *too many irons* in the *fire*, will find that *some* of them will be apt to *burn*. 4. It is not an *art* to *play*; but it is a *very good art* to leave *off* play. 5. Beyond the *truth*, there is *nothing but error*; and beyond *error*, there is *madness*. 6. He, who deals with a *blockhead*, has need of *much brains*. 7. The *burnt* child dreads the *fire*. 8. When *one* will not, *two* cannot quarrel. 9. Words from the *mouth*, die in the *ears*; but words from the *heart*—*stay* there. 11. *Young* folks—think *old* folks *fools*; but *old* folks *know* that *young* ones are. 11. First *know* what is to be done, then *do* it. 12. The *tongue*, without the *heart*, speaks an *unknown* tongue. 13. Remember the *reckoning*.

The three essentials—of every existence are an *inmost*, a *middle* and an *outmost*: i. e. an *end*, a *cause*, and an *effect*: the *end* is the *inmost*, the *cause* is the *middle*, and the *effect* the *outmost*, or *ultimate*. *Ex.* Man is one existence, and yet consists of a *soul*, or *inmost* principle, a *body*, or *middle* principle, and an *activity*, or *ultimate* principle. In his *soul* are *ends*, or *motives* to action; in his *body* are *causes*, or *ways* and *means* of action; and in his *life* are *effects*, or *actions themselves*: if either were *wanting*, he could not be a *man*: for, take away his *soul*, and his *body* would die for want of a first *principle* to *live* from; take away his *body*, and his *soul* could not act in the *natural* world, for want of a suitably organized *instrument*; take away his *life*, or the *activity* of his *body* from his *soul*, and both *soul* and *body* would cease to exist for lack of *exercise*. In other words, *MAN* consists of *will*, or *inmost*; *understanding*, or *intermediate*; and *activity*, or *ultimate*. It is evident, that without *willing*, his *understanding* would never *think*, and devise *means* of acting; and without *understanding*, his *will*—could not effect its *purpose*; and without *action*—that *willing* and *understanding* would be of no use.

Varieties. 1. The *thief*—is sorry he is to be *punished*, but not that he is a *thief*. 2. Some—are *atheists*—only in *fair weather*. 3. Is the *casket*—more valuable than the *jewel* it contains? 4. *Indolence*—is a stream that flows *slowly* on; yet it undermines every *virtue*. 5. All *outward* existence—is only the *shadow* of that, which is truly *real*; because its very *correspondence*. 6. Should we act from *policy*, or from *principle*? 7. The prayer of the *memory* is a *reflected* light, like that of the *moon*; that of the *understanding* alone, is as the light of the *sun* in *winter*; but that of the *heart*, like the light and heat *united*, as in *spring* or *summer*; and so also, is all *discourse* from them, and all *worship*.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Gone! gone forever!—Like a rushing *war*
Another *year*—has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying—to an *echo*.

136. In ancient *Rome*, an orator's education began in *infancy*; so should it be *now*; when the *seeds* of eloquence may be sown, when the child is on the maternal *bosom*; the *voice* should be developed with the *mind*. If the *child* has good examples set him, in reading and speaking, and the *youth* is attentive to his every day *language*, and is careful to improve his *mind* and *voice* together, he will become a good *elocutionist*, without scarcely *knowing* it. *Connection* and *association*—have as much to do with our manner of *speaking*, as with our cast of *thinking*.

137. P has but one sound: PAP; pale, par, pall, pap; peep, pet; pipe, pip; pope, pool, pop; pule, pup, puss; point, pound; *peo-ple* put *pep-er* in *pep-per-box-es*, *ap-ple-pies* in *cup-* [P in PAP.] boards, and whap-ping *pap-poo-ses* in *wrap-pers*; the *hap-py* *pi-per* placed his *peer-less* *pup-py* in *Pom-pey's* *shop-shop*, to be purchased for a peck of *pup-py* *pip-pins*, or a pound of *pul-ver-iz-ed* *pop-pies*; a *pad-dy* picked a peck of *pick-led* *pep-pers*, and put them on a broad brimed *pew-ter* *plat-ter*.

138. MUSCLE BREAKERS. Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly *pears*, from three prickly prangly pear trees: if then, Peter Prickle Prandle, picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear trees; where *are* the three pecks of prickly pears, that Peter Prickle Prandle picked, from the three prickly prangly pear trees? Success to the successful prickly prangly pear picker.

Notes. 1. To give this aspirate labial, whisper the word *pugh*, (u short), or pop out the candle; see the engraving: it is all of the word *up*, except the *u*; but the sound is not finished till the lips are separated, or the remaining breath exhaled: remember the remarks in reference to other abrupt elements. 2. The principal difference between *b* and *p* is, that *b* is a vocal, and *p*, only a breath sound. *P*, *H*, *T*, are called, by some, *sharp* mutes; and *B*, *G*, *D*, *flat* mutes. 3. Germans find it difficult to pronounce certain vocal consonants at the ends of words, tho' correctly at the beginning: hence, instead of saying *dog*, *mad*, *pod*, &c. they say, at first, *doh*, *mat*, *pot*, &c. 4. In pronouncing *m*, and *t* together, *p* is very apt to intervene; as in *Fam-ton* &c. 5. *P* is silent in *psal-ter*, *psalm*, *poeu-mat-ics*, *Ptol-e-mey*, *Psy-che*, *rasp-ber-ry*, (31 a), *corps* (o long), *re-cept*, &c. 6. Not *debt*hs, but *depts*h; not *clap-board*, but *clap-board*; not *Ja-cop*, but *Ja-cob*; not *hab-tism*, but *bap-tism*, &c.

Anecdote. A *Check*. Soon after the battle of *Leipsic*, a *wit* observed,—"Bona-part must now be in *funds*; for he has received a *check* on the bank of the *Elbe*."

Hidden, and *deep*, and never *dry*,
Or *flowing*, or at *rest*,
A *living* spring of *love*—doth lie
In every human breast.
All *else*—may fail, th't soothes the *heart*,
All, save that fount alone;
With that, and *life*, we never part;
For *life*, and *love*—are *one*.

He seemed

For *dignity* composed,—and high *exploit*;
But all was *false*—and *hollow*.

Proverbs. 1. He, who thinks he knows the *most*, knows the *least*. 2. Take *every* thing as it comes, and make the *best* of it. 3. *Three removes* are as bad as a *fire*. 4. Tread on a *worm*, and he will *turn*. 5. *Two* things we should never be angry at,—what we *can*, and what we *cannot* help. 6. When the bow is *too* much bent, it *breaks*. 7. A *wise* man—is a great *wonder*. 8. A *wicked* man—is his own *hell*; and his evil *lusts* and *passions* the *fends* that torment him. 9. *Blushing*—is *virtue's* color. 10. Evil *communications* corrupt good *manners*. 11. *Gain*—is *uncertain*, but the *pain* is *sure*. 12. *Never court*, unless you intend to *marry*.

Amusements. Ever since the *fall*, mankind have been prone to *extremes*; not only the *religious*, but the *irreligious* portion of the world. It is greatly to be *regretted*, that we are all so much at the mercy of *passion* and *prejudice*, and so *little*—under the guiding influence of *reason* and *intelligence*. In our *creation*, the *Divine Being*—has manifested infinite *love* and infinite *wisdom*: for we are made in "*HIS IMAGE* and *LIKENESS*;" the *former*, we still retain, but the *latter*, *sad* to relate, we have *lost*. The *will*, or *voluntary* principle of the mind, constitutes our *impelling* power, and the *understanding*, or *reasoning* faculties, under the light of *truth*, is our *governing* power: if, therefore, we find ourselves *loving*—what is not *good* and *true*, our *rationality*, enlightened by *wisdom*, must be our *guide*. Hence, our rule is this; whatever *amusements*—tend to fit us for our various *duties*, and give us *zeal* in faithfully performing them, are perfectly *proper*; but, *amusements*, whose tendency is the *reverse* of this, are entirely *improper*; and we should not hesitate a *moment* in *abstaining* from them, however they may be approved by *others*, or sanctioned by long *usage*: we must *never* compromise the interests of *eternity*—for those *transitory* enjoyments of *time* and *sense*, which are at variance with the principles of *truth* and *goodness*. Both worlds are *best* taken care of, when they are cared for *together*, and each has its *attention*, according to its *importance*.

Varieties. 1. There are *some*, who *live*—to *eat* and *drink*; and there are *others*, who *eat* and *drink*, to *live*. 2. The *perfection* of art is—to *conceal* the art: i. e. to be the thing, instead of its *representative*. 3. Let every one sweep the snow from his *own* door, and not trouble himself about the *frost* on his *neighbor's* tiles. 4. *Galileo*, the great *astronomer*, was imprisoned for *life*, because he declared that *Venus*—shone with a *borrowed* light, and from the *sun*, as the centre of our *system*. 5. There are *abuses*—in all *human* governments. 6. *He*, whose *virtues*, exceed his *talents*, is the *good* man; but *he*, whose *talents* exceed his *virtues*, is the *bad* man. 7. All we *perceive*, *understand*, *will*, *love*, and *practice*, is our *own*; but nothing *else*.

Suspicion—always haunts the guilty mind;
The *thief*—still fears each *bush*—an *officer*.

139. *Written language consists of letters, and, consequently, is more durable than spoken language, which is composed of articulate sounds.* Our *written* alphabet contains twenty-six letters, which make *syllables* and *words*; words make *sentences*; sentences *paragraphs*, which make *sections* and *chapters*; these constitute an *essay, discourse, address, oration, poem, dissertation, tract* or *book*: but our *vocal* alphabet has forty-four letters, or *sounds*, which make up the whole of spoken language.

140. *R* has two sounds; first, its name sound; ARM; the bar-bers were, in former years, the ar-bi-*ters* of the mur-der-ers of their fore-fathers: the Tar-tars are gar-blers of hard-ware and per-ver-*ters* of the er-rors of North-ern-ers and South-ern-ers; the far-mers are dire search-ers after burnt ar-bors, and store the corners of their lar-ders with di-vers sorts of quar-ter dol-lars; Charles Bur-ser goes to the far-ther barn, and gets lar-ger ears of hard corn, for the car-ter's hor-ses.



[R in ARM.]

141. Dr. Franklin says, (of the justly celebrated *Whitfield*.) that it would have been fortunate for his *reputation*, if he had left no *written* works behind him; his talents would then have been estimated by their *effects*: indeed, his elocution was almost *faultless*. But whence did he *derive* his effective manner? We are informed, that he took lessons of *Garrick*, an eminent tragedian of *England*, who was a great master in *Nature's* school of *teaching* and *practicing* this useful art.

Notes. 1. To make this smooth vocal sound, pronounce the word *arm*, and dwell on the *r* sound; and you will perceive that the tongue is turned gently to the roof of the mouth, and at the same time drawn back a little. 2. Avoid omitting this letter, as it never is silent, except it is doubled in the same syllable; not *staw-my*, but *stor-my*; not *lib-ah-ty*, but *lib-er-ty*; not *bust*, but *burst*; not *waw-um*, but *warm*; not *ah-gu-meat*, but *ar-gu-ment*; not *hoses*, but *hor-ses*; not *hahd stawm*, but *hard storm*; etc. 3. Remember that short *e* and *i* before *r*, in the same syllable, when accented, sound like short *u*, unless followed by another *r*, as *mercy*, (*mer-it*), *ser-geant*, (*ser-rate*), *ter-mi-gant*, (*ter-ror*), *mirth-ful*, (*mir-ror*); *ver-ses*, (*ver-y*) (here the *r* is re-echoed); and *spirits*, &c.: the exceptions are in parentheses: see p. 221. 4. Some words, (where *a*, *i*, and *r*, are peculiarly situated, as above,) have, in their pronunciation, a reverberation, or repetition of the *r*, although there may be but one in the word; as—*ver-y*; being followed by a vowel.

Anecdote. *Who Rules?* A schoolmaster, in ancient *Rome*, declared, that he ruled the world. He was asked to explain: which he did in the following manner. "*Rome*—rules the world; the women rule those who govern *Rome*; the children control their mothers, and I rule the children."

So—we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union—in partition,
Two lowly berries,—moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two—of the first, like coats, in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned—with one crest.

Proverbs. 1. He that is ill to himself, will be good to nobody. 2. The remedy—is worse than the disease. 3. Who is so deaf, as he that will not hear? 4. All vice infatuates and corrupts the judgment. 5. A fool, may, by chance, put something into a wise man's head. 6. After praying to God, not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it. 7. Evil gotten, evil spent. 8. He, that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man. 9. He—preaches well, that lives well. 10. It is always term time in the court of conscience. 11. We may be ashamed of our pride, but not proud of our shame. 12. Historical faith—precedes saving faith. 13. Stolen waters are sweet.

The True Christian Character. The three essentials of a christian—are—a good will—flowing through a true understanding, into a uniform life of justice and judgment. It is not enough, that we mean well, or know our duty, or try to do right; for good intention is powerless, without truth to guide it aright; and truth—in the intellect alone, is mere winter-light, without the summer-heat of love to God—and love to man; and blundering efforts—to do our duty—are poor apologies for virtuous energies. well directed and efficiently applied: the three alone—can constitute us true christians; i.e. our will, understanding and life, must be brought into harmonious and efficient unity, in order that we may be entitled to this high and holy appellation. Things must not only be thought of, and desired, purposed, and intended; but they must be done, from love to the Lord; that He, as a principle of goodness, and a principle of truth—may be flowing, constantly, from the centre—to the circumference of actions: we must practice what we know of the truth: we must live the life of our heavenly Father's commandments; so as to have his goodness and truth implanted in us, that we may strive to walk before Him, and become perfect.

Varieties. 1. A certain apothecary—has over his door, this sign—"All kinds of dying stuff sold here." 2. Does wealth—exert more influence than knowledge? 3. A pretty shepherd, indeed, a wolf would make! 4. At some taverns—madness—is sold by the glass; at others, by the bottle. 5. Sobriety, without sullenness, and mirth with modesty, are commendable. 6. Even an ordinary composition, well delivered, is better received, and of course does more good, than a superior one, badly delivered. 7. Where order—cannot enter, it cannot exist.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs, and features. No:
These—are but flowers,
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go;
'Tis the stainless soul—within—
That outshines—the fairest skin.

Appearances—deceive;
And this one maxim—is a standing rule,—
Men are not—what they seem.

142. Many persons take great pains in their *dress*, to appear well and receive *attention*; and so far as personal appearance can exert an influence, they attain their end; but if they would cultivate their *language*, and the proper way of *using* it, so as not to *deform* themselves in reading and conversation, they might accomplish the object at which they aim.

143. The second sound of *R*, is rough,

trilled, or burred; when it comes before vowel sounds in the same syllable: RAIL ROAD; the *roa*-ring *rep*-ro-bate *re-ver*-be-rates his *ran*-cor-ous *rib*-ald-ry and *re-treats* from his *re-gal* throne, to his *ri-val* *rec-re-a*-tion in the *rook*-e-ry: the *op-pro-bri*-ous *li-bra*-rian, *rec-re-ant*-ly threw the great *grid-i-ron* among the *crook*-e-ry with *ir-re-prouch*-able *ef-front*-e-ry; the *re-sults* of which were, *ro-man-tic* dreams, *bro-ken* ribs, and a *hun-dred* prime *cit-rons* for the throng of *cry-ing* *chil-dren*: round and round the *rug-ged* *rock* the *rag-ged* *ras-cal* drags the strong *rhi-noc-e-ros*, while a *rat* in a *rat*-trap ran through the rain on a rail, with a raw lump of red *liv-er* in its mouth.



[R in RAIL.]

144. Written language—is used for communicating *information* respecting persons *distant* from each other, and for transmitting, to succeeding ages, *knowledge*, that might otherwise be *lost*, or handed down by *erring tradition*. Spoken language—is used to convey the *thoughts* and *feelings* of those who are *present*, and are *speaking*, or *conversing* together: the *former* is, of course, addressed to our *eyes*, and the *latter*, to our *ears*; each kind having its own particular *alphabet*, which must be *mastered*.

Notes. 1. This vocal trilled diphthongal sound, consists of the aspirate sound of *h*, modified between the end of the tongue and the roof of the mouth, combined with a vocal. 2. Or, make the *name* sound of *r*, and mix it with the *aspirate*, by clapping the tongue against the roof of the mouth; practice prolonging *her*, or *pur* in a whisper, trilling the *r*, then add the voice sound; afterwards prefix the *h*, and exercise as above. 3. Demosthenes, in the early part of his career, was reproached for not being able to pronounce, correctly, the first letter of his favorite art—*Rhetoric*: i. e. he could not trill it for some time. 4. Give only one trill or clap of the tongue, unless the sentiment be very animating; as—*Rise*—brothers, *rise*! etc. “Strike! till the last armed foe expires.”

145. Another. The riven rocks are rudely rent asunder, and the rifted trees rush along the river, while hoar-y *bo-re-as* rends the robes of spring, and rat-ting thunder roars around the rock-y regions: Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll, Robert Rowley rolled round; where rolled the round roll, Robert Rowley rolled round!

Didst ever see

Two gentle vines, each—round the other twined,
So fondly, closely, that they had become,
Ere their growth, blended together
Into one single tree?

Proverbs. 1. He, who resolves to *amend*, has *God* on his side. 2. *Honest* men are *soon* bound; but you can *never* bind a *knave*. 3. If the *best* man's faults were written on his *fore-head*, it would make him pull his *hat* over his eyes. 4. *Life* is half *spent*, before we know what it is. 5. Of the *two* evils, choose the *least*. 6. One *bad* example spoils many *good* precepts. 7. *Patience*—is a plaster for all sores. 8. He who serves *well*—need not be afraid to ask his *wages*. 9. If you will not hear *reason*, she will rap you over your *knuckles*. 10. *Prayer*—should be the *key* of the *day*, and the *lock* of the *night*. 11. *Foul* water will quench *fire*. 12. From *nothing*—nothing can come.

Anecdote. *Spinster*. Formerly, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be *married*, till she had spun, herself, a full set of *linen*. Hence, all unmarried women have been called *spinsters*: an appellation they still retain in certain *deeds*, and *law* proceedings; though many are not entitled to it.

Mathematics—includes the study of *numbers* and *magnitudes*: hence, it is called the *science* of *gravity*; and is applicable to *all* quantities, that can be measured—by a standard *unit*, and thus expressed by *numbers* and *magnitude*. *Feeling* and *thought*, though they vary immensely, cannot be *measured*: we cannot say, with strict propriety, that we love *one*—exactly *twice* as much as *another*; nor, that *one*—is three times as *wise* as another: because *love* and *wisdom* are not mathematical quantities: but we can measure *time* by *seconds*, *minutes*, *hours*, *days*, *weeks*, *months*, *years*, and *centuries*; *space* by *inches*, *feet*, *yards*, *rods*, and *miles*; and *motion*, by the *space* passed over in a given *time*.

Varieties. 1. Was the world created out of *nothing*? 2. *Fools*—draw *false* *conclusions*, from *just* *principles*: and mad-men draw *just* *conclusions*, from *false* *principles*. 3. The discovery of what is *true*, and the practice of what is *good*, are the two most important objects of *life*. 4. Associations—between persons of opposite *temperaments*, can neither be *durable*, nor productive of real *pleasure* to either party. 5. Where *grace* cannot enter, *sin* increases and abounds. 6. The *spontaneous* gifts of *heaven*, are of high *value*; but *perseverance*—gains the *prize*. 7. When the *will*—becomes duly resigned to *God*, in *small* things, as well as *great* ones, all the *affections* will be reduced into their proper *state*, in their proper *season*.

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang, that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns—and cheers his way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

146. Keep a watchful and jealous eye over common opinions, prejudices and bad school instruction, until the influence of reason, nature and truth, is so far established over the ear and taste, as to obviate the danger of adopting or following unquestionable errors, and vicious habits of reading and speaking: extended views, a narrow mind extend. To judge righteously of all things, preserve the mind in a state of perfect equilibrium, and let a love of truth and goodness govern all its decisions and actions.

147. W, has but one consonant sound, and one vowel sound;

WOO; a wan-ton wag, with woful words, be-wail-ed the well wish-er of the wig-wam; the dwarf dwells in the wea-ry west, where wom-en weave well the warp of life, and win-ter winds wan-der in the wild swamps, that wail and weep: the wa-ter-witch, al-ways war-worn in the wax-works, war-bles her watch-word to the weath-er-wise, and re-wards the wick-ed with weep-ing, wail-ing and worn-wood.



148. By separating these elements of language, and practicing on them, each by itself, the exact position and effort of the vocal organs, may be distinctly observed; and in this way, the true means of increasing and improving the force and quality of every one ascertained. Be not discouraged at the apparent mechanical, artificial and constrained modes of giving the sounds, and pronouncing the words: acquire accuracy, and ease and gracefulfulness will inevitably follow.

149. Irregulars. U has this sound in certain words: the an-guish of the an-ti-quary is as-sua-ged with lan-guid man-sue-tude, for the con-quest over his dis-tin-guish-ed per-sua-sion: the guide dis-gui-ses his as-sue-tude of per-sua-ding the dis-sua-der.

Notes. 1. To produce this sound, shape the mouth and lips as for whistling, and make a voice sound; or, pronounce the word *do*, and when the *o* is about to vanish, commence this vocal consonant, thus, *do—was*. 2. When *u* is initial, i. e. begins a word or syllable, it is a consonant; but when it ends one, it is equivalent to 21 *o* in *ooc*; new, hnw, now, pow-er, etc. 3. In *suond*, *two*, *answer*, it is silent: so also before *r*, *wrap*, *wrack*, *wreath*, *wrist*, *wrong*, etc. *blow*, *who*, *knowledge*, *whom*, *whose*, *whole*, *whoop*, etc. 4. Practice changes on *u* and *v*, as found under 21 *f*. 5. He who a watch would wear, two things must do, pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

Anecdote. A Scold. Foote, a celebrated comic actor, being scolded by a woman, said, in reply, "I have heard of tartar—and brimstone;—you are the CREAM of the one, and the FLOWER of the OTHER."

"Ask for what end—the heavenly bodies shine?
Earth—for whose use?—Man answers, 'Tis for mine;
For me—kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me—the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew:
For me—health—gushes from a thousand springs;
For me—the mine—a thousand treasures brings,
Seas roll—in waf'le me, winds—to light me rise,
My footstool—earth, my canopy—the skies."

Proverbs. 1. It is easier to praise poverty, than to bear it. 2. Prevention—is better than cure. 3. Learn wisdom by the follies of others. 4. Knowledge, without practice, makes but half an artist. 5. When you want any thing, always ask the price of it. 6. To cure idleness, count the tickings of a clock. 7. It costs more to revenge injuries, than to endure them. 8. Conceited men think nothing can be done without them. 9. He, that kills a man, when he is drunk, must be hung when he is sober. 10. An idle man's head, is the devil's work-shop. 11. God makes, and apparel shapes. 12. Good watch prevents harm.

The Difference. Two teachers apply for a school; one—is ignorant, but offers to teach for twelve dollars a month; the other—is well qualified for the station, and asks twenty-five dollars a month. The fathers—weigh the souls of their children against money, and the twelve dollar teacher is employed. A man in search of work asks a farmer, if he does not want to hire a hand? "If I can find one to suit me,"—the farmer replies: and then he puts a variety of questions to him; such as,—“Can you mow? reap? chop? cradle? hoe? dress flax? &c.” Soon after, another stranger calls, and asks whether they wish to hire a teacher in their district? But the principal question in this case, is—“How much do you ask a month?” Now, just observe the difference—in the catechising of the two applicants. Again, the father—will superintend the hired man, and have things so arranged—as not to lose a moment's time,—and see that nothing goes to waste; but the same watchful parent—will employ a teacher, and put him into the school, and never go near him.

Varieties. 1. If a man begin a fool, he is not obliged to persevere. 2. Ought circumstantial evidence to be admitted in criminal cases? 3. Suspicion—is always worse than fact. 4. No duty, imposed by necessity, should be considered a burthen. 5. To act from order, is to act from heaven. 6. Truth, however little, does the mind good. 7. True love always gives forth true light; false light agrees not with the truth, but lightly esteems it; and also, seems to itself, to be better than truth.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds,

Of those, who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love, that binds
Our fair, broad Empire, State with State

And deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust, the sword of power,
Was giv'n to glory's unspoil'd son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years—have risen, and set;
But the bright links, those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind, in everlasting peace,
State after State, a mighty train.

150. Two grand objects are to be accomplished by these lessons and exercises: the acquiring a knowledge of the *vowel* and *consonant* sounds, and a facility in *pronouncing* them: by means of which, the voice is partially *broken*, and rendered *flexible*, as well as *controllable*, and the obstacles to a clear and distinct articulation removed: therefore, practice *much*, and dwell on every elementary *sound*, taking the letters *separately*, and then *combining* them into syllables, words and sentences.

151. Two of the three sounds of X:

first, name sound; or *ks*, when at the end of accented syllables, and often when it precedes them; if followed by an abrupt consonant. AXE: the *cox-comb* ex- [X is AXE.] *pe-ri-en-cen* the *lux-u-ry* of ex-*pa-ti-a-ting* on the ex-*plo-sion* of his ex-*ces-sive* ex-*al-la-tion* of the *bux-om* fair sex; being *anx-i-ous* to ex-*plain* the *or-tho-dox-y* and *het-o-dox-y* of Ex-*ag-o-nus*, the ex-*pos-i-ter* ex-*po-ses* the ex-*ploit*, of ex-*pect-ing* to ex-*plain* how to ex-*crete* ex-*cel-lent* texts by ex-*cru-ci-a-ting* the wax of the ex-*cheq-uer*.



152. A good articulation—consists in giving to every letter in a syllable, its due proportion of *sound*, according to the best *pronunciation*; and, in making such a distinction between the *syllables*, of which words are composed, as that the *ear*, without *difficulty*, shall acknowledge their *number*, and perceive, at once, to *which* syllable each letter belongs. When these things are not *observed*, the articulation is in that proportion, *defective*: the great object is—to articulate so *well*, that the *hearer* can perfectly *understand* what is *read* or *spoken*, without being obliged to have recourse to a painful *attention*. A good articulation is the foundation of good *delivery*: as the sounding of the musical notes with *exactness*, is the foundation of good *singing*.

153. Play upon Xes. Charles X. x-king of France, was extravagantly xtolled, but is exceedingly *xecrated*. He xperienced xtraordinary xcellence in *xigencies*; he was xcellent in xternals, but xtrinsic in xtcacy; he was xstatic in xpression, xxtreme in xcitement, and xtraordinary in xtempore xpression. He was xpatriated for his xcesses, and, to xpiate his extravagance, was xcluded, and xpired in xpulsion.

Notes. 1. To produce this diphthongal aspirate sound, whisper the word *his*, and then repeat it, and leave out the *t*; *kis*: one of the most unpleasant sounds in our language. 2. Since the word diphthong merely signifies a double sound, there is no impropriety in calling double consonants, diphthongs, as we do certain vowels. 3. All critical skill in the sound of language, has its foundation in the practical knowledge of the nature and properties of these elements: remember this and apply yourself accordingly. 4. In all cases, get the proper sounds of letters, as given in the *key-words*, or first examples.

To err—is human; to forgive—divine.

Proverbs. 1. If better were *within*, better would come out. 2. *Jests*, like *sweetmeats*, have often sour *sauce*. 3. Keep aloof from *quarrels*; be neither a *witness*, nor a *party*. 4. Least said, the soonest mended. 5. *Little* boats should keep near *shore*; greater ones may venture more. 6. *Some*—are more *nice* than *wise*. 7. Make a wrong *step*, and down you go. 8. We all *live* and *learn*. 9. *Riches*, (like *manure*), do no *good*, till they are *spread*. 10. *Silks* and *satins* often put out the *kitchen fire*. 11. *Some*—would go to the *devil*, if they had *authority* for it. 12. Love *virtue*, and *abhor vice*. 13. Good *counsel* has no *price*.

Anecdote. Matrimony. A father, wishing to dissuade his daughter from all thoughts of *matrimony*, quoted the words: "She who *marries*, doeth *well*;" but she who *marries* not, doeth *better*." The daughter, meekly replied, "Father, I am content to do *well*; let those do *better*, who *can*."

Boundaries of Knowledge. Human reason—very properly refuses to give its assent to *any* thing, but in proportion as it sees how that thing is, or is *done*. Now, there are *three directions*—in natural science, which are attended with their *difficulties*. The *astronomer*—*sees*—and *feels* a *difficulty*—in getting from the *solar system*—to the *universe*; the *chemist*, in proceeding from *matter*—to its *mysterious essence*; and the *physiologist*, in advancing from the *body*—to the *soul*; *three kingdoms of knowledge*—bordering on *kingdoms*—unknown to natural science. Without *reason*, man could never become elevated above his *senses*, and, consequently, could not become a *rational* and *intellectual* being, and, of course, not *MAN*, in the *true* sense of the *term*. But our minds are so *constituted*, that after having traversed the *material* creation, and perceived, scientifically, the *very boundaries* of matter, where it is *adjoined* by *spirit*, it can *elevate* itself, by a *power*, constantly given by *God*, to the *lower* boundaries of *spirit*, where it touches upon *matter*, and then, by its *derived* powers, ascend step by step, to the great I AM; whom to *know* *aright*, and whom to love *supremely*, is the chief good of *man*.

Varieties. 1. When man *sins*, *angels weep*, and *devils rejoice*. 2. *True politeness*, springs from the *heart*. 3. What is that, which makes *every* body sick, except those who *swallow* it? *Flattery*. 4. Science has no *enemy*, but *ignorance*. 5. Be not too *brief* in conversation, lest you be not *understood*; nor too *diffuse*, lest you be *troublesome*. 6. *Simplicity*, and *modesty*, are among the most *engaging* qualities of every superior mind. 7. We live in *two* worlds, a *natural* and a *spiritual* one.

I would never kneel at a gilded shrine,
To worship the idol—gold;
I would never fetter this heart of mine,
As a thing—for fortune sold:
But I'd bow—to the light th't God hath given,
The nobler light—of mind;
The only light, save that of Heaven,
That should free-will homage find.

154. Reading—should be a perfect *fac-simile* of correct *speaking*; and both exact copies of *real life*: hence, read just as you would naturally *speak* on the same *subject*, and under similar *circumstances*: so, that if any one should *hear* you, without *seeing* you, he could not tell whether you were *reading* or *speaking*. Remember that nothing is denied to *industry* and *perseverance*; and that nothing *valuable* can be obtained *without* them.

155. The second sound of X is that of gz; generally, when it immediately precedes the accent, and is followed by a vowel sound, or the letter *h*, in words of two or more syllables; EXIST; the ex- [X in EXIST.] *hor-ter* is ex-*haust*-ed by his ex-u-ber-ant ex-or-di-um, and desires to be ex-on-er-a-ted from ex-am-in-ing the ux-o-ri-ous ex-ec-u-tive; an ex-act ex-am-in-a-tion into the ex-ag-ger-a-tions of the aux-il-li-a-ries ex-hib-its a lux-u-ri-ant ex-ile, who ex-ist-ed an ex-ot-ic in ex-em-pla-ry ex-al-ta-tion.



156. The letters *o*, and *e*, in *to* and *the*, are *long*, before vowels, but *abbreviated* before *consonants*, (unless *emphatic*,) to prevent a *hiatus*. Th' man took the instrument and began t' play th' tune, when th' guests were ready to eat. I have written to Obadiah t' send me some of th' wheat, that was brought in th' ship Omar, and which grew on th' land belonging t' th' family of the Ashlands. Are you going from town? No I am going to town. Th' vessel is insured *to*, *at* and *from* London.

Notes. 1. To make this diphthongal vocal sound, close the teeth as if to give the sound of *C*, and then bring into contact the posteriors, or the roots of the tongue, and back parts of the throat, and pronounce the imaginary word *gz*, several times; then omit the *u*, and pronounce the *g*, *z*, by themselves: *g—z*. 2. For the 3d sound of *X*, see the third sound of *C*. 3. These elemental sounds was the favorite study among the ancients, of the greatest ability.

157. Sight Reading. To become a good reader, and a reader at *sight*, one must always let the *eyes* precede the *voice* a number of words; so that the *mind* shall have time, clearly, and distinctly, to *conceive* the ideas to be *communicated*; and also *feel* their *influence*: this will give full play to the *thoughts*, as well as impart power from the *affectuous* part of the mind, to the body, for producing the action, and co-operation, of the right muscles and organs to manufacture the *sounds* and *words*. In *walking*, it is always best to see *where* we are about to step; it is equally so in *reading*, when the *voice* walks. Indeed, by practice, a person will be able to take in a *line* or two, in *anticipation* of the vocal effort: always *look* before you *leap*.

The *high*, the *mountain-majesty*—of *worth*—
Should be, and *shall*, survive its *woe*;
And, from its *immortality*,—look forth—
In the *sun's* face,—like yonder *Alpine snow*,
Imperishably pure—beyond all things below.

Proverbs. 1. If you would lend a man money, and make him your enemy, ask him for it again. 2. He that goes a *borrowing*, goes a *sorrowing*. 3. The *innocent*—often suffer through the *indolence* and *negligence* of others. 4. *Two* of a *trade* seldom agree. 5. When the *Lord* revives his work, the *Devil* revives his. 6. He that swells in *prosperity*, will shrink in *adversity*. 7. It is *human* to err; but *diabolical* to persevere in error. 8. For a cure of *ambition*, go in the church-yard, and read the *gravestones*. 9. Better get in the *right* path late, than never. 10. A *real* friend—is discerned in a *trying* case. 11. Every one can acquire a *right* character. 12. Two *wrongs*—don't make a *right*.

Anecdote. Zeno—was told, that it was *disreputable* for a philosopher to be in *love*. “If that were *true*,” said the wise man, “the *fair* sex are indeed to be *pityed*; for they would then receive the attention of *fools* alone.”

Mental Violence. Everything which tends to *discompose* or *agitate* the mind, whether it be excessive *sorrow*, *rage* or *fear*, *envy*, or *revenge*, *love* or *despair*—in short, whatever acts *violently* on our mental faculties—tends to injure the *health*.

Varieties. 1. *Washington*—was born Feb. 22d, 1732, and died Dec. 14th, 1799; how old was he? 2. We cannot *love* those, whom we do not *respect*. 3. *Order*—is the same in the *world*, in *man*, and in the *church*; and *man* is an *epitome* of all the principles of order. 4. In *factions*, the most *ignorant* are always the most *violent*. 5. The *good* man has *God* in his *heart*, when he is not in his *mouth*: but the *hypocrite*—has *God* in his *mouth*, without having him in his *heart*. 6. It is some hope of *goodness*, not to grow *worse*; but it is a part of *badness*, not to grow *better*. 7. Why should we *seek*—that *love*, that cannot *profit* us, or *fear*—that *malice*, that cannot *hurt* us?

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel!

Hear it—in that battle peal!

Read it—on yon bristling steel!

Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! they're afire!

And before you, see

Who have done it!—From the vale—

On they come!—and will ye quail?

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the *God* of battles trust!

Die we may—and die we must:—

But, O! where—can dust—to dust

Be considered so well,

As where heavens—its *dews* shall shed

On the martyr'd patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell!

[PIERPONT.]

158. An accurate knowledge of these elementary sounds, which constitute our *vocal* alphabet, and the exact co-operation of the appropriate *organs* to give them *truly*, are essential to the attainment of a good and efficient elocution. Therefore, be resolved to understand them *thoroughly*; and, in your various efforts to *accomplish* this important object, give *precision* and full *force* to every sound, and practice *faithfully*, and *often*, the *difficult* and *rapid* changes of the vocal powers, required by the enunciation of a quick succession of the *muscle-breakers*.

159. The sound of Y, when a consonant; YE: the year-ling youngster, yelled for the *yel-low yolk*, *yes-ter-night*, and yearn-ed in the yard o-ver the year-book till he yex'd: the yoke yields to your [Y in YE.] *year-ling*, which yearns for the *yar-row* in the yaws; you yerkd' your yeast from the *yawn-ing yeo-man yes-ter-day*, and yet *yourself*, of yore, yea, tho' young, yearn-ed o-ver the *yes-ty yawn*: Mr. *Yew*, did you *say*, or did you *not say*, what I *said* you said! because Mr. *Yewyaw* said you never *said* what I *said* you said: now, if you say that you did not say, what I *said* you said, then pray what *did* you say?



160. The *first* step to improvement is, to awaken the *desire* of improvement: whatever interests the *heart*, and excites the *imagination*, will do this. The *second* is a clear and distinct classification of the *principles*, on which an art is *based*, and an exact *expression* of them, in *accordance* with this classification; indeed, *all* the arts and sciences should be seen in definite *delineations*, thro' a language which cannot well be *misunderstood*.

161. Irregulars. E, I, J, and U, occasionally have this sound; *Eu-rope al-ien-ates* the con-*spic-u-ous* *cult-ure* of her *na-iads*, and, like a *dis-guised creat-ure*, *eu-lo-gi-ses* her *ju-nior court-iers* for their *bril-liant* *gen-ius*: the *virt-u-ous christ-ian sold-ier*, in *spir-it-u-al un-ion* with the *mill-ions* of *Nat-ure*, shouts with *eu-cha-ris-tic grand-eur*, *eu-pho-ni-ous hal-le-lu-jahs*, which are *fa-mil-iar-ly* read, throughout the *vol-ume* of the *U-ni-verse*.

Notes. To give this vocal sound, nearly close the teeth, with the lips turned out as in making long e, (see engraving,) and drawlingly pronounce the word *yet*, protracting the sound of the y thus, y—et; y—on. 2. For the two other sounds of y, see the two sounds of i; *rhyme, hymn*; *isle, ile*. 3. Y is a consonant at the beginning of a word or syllable, except in *y-clad, (e-clad,) y-clept, (e-clept)* *yt-ri-a, (it-ri-a.) Yp-si-lan-ti, (Ip-si-lan-ti)*, the name of a town in Michigan. 4. In *prod-uce, u* has its name sound; and in *vol-ume*, it has this con-*sonant* sound of y preceding it; in the *first*, it is preceded by an *abrupt* element: in the *second*, by an *open* one.

If I could find some *cave* unknown,
Where *human* feet have never *trod*,
Even *there*—I could not be *alone*,
On *every* side—there would be *God*.

Proverbs. 1. The *shorter* answer—is *doing* the thing. 2. You cannot quench *fire* with *too*. 3. There is no *general* rule without *exceptions*. 4. *Happiness*—is not in a *cottage*, nor in a *palace*, nor in *riches*, nor in *poverty*, nor in *learning*, nor in *ignorance*, nor in *active*, nor in *passive* life; but in *doing right*, from *right motives*. 5. Good *intention*—is not *reformation*. 6. It is *self-conceit*, that makes a man *obstinate*. 7. To cure a fit of *passion*, walk out in the open *air*. 8. *Idle* men are *dead*, all their lives long. 9. If you would know the *value* of money, *earn* it. 10. *Hearts* may *agree*, tho' *heads*—*differ*. 11. Beware of *flirting* and *coquetry*. 12. There is no place like *home*. 13. He that is *warm*, thinks *others* so.

Anecdote. A *Vain Mother*. As a *lady*—was *viewing* herself in a *looking-glass*, she said to her *daughter*: "What would you *give*—to be as *handsome* as I am?" "Just as *much*," (replied the daughter,) as you would, to be as *young* as I am."

The Poor. How *few*, even of professing *christians*, are aware of the *pleasure*, arising from contributing to the support of the *poor*! Is it not more blessed to *give*—than to *receive*? But there are alms for the *mind*—as well as for the *body*. If we duly considered our *relations*, and our *destinies*, instead of giving *grudgingly*, or wanting to be *called* upon, we should go out in *search* of the *desstitute* and ignorant, and feel that we were performing the most *acceptable* service to God, while sharing the gifts of his providence with our *fellow-beings*, who are as *precious* in his sight—as we fancy *ourselves* to be: for he does not regard any from their *external* situation, but altogether from their *internal* state.

Varieties. 1. *American independence*—was acknowledged by Great Britain, Jan. 19, 1783; and the treaty of *Ghent* signed, Dec. 24, 1814. 2. Never do an *act*, of which you doubt the *justice*. 3. Nothing can be a *real blessing*, or *curse*, to the soul, that is not made its *own* by *appropriation*. 4. Let every man be the champion of *right*. 5. How *sharper*—than a *serpent's* tooth it is to have a *thankless child*. 6. All *science* has its foundation in *experience*. 7. Happy are the *miseries* that end in *joy*; and blessed are the *joys*, that have no *end*.

Ay, I have planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of *earthly* happiness; * * *

And it is *hard*
To feel the hand of *death*—arrest one's steps,
Throw a *chill blight*—on all one's budding *hopes*,
And hurl one's *soul*, untimely, to the *shades*,
Lost in the gaping *gulf* of blank *oblivion*.
—Fifty years hence, and *who* will think of *Henry*?
Oh, *none*!—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and *none*
Will hold him in *remembrance*.—

I shall sink,
As sinks a *stranger*—in the crowded *streets*
Of busy *London*:—some short *bustle's* caused,
A few *inquiries*, and the *crowd* close in,
And all's *forgotten*.

[H. K. WHITE.]

162. Many consider elocution merely as an accomplishment, and that a desultory, instead of a systematic attention, is all that is necessary. A regular, scientific and progressive course, in this as well as every thing else, is the only correct, effectual, and rapid mode of proceeding. If improvement be the object, whether we devote little, or much attention, to a pursuit, be it mental or manual, system and method are absolutely essential: order—is heaven's first, and last law.

163. One of the three sounds of Ch; which may be represented by *tch*:

CHANGE; the cheat choked a chump of chives for the arch-deacon of Green-wich: a chap chased a [CH in CHIP.] chick-en into the church, and the churl-ish chap-lain check'd it for char-ity; the Schem of Wool-wich, chuck-led over the urchin's chil-chat, and snatched his rich peaches, and pinch'd them to chow-der; the chief of Nor-wich, charm'd by the chaunt-ing of the chirp-ing chough, chafed his chil-ly chin by touch-ing it on the chal-ky chim-ney: three chub-by chil-dren, in Richfield, were each choked with choice chunks of cheese, much of which Sancho Panza purchased of Charles Chickering on Chimborazo.



164. In all cases of producing sounds, observe the different positions of the organs, and remember, that the running through with the forty-four sounds of our language, is like running up the keys of an instrument, to see if all is right: be satisfied with nothing, short of a complete mastery over the whole subject. Be very particular in converting all the breath that escapes into sound, when reading or singing; and remember, that the purer the sound, the easier it may be made; the less will be the injury to the vocal organs, the farther it will be heard, and with the more pleasure will it be listened to. Do not forget the end, the cause, and the effect.

Notes. 1. To produce this most unpleasant triphthongal sound in our language, close the teeth, and, as you suddenly separate them, whisper *chu*, (*u* short,) and you will accomplish the object. 2. In drachm, the *ch*, are silent. 3. Always try to improve the sounds as well as your voice. 4. Quintilian says, in recommending a close attention to the study of the simple elements, "whoever will enter into the inmost recesses of this sacred edifice, will find many things, not only proper to sharpen the ingenuity of children, but able to exercise the most profound erudition, and the deepest science:" indeed, they are the fountains in the science of sound and vocal modulation.

Anecdote. *Principal—Interest.* A debtor, when asked to pay his creditor, observed to him: that "it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest." What do you think of such a man?

Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him—by the ties of earliest love,
Fall from him, by his own neglect, and die,
Because it met no kindness.

Proverbs. 1. Humility—gains more than pride. 2. Never be weary in well-doing. 3. Expect nothing of those who promise a great deal. 4. Grieving for misfortunes, is adding gall to mormwood. 5. He, who would catch fish, must not mind getting wet. 6. He that by the plow would thrive, must either hold, himself, or drive. 7. Idleness—is the greatest prodigality in the world. 8. If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it. 9. Occupation—cures one half of life's troubles, and mitigates the other. 10. We bear no afflictions so patiently as those of others. 11. Let Nature have her perfect work. 12. Soft hands, and soft brains, generally go together.

To speak of Howard, the philanthropist, without calling to mind the eloquent eulogium, in which Burke has embalmed his memory, would be as impossible—as it would be to read that eulogium without owning that human virtue never received a more illustrious manifestation. "Howard," said the orator, "was a man, who traversed foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or manuscripts; but, to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge in the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men, under all climes." In the prosecution of this god-like work, Howard made "a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity," and at last—fell a victim to his humanity; for, in administering medicine to some poor wretches in the hospital at Cherson, in the Crimea, he caught a malignant fever, and died in the glorious work of benevolence. Thus fell the man who—

"Girding creation—in one warm embrace,
Outstretch'd his savior-arm—from pole to pole,
And felt akin—to all the human race."

Varieties. 1. To promote an unworthy person—disgraces humanity. 2. Read not books alone, but men; and, especially, thyself. 3. The human mind is a mirror—of the incomprehensible Divinity. 4. No one need despair of being happy. 5. The reason, that many persons want their desires, is—because their desires want reason. 6. Passions—act as wind, to propel our vessel; and our reason—is the pilot that steers her: without the wind, we could not move, and without the pilot, we should be lost. 7. The more genuine—the truths are, which we receive, the purer will be the good, that is found in the life; if the truths are applied to their real and proper uses.

What, then, remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whatever we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding—fail:
Beauties—in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms—strike the sight; but merit—wins the soul.

165. Vowel sounds are all formed in the **LARYNX**; and, on their emission, the articulating organs modify them into words. These words constitute *language*, which is used, by common consent, as signs of *ideas*; or as *mediums* for the manifestation of *thought* and *feeling*: it may be *written*, or *spoken*; and the natural results are—*books, papers and conversation*: by means of which, the *conceptions and affections* of human minds are made *known and perpetuated*.

166. Th have two sounds; first a lisping sound; **THIN**: a thief *thirsteth* for the path of death, and *win-keth* at his *thank-less* thefts, as the *a-the-ist* doth of the *o-rel-ical* truth; forth-with the *thrifl-* (**TH** in **THIN**.) less throng, threw thongs over the mouth of Frith of Fourth, and thwarted the wrath of the *thrill-ing thun-der*; faith, quoth the youth, to the *Pro-thon-o-ta-ry*, the bath is my berth, the hearth is my cloth, and the heath is my throne.



167. Ventriloquism. In analyzing the sounds of our letters, and practicing them upon different *pitches*, and with different *qualities* of voice, the author ascertained that this amusing art can be *acquired and practiced*, by almost *any* one of common organization. It has been generally supposed that ventriloquists possessed a different set of organs from most people; or, at least, that they were differently constituted; but this is altogether a *misapprehension*: as well might we say that the *singer* is differently constituted from one who does not sing. They have the same *organs*, but one has better *command* of them than the other. It is not asserted that all can become *equally* eminent in these arts; for there will be at least, three grand divisions; viz, *good, BETTER and BEST*.

168. The Thistle Sifter. Theophilus Thistle, the *successful* thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles thro' the thick of his thumb: if then Theophilus Thistle, the *successful* thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles thro' the thick of *his* thumb; see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, dost not thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb: success to the *successful thistle* sifter, who doth not get the thistles in his tongue.

Notes. 1. To make this lisping diphthongal sound, press the tongue against the upper front teeth, and let the breath pass between them: or pronounce the word *path*, and dwell on the *th* sound; see engraving. 2. To avoid lisping, draw the tongue back so as not to touch the teeth, and take words beginning with *s*, or *st*; see the first sound of C for examples. 3. Why should this sound be called *sharp*, rather than *dull*? 4. Exactness in articulating every vocal letter, is more important than correct spelling in composition; for the former is addressed to hundreds at the same instant, while the latter is submitted to one or a few at a time.

Proverbs. 1. *Youth*—indulges in *hope*; *old age*—in *remembrance*. 2. One half of the world delights in *uttering* slander, and the other—in *hearing* it. 3. *Virtue*—is the only *true nobility*. 4. To *bless*, is to be *bless'd*. 5. Pleasures—are rendered *bitter*, by being *abused*. 6. *Quarrels*—would not last long, if the *faults* all lay on *one side*. 7. *True merit*—is dependent, neither on *season*, nor on *fashion*. 8. *Hypocrisy*—is the homage, which *vice*—renders to *virtue*. 9. The *law*—imposes on *no one impossibilities*. 10. *Contempt of injuries*, is proof of a great mind. 11. What! *hope for honey* from a nest of *wasps*? 12. Shall we *creep* like *snails*, or *fly* like *eagles*?

Anecdote. A *stranger*—went into a *church-yard*, where two children were setting out *flowers* on some graves. "Whose graves are these?" said he. "*Father, mother, and little Johnny* lie here." "Why do you set the *flowers* here?" said the stranger. They looked at him with *tears*, and said—"We do love them so."

Human *ambition* and human *policy*—labor after happiness in vain;—*goodness*—is the only foundation to build on. The *wisdom* of past *ages*—declares this truth;—our own observation *confirms* it;—and all the world acknowledge it;—yet how *few*, how *very few*—are willing to *act* upon it! If the inordinate love of *wealth*—and *parade*—be not checked among us, it will be the *ruin* of our *country*—as it has been, and *will* be, the ruin of thousands of others. But there are always *two sides* to a question. If it is *pernicious*—to make *money and style*—the *standard* of respectability,—it is *injurious*—and *wrong*—to foster *prejudice* against the *wealthy and fashionable*. *Poverty*—and *wealth*—have different *temptations*; but they are equally *strong*. The *rich*—are tempted to *pride*—and *insolence*; the *poor*—to *jealousy*—and *envy*. The *envious* and *discontented* poor, invariably become *haughty*—and *over-bearing*, when they become *rich*; for *selfishness*—is equally at the *bottom*—of these *opposite evils*.

Varieties. 1. The *battle* of New Orleans, was fought Jan. 8th, 1815. 2. A *flatterer*, is the *shadow* of a *fool*. 3. You cannot truly *love*, and ought not to be *loved*, if you ask *any* thing, that *virtue condemns*. 4. Do *men* exert a greater influence on *society* than *women*? 5. *Self-exaltation*, is the worst posture of the spirit. 6. A *principle* of unity, without a *subject* of unity, cannot exist. 7. Where is the *wisdom*, in saying to a *child*, be a *man*? *Attempt* not what *God* cannot *countenance*; but *wait*, and *all* things will be brought forth in their due *season*.

Deceit! thy reign is short: *Hypocrisy*,
However gaily dress'd!—in specious garb,
In witching eloquence, or winning smiles,
Allures—but for a time: *Truth*—lifts the veil,
She lights her torch, and places it on high,
To spread intelligence—to all around.
How shrinks the fawning slave—*hypocrisy*—
Then, when the specious veil—is rent in twain,
Which screen'd the hideous monster—from our view!

169. Enunciation—is the *utterance and combination* of the elements of language, and the consequent formation of *syllables, words, &c.*, as contradistinguished from the *tones, and tuning of the voice, and all that belongs to the melody of speech*. A perfect enunciation—consists in the accurate formation of the *sounds* of the letters, by right *motions and positions* of the organs, accompanied by a proper degree of *energy, to impress* those elements fully and distinctly on the ear; and the act of *combining and linking* those together, so as to form them into *words*, capable of being *again* combined into *clauses and sentences, for the full conveyance of our ideas and determinations*.

170. The second sound of th, is the vocal lisping: THAT; thou

saidst the truths are thine, and the youths say they are theirs who walk therein; fath-er and moth-er bathe dai-ly, and their clothes and hearths are wor-thy [TH in THAT.] of them; broth-er says, where-with-al shall I smoothe the scythe, to cut the laths to stop the mouths of the moths with-out be-ing bothered? they gath-er wreaths be-neath the baths, and sheathe their swords with swath-ing bands, rather than make a blith-some pother.

171. Jaw-breakers. Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far-fetch'd ox, and imprison'd'st him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of Pop-o-cat-a-pehl in Co-ti-pax-i. Thou prob'd'st my rack'd ribs. Thou tri-fl'd'st with his acts, that thou black'n'st and contaminated'st with his filch'd character. Thou lov'd'st the elves when thou heard'st and quick'd'n'st my heart's tuneful harps. Thou wagg'd'st thy prop'd up head, because thou thrust'd'st three hundred and thirty three thistles thro' the thick of that thumb, that thou cur'd'st of the barb'd shafts.

Notes. 1. To make this diphthongal vocal sound, place the organs as in the preceding *th*, and then add the *voice* sound, which can be made only in the larynx. 2. The terms *sharp* and *flat*, as applied to sound, are not sufficiently definite; we might as well speak of square, round and dull sounds; at the same time it is often convenient to use such terms, in order to convey our ideas. 3. If you have imperfections of articulation, set apart an hour every day for practice, in direct reference to your specific defects; and so of every other fault; particularly, of rapid utterance: this can be done either alone, or in company of those who can assist you.

Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lakes, lightnings!—Ye,
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling; the far roll
Of your departing voices—is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe,—into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak!—
But—as it is—I live, and die, unhard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

Proverbs. 1. A promise performed, is preferable to one made. 2. It will not always be summer. 3. Make hay, while the sun shines. 4. Cut your coat according to the cloth. 5. Pride—costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold. 6. Never spend your money before you have it. 7. Never trouble another, for what you can do yourself. 8. Slanderers—are the Devil's bellows, to blow up contention. 9. The loquacity of fools—is a lecture to the wise. 10. Vows made in storms, are forgotten in calms. 11. We must form our characters for both worlds. 12. Progress—is the great law of our being.

A Puzzle. Here's a health to all those that we love; and a health to all those that love us; and a health to all them, that love those, that love them, that love them that love those that love us.

Anecdote. *Half Mourning.* A little girl, hearing her mother observe to another lady, that she was going into *half mourning*; inquired, whether any of her relations were *half dead*?

What is Ours. It is not those, who have riches in their possession, that are really rich; but they, who possess, and use them aright, and thereby enjoy them. Is he a true christian, who has a Bible in his possession, but does not live by the Bible? Is he a genuine christian, who reads, but does not understand the word, and, from understanding, practice it? As well may one say, that they are rich, who have borrowed money from others, or have the property of others in their possession. What do we think of those, who go dressed in fine clothes, or ride in splendid carriages, while none of these things are their own property? Knowledge, or truths—stored up in the memory, are not ours, really and truly, unless we reduce them to practice: they are like hearsays of great travelers, of which nothing more than the sound reaches us. Understanding—does not make the man, but understanding and doing, or living accordingly. There must be an appropriation of knowledge and truth—by the affections, in deeds, or they are of no avail: "Faith, without works, is dead:" the same principle applies to a society, and to a church.

Varieties. 1. *Bargoyne*—surrendered, Oct. 17, 1777, and *Cornwallis*, Oct. 19, '81. 2. Happy is that people whose rulers—rule in the fear of God. 3. Remember the past, consider the present, and provide for the future. 4. He, who marries for wealth, sells his happiness for half price. 5. The covetous person is always poor. 6. If you would avoid wants, attend to every thing below you, around you, within you, and above you. 7. All the works of natural creation, are exhibited to us, that we may know the nature of the spiritual, and eternal; all things speak, and are a language.

He was not born—to shame;
Upon his brojo—shame—is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne, where honor—may be crowned
Sole monarch—of the universal earth.

172. The *chief* source of indistinctness is *precipitancy*; which arises from the bad method of teaching to read: the child not being taught the true beauty and propriety of reading, thinks all excellence consists in *quickness and rapidity*: to him the prize seems destined to the *swift*; for he sets out at a gallop, and *continues* his speed to the end, regardless of how many *letters, or syllables*, he omits by the way, or how many words he runs together. "O reform it altogether."

173. Wh have one sound; WHALE; wherefore are *whet*-stones made of *whirl*-winds, and *whip*-lashes of *whirl*-pools? Why does that whimsical whis-tler whee-dle the whip-por-wills with wheat? *Whi*-lom the wheels whipped the *whif*-fle-tree, and *whir*-tle-ber-ries were *white*-washed for wheat; the *whim*-per-ing *whi*-ning whelp, which the whigs *whi*-tened on the wharf was whelmed into a *whirl*-i-gig as a *whim*-wham for a *wheel*-barrow of *whis*-ky.

174. Causes of Hoarseness. Hoarseness, in speaking, is produced by the emission of more *breath* than is converted into *sound*; which may be perceived by *whispering* a few minutes. The *reason*, why the breath is *not* converted into sound, in thus speaking, is, that the *thorax*, (or lungs,) is principally used; and when this is the case, there is always an expansion of the chest, and consequently, a lack of power to produce sounds in a natural *manner*: therefore, *some* of the breath, on its emission through the *glottis*, over the *epiglottis*, and through the back part of the mouth, chafes up their surfaces, producing a swelling of the *muscles* in those parts, and terminating in what is called *hoarseness*.

Notes. 1. This diphthong aspirate may be easily made, by whispering the imaginary word *whu*, (u short,) prolonging it a little. 2. Since a diphthong is a *double* sound and a triphthong a *triple* sound, there is as much propriety in applying the term to *consonants*, as to vowels. 3. Let the pupil, in revising, point out all the Monothongs, Diphthongs, Triphthongs, and Polythongs. 4. Make and keep a list of all your deficiencies in speech and song, and practice daily for suppressing them: especially, in articulation, and false intonations; and never rest satisfied unless you can perceive a progress towards perfection at every exercise,—for all principles are immortal, and should be continually developing themselves.

How sleep the *brave*, who sink to rest
With all their *country's* wishes blest!
When *Spring*, with dewy *fingers* cold,
Returns—to *deck* their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a *sweeter* sod
Than *Fancy's* feet have ever trod:

By *Fairy* hands—their *knell* is rung,
By *forms* unseen—their *dirge* is sung;
There—*Honor* comes, a *pilgrim* gray,
To *bless* the turf, that wraps their *clay*;
And *Freedom*—shall a while repair
To dwell, a weeping *hermit*, there.

Proverbs. 1. *Self-exaltation*—is the *fool's* paradise. 2. That, which is *bitter* to *endure*, may be *sweet* to *remember*. 3. The *fool*—is busy in *every* one's business but his *own*. 4. We may give *advice*, but we cannot give *conduct*. 5. Where *reason*—*rules, appetite*—*obeys*. 6. You will never repent of being *patient* and *sober*. 7. *Zeal*, without *knowledge*, is like *fire* without *light*. 8. *Law-makers*, should not be *law-breakers*. 9. *Might*—does not make *right*. 10. The greater the *man*, the greater the *crime*. 11. *No* one lives for *himself*. 12. No one can tell how much he can *accomplish*, till he *tries*.

Anecdote. *Wine.* Said a Rev. guest to a gentleman, with whom he was *dining*, and who was a *temperance* man: "I always think a *certain* quantity of wine does no *harm*, after a good *dinner*." "O no sir," replied mine host; "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief."

Winter Evenings. This seems provided, as if expressly for the *purpose*—of furnishing those who *labor*, with ample opportunity for the *improvement* of their *minds*. The severity of the *weather*, and the shortness of the *day*, necessarily limit the proportion of time, which is devoted to *out-door* industry; and there is little to tempt us *abroad*—in search of *amusement*. Every thing seems to invite us—to employ an *hour* or *two*—of this *calm* and *quiet* season, in the acquisition of useful *knowledge*, and the cultivation of the *mind*. The noise of life is *hushed*; the pavement ceases to *re-sound* with the *din* of laden *wheels*, and the tread of busy *men*; the glowing *sun* has gone down, and the *moon* and the *stars* are left to watch in the heavens, over the slumbers of the peaceful *creation*. The *mind* of *man*—should keep its vigils *with* them; and while his *body*—is *reposing* from the labors of the *day*, and his *feelings*—are at rest from its *excitements*, he should seek, in some amusing and instructive *page, substantial* food—for the generous appetite for *knowledge*.

Varieties. 1. The *poor*—may be content; and the *contented* are *rich*. 2. *Hypocrisy*—desires to *seem* good, rather than to *be* good. 3. It is better to be beaten with *few* stripes, than with *many* stripes. 4. He who *swears*, in order to be *believed*, does not know how to *counterfeit* a man of *truth*. 5. Who was the *greater* monster, *Nero*, or *Cataline*? 6. Let nothing *fool*, or *indecent*, either to the *eye*, or *ear*, enter within the doors where *children* dwell. 7. We worship God *best*, and most *acceptably*, when we *resemble* him most in our *minds, lives* and *actions*.

Home! how that *blessed* word—thrills the *ear*!
In it—what *recollections* blend!

It tells of *childhood's* scenes so dear,
And speaks—of many a cherished *friend*.

O! through the *world*, where'er we roam,
Though *souls* be *pure*—and *tips* be *kind*;
The *heart*, with *fondness*, turns to *home*,
Still turns to *those*—it left behind.

175. The pupil, in Elocution and Music, is strongly urged to attend to the *right* and the *wrong* method of producing the sounds of our *letters*, as well as in enunciating *words*. By *all* means, make the effort entirely below the *diaphragm*, while the chest is comparatively quiescent; and, as you value *health* and *life*, and good natural *speaking*, avoid the cruel practice of *exploding* the sounds, by whomsoever *taught* or *recommended*. The author's long *experience*, and *practice*, with his sense of *duly*, justify this *protest* against that unnatural manner of *coughing out the sounds*, as it is called. Nine-tenths of his hundreds of pupils, whom he has cured of the *Bronchitis*, have *induced* the disease by this *exploding process*, which ought *itself* to be exploded.

176. The 44 sounds of our Language, in their alphabetical order. A 4; Ale, are, all, at: B 1; bribe: C 4; cent, clock, suffice, ocean: D 2; did, fac'd: E 2; eel, ell: F 2; fife, of: G 3; gem, go, rouge: H 1; hope: I 2; isle, ill: J 1; judge: K 1; kirk: L 1; lily: M 1; mum: N 2; nun, bank: O 3; old, ooze, on: P 1; pipe: Q 1; queen: R 2; arm, rough: S 4; so, is, sure, treasury: T 2; pit, nation: U 3; mute, up, full: V 1; virid: W 2; wall, bow: X 3; flax, exist, beaux: Y 3; youth, rhyme, hymn: Z 2; zigzag, azure: Ch 3; church, chaise, chasm: Gh 3; laugh, ghost, lough: Ph 2; sphere, nephew: Th 2; thin, that: Wh 1; whale: Oi 1; oil: Ou 1; sound: the duplicates, or those having the same sound, are printed in *italics*.

177. "Bowels of compassion, and loins of the mind." In the light of the principles here unfolded, these words are full of meaning. All the *strong* affections of the human mind, are manifested thro' the *dorsal* and *abdominal* region. Let any one look at a *boy*, when he bids defiance to *another* boy, and challenges him to combat: "Come on, I am ready for you:" and at the *soldier*, with his loins girded for battle: also, observe the effect of strong emotions on *yourself*, on your body, and *where*; and you will be able to see the propriety of these words, and the *world* of meaning they contain. If we were *pure minded*, we should find the proper study of physiology to be the direct *natural* road to the *mind*, and to the presence of the DEITY.

Notes. 1. Make these 44 sounds, which constitute our vocal alphabet, as familiar to the ear, as the shapes of our 26 letters are to the eye; and remember, that success depends on your *mastery* of them; they are the *a, b, c*, of spoken language; and the effort to make them has a most beneficial effect on the health and voice. 2. Keep up the proper use of the whole body, and you need not fear sickness. 3. The only solid foundation for elocution is, a perfect knowledge of the number and nature of these 44 simple elements: error here will carry a train throughout.

Virtue—

Stands like the *sun*, and *all*, which rolls around,
Drinks *life*, and *light*, and *glory*—from her aspect.

Proverbs. 1. *Truth*—may be *blamed*, but never *shamed*. 2. What *soberness*—conceals, *drunkenness*—reveals. 3. Be you ever so high, the law is *above* you. 4. A *mob*—has many *heads*, but no *brains*. 5. A *poor* man's debt makes a great *noise*. 6. *Busy-bodies*—are always *meddling*. 7. *Crows*—are never the *whiter*, for *washing* themselves. 8. Good words—cost nothing, and are *worth much*. 9. He, who pays *well*, is master of *every-body's* purse. 10. Our *knowledge*—is as the *rivulet*; our *ignorance*—as the *sea*. 11. Consider *well*, before you *promise*. 12. *Dare* to do *right*.

Anecdote. *Candor.* A *clergyman*—once preached, during the whole of Lent, in a parish, where he was never invited to *dine*, and, in his *farewell* sermon, he said to his hearers, "I have preached against *every* vice, except *good living*; which, I believe, is not to be *found* among you; and, therefore, needed not my *reproach*."

Society owes All a Living. Every one *must* and *will*—find a livelihood; nor has society the choice, whether or not to provide for its *members*: for if an individual is not put in a way to *earn* a living, he will seek it by *unlawful means*: if he is not *educated*—to lead a *sober* and *industrious* life, he will lead a life of *dissipation*; and if society refuse to take *care* of him, in his *minority*, he will *force* it to notice him—as an object of *self-defence*. Thus, society cannot avoid giving a livelihood to *all*, whom *providence* has placed in its bosom; nor help devoting *time* and *expense* to them; for they are by *birth*, or *circumstances*, dependent on its assistance. While, then, it has the *power*—to make *every* one—*available*—as an *honest*, *industrious* and *useful* citizen, would it not be the best *policy*, (to say nothing of *principles*), to *do so*; and attach *all* to society, by ties of *gratitude*, rather than put them in a condition to become *enemies*; a condition in which it will be necessary to *punish* them—for an *alienation*, which is the natural consequence of *destitution*. *Schools*, founded on *true christian principles*, would, in the end, be much *cheaper*, and *better*—than to support our *criminal* code, by the *prosecutions*, incident to that state, in which many come up, instead of being brought up; and the consequent expenses attending our houses of *correction*, *penitentiaries*, &c. (of which many seem to be *proud*.) on the score of public *justice*, but of which, on the score of *christian love*, we have reason to be deeply *ashamed*.

Varieties. 1. Will not our *souls*—continue in being *forever*? 2. He—is not so good as he *should* be, who does not strive to be *better* than he is. 3. *Genius*—is a plant, whose growth you cannot *stop*, without *destroying* it. 4. In doing *nothing* we learn to do *ill*. 5. Neither *wealth*, nor *power*, can confer *happiness*. 6. In *heaven*. (we have reason to believe,) no one considers anything as *good*, unless *others* partake of it. 7. Nothing is *ours*. until we *give* it away.

Ill *doers*—are ill *thinkers*.

178. Orthography or Right Spelling. As we have *two kinds of language, written and spoken*, so, there are *two modes of spelling*; one addressed to the *eye*, and exhibited by *naming* the letters; the other addressed to the *ear*, and spelled by giving the *sounds*, which the letters represent: the former method, which is the *common* one, tends to the predominant use of the throat, and lungs, and is one of the fruitful sources of *consumption*; the latter, which is the *new* one, serves to keep up the natural use of the appropriate muscles, and tends to *prevent*, as well as *cure*, dyspepsia, liver and lung complaints, and diseases of the throat.

179. Classification of the Consonants. The first natural division of the consonants is into *Vocal* and *Aspirate*. Of the *Vocal* there are, as they stand in the alphabet, and their combinations, *twenty-six*; but deducting the *duplicates*, there are but *seventeen*; viz: *b*, as in *bib*; *c*, as in *suffice*; *d*, as in *dead*; *f*, as in *of*; *g*, as in *gem*, *go*, *rouge*; *h*, as in *ill*; *m*, as in *me*; *n*, as in *none*, *bank*; *r*, as in *err*, *pride*; *w*, as in *wo*; *x*, as in *exist*; *y*, as in *yet*; and *th* as in *this*; all of which should be given *separately*, as well as *combined*, and their differences observed.

180. After the pupil has become familiar with reading by *vowel sounds* and *spelling*, as above recommended, let him be exercised in reading by the *vowel* and *consonant* sounds: i. e. by giving a perfect analysis of *all* the sounds, found in any of the words of the sentence before him; which involves every thing relating to sounds, whether *single*, *double*, or *triple*; and to *articulation*, *accent*, *pronunciation*, and *emphasis*. No one should wish to be *excused* from these very useful and important exercises; for they are directly calculated to improve the *voice*, the *ear*, and the *manner*, while they impart that kind of knowledge of this subject, which will be felt to be *power*, and give one *confidence* in his own *abilities*.

Notes. 1. It is not a little amusing and instructive too, to examine the great variety of *names*, used by different authors, to designate the sounds of our letters, their classifications, &c. against which the charge of *simplicity* cannot be brought: in every thing, let us guard against *learned* and *unlearned* ignorance. 2. There are those, who ought, from their position before the world, to be standard authorities in the pronunciation of letters and words, and in general delivery; but, unfortunately, on account of their sad defects and inaccuracies, in all those particulars, they constitute a court of *Errors*, instead of *Appeal*: consequently, we must throw ourselves upon the first principles and our own resources; using, however, such true lights as a kind Providence has vouchsafed us for our guidance.

To him, who, in the love of *nature*, holds
Communion with her *visible* forms, she speaks
A *various* language; for his *gay*er hours,
She has a voice of *gladness*, and a *smile*,
And eloquence of *beauty*; and she *glides*
Into his darker musings—with a *mild*
And *gentle* sympathy, that steals away
Their *sharpness*—ere he is *aware*.

Proverbs. 1. As we act towards *others*, we may expect *others* to act towards us. 2. A good orator is *pointed*, and *vehement*. 3. *Idleness*—is the *rust* of the *mind*, and the *blight* of *genius*. 4. Assist *yourself*, and *heaven* will assist you. 5. We should estimate man's *character*, by his *goodness*; not by his *wealth*. 6. *Knowledge*—is as *essential* to the *mind*, as *food* is to the *body*. 7. A good word is as soon said, as an *ill* one. 8. No temptation of *emolument*, can induce an *honest* man to do *wrong*. 9. *Virtue*—is the *best*, and *safest* helmet we can wear. 10. Against the *fickleness* of *fortune*, oppose a *bold* heart. 11. Never *profess*—what you do not *practice*. 12. Treat *every one* with *kindness*.

Anecdote. *Keeping Time*—from *Eternity*. Chief Justice *Parsons*, of *Massachusetts*, having been shown a *watch*, that was looked on as well worthy of *notice*, as it had saved a man's *life*, in a *duel*, remarked,—“It is, indeed, a very *astonishing* watch, that has kept *time*—from *eternity*.”

The Difference. Why is it, that many professors of *religion*—are so *reluctant*, to have the reading of the *Bible*, as well as *speaking* and *singing*, conducted in a *correct* and proper manner? Should not the *greatest* and most *glorious* truths—be delivered in an appropriate *style*? Do they think to *exalt* religious truth, in the eyes of the *well-informed*, by communicating it in a way that is not only *repulsive* to correct *taste*, but *slovenly*, and absolutely *wrong*? Is it calculated to *recommend* devotional exercises to their consideration, by offering up prayer in a *language* and *manner*, unbecoming man when *addressing* man; and performing the *singing*, regardless of proper *time* and *tune*? Will they present their *offerings* in a *maimed*, *halt* and *blind* manner, upon the altar of *religion*; while they have it in their power, to *provide* a way in accordance with the *subject* and *object* of their devotion? Is it *well*—to despise a good *style* and *manner*—of *elocution* and *music*, because we have not the *ability*, and are too indolent to *labor* for it, to do justice to *ourselves* and *others*? What course does true *wisdom* dictate?

Varieties. 1. *Men*—will never *feel* like *women*, nor *women*—*think*, like *men*. 2. In too *eager* disputation, the truth is often lost *sight* of. 3. *Woman*—is not *degraded*, but *elevated*, by an *earnest*, *daily* application—to her *domestic* concerns. 4. How *wretched* is his condition, who depends for his *daily support*, on the hospitality of *others*. 5. An *evil-speaker*—differs from an *evil-doer*, only in *opportunity*. 6. The use of *knowledge* is—to communicate to *others*, that they may be the *better* for it. 7. They who deny a *God*, either in *theory*, or *practice*, destroy man's *nobility*.

Till *youth's* delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with *hope*, we look *before*,
The *future* good to find;
In *age*, when *error* charms no more,
For *bliss*—we look *behind*.

181. Orthography, being to the *Elocutionist*, especially, a subject of incalculable importance, it is presumed a few observations, illustrated by examples, will not be out of place. The author introduces an entirely new mode of learning the letters, by the use of sounds, before the characters are exhibited; also, a new way of spelling, in which the words are spelt by giving the different sounds of the letters, instead of their names: and finally, a new method of teaching children to read, by dictation; instead of by the book: i. e. to read without a book, the same as we all learn to speak our mother tongue; and afterwards, with a book: thus making the book talk just as we should, when speaking on the same subject.

182. Aspirates. There are, according to their representatives, 21 aspirate, or breath sounds: omitting the duplicates, (or letters having the same sound,) there are only eleven; viz: c, as in cent, clock, ocean; d, as in fac'd; f, as in fife; h, as in hoe; p, as in pipe; x, as in mix; ch, as in church; th, as in thin; and wh, as in where: whence it appears, by actual analysis, that we have sixteen vowel sounds, and twenty-eight consonant sounds; making in all FORTY-FOUR; some authors, however, give only thirty-eight.

183. The common mode of teaching all three, is no better policy, (setting every thing else aside,) than to go from America to China to get to England: in other words, perfectly ridiculous: and were we not so much accustomed to this unnatural and dementing process, we should consider it one of the most self-evident humbugs, not of the age only, but of the world. Examples of the old mode: p, (pe,) h, (aytch,) i, (eye,) s, (ess,) TIS, i, (eye,) c, (see,) k, (kay,) ICK, TISICK; fifteen sounds: of the new; t, i, z, lis, i, k, ik, tis-ik; giving nothing but the five sounds: the old: g, (je,) e, (e,) w, (doubleyou,) GW, g, (je,) a, (a,) w, (doubleyou,) GAW, GEW-GAW; eighteen sounds, and not one sound in spelling is found in the word after it is spelt: the new mode; g, u, g, aw, GEW-GAW, giving only the four sounds of the letters, instead of their names.

Notes. 1. We never can succeed in accomplishing one half of the glorious purposes of language, so long as we apply ourselves to what is written, and neglect what is spoken. 2. A new field presents itself; and when we shall have entered it, in the right place and manner, a new era will dawn upon us, leading us more to the cultivation of the living language and the living voice: the compass and harmony of the best instrument can never be perceived, by touching the keys at random, or playing a few simple tunes upon it, learned by the ear.

When sailing—on this troubled sea
Of pain, and tears, and agony;
Though wildly roar the waves around,
With restless and repeated sound,
'Tis sweet—to think, that on our eyes,
A lovelier clime—shall yet arise;
That we shall wake—from sorrow's dream,
Beside a pure—and living stream.

Proverbs. 1. Estimate persons more by their hearts, than by their heads. 2. A people who have no amusements, have no manners. 3. All are not saints, who go to church; all is not gold that glitters. 4. Advice—is seldom welcome; those who need it most, generally like it least. 5. Do not spend your words to no purpose; but come to the facts. 6. Great things—cannot be accomplished without proper means. 7. We reap the consequences of our actions—both here, and hereafter. 8. God gives to all, the power of becoming what they ought to be. 9. Infringe on no one's rights. 10. If we are determined to succeed, we shall succeed. 11. Better do well, than say well. 12. Better be happy than rich.

Anecdote. If men would confine their conversation to such subjects as they understand, how much better it would be for both speaker and hearer. *Hally*, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject in his social intercourse; and once, when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend, Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short with this observation. "I always attend to you, Dr. *Hally*, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honor to converse on astronomy, or the mathematics; because, these are subjects that you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand: but religion—is a subject on which I hear you with great pain; for this is a subject which you have not seriously examined, and do not understand; you despise it, because you have not studied it; and you will not study it, because you despise it.

Laconics. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the form, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Varieties. 1. The greatest learning—is to be seen in the greatest simplicity. 2. Prefer the happiness and independence of a private station, to the trouble and vexation of a public one. 3. It is very foolish—for any one, to suppose, that he excels all others—in understanding. 4. Never take the humble, nor the proud, at their own valuation; the estimate of the former—is too little, and that of the latter—too much. 5. Every order of good—is found by an order of truth, agreeing with it. 6. As there is much to enjoy in the world, so is there much to endure; and wise are they, who enjoy gratefully, and endure patiently. 7. What is the meaning of the expression, in the first chapter of Genesis—"Let us make man, in our image, and after our likeness?"

All farewells—should be sudden, when forever;
Else, they make an eternity—of moments,—
And clog the last—sad sands of life—with tears.

184. In teaching *spelling* to children, exercise them on the forty-four sounds of the *letters*; then in speaking in *concert*, after the preceptor, and also *individually*, interspersing the exercises with analyzing words, by giving the various *sounds* of which they are composed. At first, let them give *each* sound in a syllable by itself, (after *you*;) then let them give *all* the sounds in a *syllable* before *pronouncing* it; and finally, let them give *all* the sounds in a *word*, and *then* pronounce it: thus, there are three modes of spelling by *ear*; *easy*, *difficult*, and *more difficult*. Those, however, taught in the *old* way, must expect that their *younger* pupils, especially, will soon get *ahead* of them; unless they *apply* themselves very closely to their *work*.

185. The *second* division of the Consonants is into *SIMPLE*, and *COMPOUND*; or single and double: of the *former*, there are *twenty*, including the *duplicates*: viz: *c*, in city; *c*, cab; *d*, do; *d*, pip'd; *f*, fifty; *g*, gull; *h*, hope; *k*, make; *l*, bill; *m*, mile; *n*, no; *p*, pop; *q*, quote; *r*, corn; *s*, see; *t*, tune; *ch*, chyle; *gh*, tough; *gh*, ghastly; and *ph*, epha: *omitting* the duplicate representatives, there are but *eleven*; viz: *c*, (cypress;) *c*, (ac-me;) *d*, (day;) *d*, (tripp'd;) *f*, (foe;) *g*, (give;) *l*, (lay;) *m*, (mote;) *n*, (nine;) *p*, (passed;) *r*, (more;) compare, and see.

186. *Origin of Language.* Plato says, that *language*—is of Divine institution; that *human* reason, from a defect in the knowledge of *natures* and *qualities*, which are indicated by *names*, could not determine the cog-nom-i-na of things. He also maintains, that *names* are the vehicles of *substances*: that a fixed *analogy*, or *correspondence*, exists between the *name* and *thing*; that *language*, therefore, is not *arbitrary* in its *origin*, but fixed by the laws of *analogy*; and that *God* alone, who knows the *nature* of things, originally imposed *names*, strictly expressive of their *qualities*. Zeno, Cleantes, Chrysippus, and *others*, were of the same opinion.

Notes. 1. This work is not designed to exhibit the *whole* subject of Oratory; which is as boundless and profound as are the *thoughts* and *feelings* of the human mind; but to present in a plain and familiar form, the essentials of this God-like art; in the hopes of being useful in this day and generation. In the course of another twelve years, there may be a *nearer* approach to *truth* and *nature*. 2. Observe the difference between the sounds, heard in spelling the following words, by the *names* of the letters, and those *sounds*, heard in the words after being spelt: *a*, *c*, *e*; if the sounds heard in calling the letters by *name*, are pronounced, the word is *ay-j-e-e*; *i*, *s*, in like manner, spell *eye-ess*; *c*, *o*, *r*, *n*, spell, see *o-ar-en*; *oo*, *z*, *e*, spell *doub-le-o-ze-ess*; *a*, *l*, *m*, *s*, spell, *a-l-en-ess*; *o*, *n*, spell—*ow-en*; &c. 3. The common arrangement of words in *columns*, without meaning, seems at variance with common sense; but this mode is perfectly *mathematical*, as well as *philosophical*; and of course, in accordance with *nature*, science, and the structure of mind. 4. The proper formation of *words*, out of *letters*, or *sounds*, is *word-making*. 5. Acedarians should first be taught the *sounds* of letters, and then their uses, and

then their shapes, and names, together with their uses; the same course should be pursued in teaching music, the *ear*, always predominating; and then there will be *ease*, *grace*, and *power* combined.

Proverbs. 1. *Virtue*—grows under every weight imposed on it. 2. He, who envies the lot of *another*, must be discontented with his *own*. 3. When *fortune* fails us, the *supposed* friends of our prosperous days—*vanish*. 4. The love of *ruling*—is the most powerful affection of the human mind. 5. A quarrelsome man—must expect many wounds. 6. Many condemn, what they do not understand. 7. *Property*, dishonestly acquired, seldom descends to the third generation. 8. He, who has *well begun*, has *half* done his task. 9. The difference between *hypocrisy* and *sincerity*—is *infinite*. 10. When our attention is directed to *two* objects, we rarely succeed in *either*. 11. Recompense *every* one for his labor. 12. Zealously pursue the *right path*.

Anecdote. *Patience.* The priest of a certain village, observing a man, (who had just lost his wife,) very much oppressed with *grief*, told him,—“he must have *Patience*;” whereupon, the mourner replied, “I have been *trying* her sir, but she will not consent to *have* me.”

The range of knowledge—is divided into three classes, corresponding to the scientific, rational and affectuous faculties of man. The first, is knowledge of the outward creation,—involving every thing material,—all that is addressed to our five senses; the second, is knowledge of human existences, as it respects man's spiritual, or immortal nature: and the third, knowledge of the Divine Being, including his nature, and laws, and their modes of operation. There is a certain point where *matter*—ends, and *spirit*—begins: i. e. a boundary, where they come in contact, where *spirit*—operates on *matter*: there is a *state*, where *finite* spiritual existences—receive *life* and *light*—from the Infinite, who is the Lord of all; that Spirit,

“That warms—in the sun; refreshes—in the breeze;
Glow—in the stars; and blossoms—in the trees.”

The omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent Being, that

“Lives—through all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads—undivided—operates—unspent;
Whose body nature is,—and God—the soul.”

Varieties. 1. Are monopolies—consistent with republican institutions? 2. *Love*—often makes the most *clever* persons act like *fools*, and the most *foolish*, act like *wise* ones. 3. *Patience* is the *surest* remedy against *calumny*: time, sooner or later, will disclose the *truth*. 4. The fickleness of *fortune*—is felt all over the world. 5. It is easy to *criticise* the productions of *art*, tho' it is difficult to *make* them. 6. Do not defer till *to-morrow*, what ought to be done *to-day*. 7. The *precepts* and *truths* of the word of God.—are the very laws of *divine order*; and so far as our minds are *receptive* of them, we are so far in the *divine order*, and the divine order in us, if in a life agreeing with them.

Guard well thy thoughts;—our thoughts are heard in heaven.

187. The *method*, here recommended, of giving the *sounds*, of *spelling*, and of teaching children to *read without* a book, and then *with* a book, will save *three-fourths* of the labor of both *teacher* and *pupil*; and, in *addition* to these important considerations, there will be an immense amount of *time* and *expense* saved, and the young prevented from contracting the common *bad habits* of reading unnaturally; which not only obstructs the proper *development* of body and mind, but sows the seeds of *sickness* and *premature death*. Our motto should be, "cease to do *evil*, and learn to do *well*."

188. Modes of Spelling. In the *old*, or *common* mode of spelling, there are many more *sounds* introduced, than the *words* contain: this always *perplexes* new beginners, whose *ear*—has had much more practice, in reference to language, than their *eye*. The great *difficulty* seems to be—to dispose of the *parts*, which amount to *more* than the *whole*: for, in *philosophy*, it is an acknowledged principle, that the *parts*—are only *equal* to the *whole*. Hence, spelling by *sounds* of letters, instead of by *names* is vastly preferable: the former being perfectly *philosophical*, involving *orderly*, *analysis* and *synthesis*, and it is also *mathematical*, because the *parts*—are just *equal* to the *whole*: while the latter mode is the very *reverse* of all this; and instead of *aiding*, essentially, in the development of *body* and *mind*, tends directly to *prevent both*.

189. Of the *compound*, or diphthongal and triphthongal consonants, we have *twenty-three*; viz: *c*, (z,) discern; *c*, (sh,) social; *f*, (v,) thereof; *g*, (dg,) gibe; *g*, (zh,) badinage; *j*, (dg,) judge; *n*, (ng,) bank; *r*, (burr'd,) trill; *s*, (z,) was; *s*, (sh,) sure; *s*, (zh,) leisure; *t*, (sh,) rational; *v*, vivacity; *w*, wist; *x*, (ks,) ox; *x*, (z,) Xenia; *y*, youth; *z*, zigzag; *ch*, (tch,) such; *ch*, (sh,) chagrin; *ph*, (v,) nephew; *th*, thick; *th*, tho'; *wh*, why: deducting the *duplicates*, we have but *twelve*; *c*, (z,) *c*, (sh,) *f*, (v,) *g*, (zh,) *n*, (ng,) *r*, (trill'd,) *x*, (ks,) *x*, (gz,) *ch*, (tch,) *th*, (think,) *th*, (that,) and *wh*, (when:) let them be exemplified.

190. It has *previously* been remarked, that, strictly speaking, *a*, in *far*, is the only *natural* vowel sound in our language; and that the other *fifteen* are *modifications* of it; also, that on the same principle, the *aspirate*, or breath sound, heard in pronouncing the sound of *h*, (*huh*, in a whisper,) is the *material*, out of which *all* sounds are made; for it is by *condensing* the breath, in the larynx, through the agency of the vocal chords, that the *voice* sound, of grave *a* is made; and, by the peculiar modification, at certain points of interception, that *any* aspirate consonant sound is produced; hence, it may be said,

that *a*, in *far*, is the original element of all the *vowel* and vocal *consonant* sounds, and the aspirate *h*, is the original element, out of which all the *aspirate* consonant sounds are made, as well as the vocal sounds; thus, that which the letter *h* represents, seems to involve something of *infinity* in *variety*, so far as *sounds*, and their corresponding *affections* are concerned; for *breath*—is *air*: and without *air*, there can be no *sound*. Why was the letter *h*, added to the names of *Abram* and *Sarai*?

Proverbs. 1. He, who reckons without his *host*, must reckon *again*. 2. When we despise danger, it often *overtakes* us the *sooner*. 3. They, who cross the *ocean*, may change *climate*, but their *minds* are still the *same*. 4. The *corruption*, or *perversion* of the best things—produces the *worst*. 5. We must not judge of persons by their *clothing*, or by the sanctity of their *appearance*. 6. If we *indulge* our passions, they will daily become more *violent*. 7. *Light* grief—may find *utterance*; but deeper sorrow can find *none*. 8. The difference is *great*—between *words* and *deeds*. 9. *Poverty*—wants *many* things; *avarice*—every thing. 10. Let us avoid having too many *trans* in the fire. 11. Faithfully perform *every* duty, *small* and *great*. 12. Govern your *thoughts*, when *alone*, and your *tongue*, when in *company*. 13. Ill got,—ill spent.

Anecdote. *Finishing our Studies.* Several young *physicians* were conversing, in the hearing of Dr. *Rush*, and one of them observed, "When I have finished my *studies*,"—"When you have *finished* your *studies*!" said the doctor, abruptly; "why, you must be a *happy* man, to have *finished* them so *young*: I do not expect to finish *mine* while I *live*."

Laconics. The *kindnesses*, which most men receive from others, are like *traces* drawn in the *sand*. The breath of every *passion* sweeps them *away*, and they are remembered no more. But *injuries* are like *inscriptions* on monuments of *brass*, or pillars of *marble*, which *endure*, unimpaired, the revolutions of *time*.

Varieties. 1. We rarely regret—having spoken too *little*; but *often*—of saying too *much*. 2. Which is the more extensively *useful*,—*fire*, or *water*? 3. A speaker, who expresses himself with *fluency* and *discretion*, will always have attentive *listeners*. 4. The spirit of *party*, sometimes leads even the *greatest* men—to descend to the meanness of the *vulgar*. 5. Without *virtue*, happiness—can never be *real*, or *permanent*. 6. When we are convinced that our opinions are *erroneous*, it is always right to *acknowledge* it, and exchange them for *truths*. 7. Every *love*—contains its own *truth*.

Serve *God* before the *world*! let him not go, Until thou hast a *blessing*; then, resign The *whole* unto him, and remember *who* Prevalled by *wrestling*—ere the *sun* did *shine*; Pour oil upon the *stones*, weep for thy *sin*, Then journey on, and have an eye to *heaven*.

191. Here a *new* field is open for the classification of our letters, involving the structure of *all* languages, and presenting us with an infinite *variety*, terminating in *unity*,—all languages being merely *dialects* of the *original* one; but in this work, nothing more is attempted, than an *abridgment* of the subject. As every *effect* must have an adequate *cause*, and as in material things, such as we *see*, *hear*, *taste*, *smell*, and *feel*, there can be *no primary*, but only *secondary* causes, we must look to the *mind* for the *feelings* and *thoughts*, that have given rise to all the *peculiarities* and *modifications* of language; being assured, that in the *original* language, each state of the *will* and the *understanding*, had its external sign, as a medium of manifestation.

192. *Uses of Spelling.* The object of *spelling*, in the manner here recommended, is *two-fold*; to spell by *sound*, in order to be able to *distinguish* the sounds, of which words are composed, and to pronounce them *correctly*: thus developing and training the *voice* and *ear* to the highest pitch of perfection. The use of spelling by the *names* of letters is, to make us *acquainted* with them, and the *order* in which they are placed in the *words*, so as to be able, not only to *read*, but to *write* the language: hence, we must become acquainted with both our *spoken* and *written* language, if we would avail ourselves of their wonderful *capabilities*, and the *treasures* of which they are possessed.

193. In *partially* applying this doctrine, we may say, *B*, (bib,) represents a *guttural labial* sound; *1st c*, (cent,) a *dental aspirate*: *2d c*, (clock,) a *guttural aspirate*: *3d c*, (sacrifice,) a *dental vocal* consonant: *4th c*, (ocean,) a *dental aspirate*: *1st f*, (if,) a *sublabial* and *super-dental* aspirate: *2d f*, (of,) a *sublabial super-dental*, *vocal*: *1st g*, (gem,) a *posterior lingual dental vocal*, terminating in an aspirate: *2d g*, (go,) a *glottal vocal* consonant: *3d g*, (rouge,) a *vocal dental aspirate*: *h*, a *pure aspirate*, with open mouth and throat; *l*, a *lingual dental*; and so on to the end of our sounds, of analysis and synthesis, of which a *volume* might be written; and although the writer has practiced on them many *thousands* of times, he never has done it *once*, without learning something *new*.

Notes. 1. Don't forget to *understand* and *master* every thing that relates to the subject of study and practice: the only royal highway to truth is the *straight way*. 2. Become as familiar with the *sounds* of our language as you are with the *alphabet*. 3. As you proceed, acquire more ease and grace in reading and speaking.

An *honest* man—is still an *unmoved rock*,
Wash'd *whiter*, but not *shaken*—with the *shock*;
Whose *heart*—conceives no *sinister* device;
Fearless—he plays with *flames*, and treads on *ice*.

Proverbs. 1. Do as much good as you can and make but little *noise* about it. 2. The *Bible* is a book of *laws*, to show us what is *right*, and what is *wrong*. 3. What maintains one *vice*, would bring up two *children*. 4. A *little wrong*—done to *another*, is a *great wrong* done to *ourselves*. 5. *Sermons*—should be steeped in the *heart*—before they are *delivered*. 6. A life of *attractive industry* is always a *happy* one. 7. *Drive* your business *before* you, and it will go *easily*. 8. Good *fences*—make good *neighbors*. 9. *Pride* wishes not to *owe*; *self-love*—wishes not to *pay*. 10. The *rotten apple* injures its *companion*. 11. Make a virtue of *necessity*. 12. You can't make an *auger* hole with a *gimblet*.

Anecdote. *Mathematical Honor.* A *student*—of a certain *college*, gave his *fellow-student* the *lie*; and a *challenge* followed. 'The *mathematical tutor*—heard of the difficulty, and sent for the young man that gave the challenge, who insisted, that he must *fight*—to shield his *honor*. "Why," said the tutor? "Because he gave me the *lie*." "Very well; let him *prove* it: if he *prove* it,—you *did* lie; but if he does not *prove* it, then *he* lies. Why should you *shoot* one another? Will that make a *lie*—any more *honorable*?"

CICERO says, the *poet*—is *born* such; the *orator* is *made* such. But reading *books* of rhetoric, and eloquent *extracts*—choice morsels of *poetry* and *eloquence*—will never make one an *orator*: these are only the *effects* of oratory. The *cause* of eloquence is to be sought for, only in the *depths* of the human *mind*—the *true philosophy* of man, and the practice of unadulterated *goodness* and *truth*. You must *feel* rightly, *think* wisely, and *act* accordingly: then *gracefulness* of style and eloquence will *fit* you; otherwise, you will be like the *ass*, clothed with the *lion's* skin. *Accomplishment* should not be an *end*, but a *means*. Seek, then, for the *philosophy* of oratory, where it is to be found, in the study of *geometry*, *language*, *physics*, *theology*, and the human *mind* profound, if you would attain that suavity of graceful *periods*, engaging *looks* and *gestures*, which *steal* from men their *hearts*, and *reason*, and make them, for the time being, your willing *captives*.

Varieties. 1. Is there any line of demarcation between *temperance* and *intemperance*? 2. We *rarely* repent—of eating too *little*; but *often*—of eating too *much*. 3. *Truth*—is clothed in *white*; but a *lie*—comes forth in all the colors of a *rainbow*. 4. St. *Augustin* says, "Love *God*"; and then do what you *wish*." 5. We must not do *evil*, that *good* may come of it; the *means*—must *answer*, and *correspond* to—the *end*. 6. *Assumed* qualities—may catch the *fancy* of some, but we must *possess* those that are *good*, to fix the *heart*. 7. When a thing is *doubtful*, refer it to the *Word* in sincerity; if it is not *clear* to you, let it *alone*, for the present, at least, till it is *made* so.

Mind, not *money*—makes the *man*.

194. Accent—means either *stress*, or *quantity* of voice, on a certain *letter*, or *letters* in a word: it is made by *concentrating* the voice, on that particular *place* in the word, *heavy*, at first, then gliding into *silence*. There are *two ways* of making it; *first*, by *stress*, when it occurs on *short vowels*; as, *ink-stand*: *secondly*, by *quantity*, when it occurs on *long ones*; as, *o-ver*: i. e. when the word is *short*, we pronounce it with *force*; and when it is *long*, with *quantity*, and a *little force too*: thus, what we lack in *length* of sound, we make up by *stress*, or *force*, according to circumstances. These engravings present to the eye an idea of accent by *stress*, or a concentration of voice, with more or less *abruptness*.

The *first*—indicates that the *accented vowel* is near the *beginning* of the word; as in *ac-cent*, *em-pha-sis*, *in-dus-try*, *on-ward*, *up-ward*: the *second*, that it is at, or near the *end*: as in *ap-pre-hend*, *super-in-tend*, *in-divis-i-bil-i-ty*. In *music*, the *first* represents the *diminish*; the *second*—the *swell* of the voice.

195. The *first use* of accent—is to convert *letters*, or *syllables*—into words, expressive of our *ideas*; i. e. to *fasten* the letters together, so as to make a *word-medium* for manifesting our *feelings* and *thoughts*: and the *second use* is—to aid us in acquiring a distinct *articulation*, and melody of *speech*, and *song*. **Exs.** 1. **ACCENT BY STRESS OF VOICE.** He *am-pli-fies* his *ad-ver-tise-ment*, *di-min-ish-es* its *im-pe-tus*, and *ope-rates* on the *ul-ti-mates*. 2. The *ac-cu-ra-cy* of the *cer-e-mo-ny* is *fig-u-ra-tive* of the *com-pen-cy* of his *up-right-ness*: 3. The *cal-e-pil-lar* for-gets the *no-bil-i-ty* of *or-a-to-ry* *un-just-ly*; 4. The *math-e-mat-ics* are *super-in-tend-ed* with *af-fa-bil-i-ty*, *cor-res-pond-ent* to *in-struc-tions*.

Notes. 1. Observe, there are but *FIVE SHORT* vowels in our language; the examples above contain illustrations of *all* of them, in their alphabetical order; they are also found in these words—*at*, *et*, *it*, *of*, *ut*; and to give them with purity, make as though you were going to pronounce the whole word, but leave off at the *l*. 2. This is a very important point in our subject; if you fail in understanding *accent*, you cannot succeed in *emphasis*.

Anecdote. *Holding One's Own.* A very fat man was one day met by a person whom he owed, and accosted with—"How do you do?" Mr. *Adipose* replied, "Pretty well; I hold my own;"—"and mine too, to my sorrow," rejoined the creditor.

Hail, to thee, *filial love*, source of *delight*,
Of everlasting joy! Heaven's grace supreme
Shines in the duteous homage of a child!
Religion, manifested, stands aloft,
Superior—to the storms of wayward fate.
When children—suffer in a parent's cause,
And glory—in the lovely sacrifice,
'Tis heavenly inspiration fills the breast—
And angels—waft their incense to the skies.

196. Some persons may wish for more specific directions, as to the method of bringing the lower muscles into use, for producing *sounds*, and *breathing*: the following will suffice. Take the proper *position*, as above recommended, and place the hands on the *hips*, with the *thumbs* on the small of the *back*, and the *fingers* on the *abdominal muscles* before; grasp them tightly; i. e. try to *press* in the abdomen, and, at the same time, to burst off the hands, by an *internal effort*, in the use of the muscles to produce the vowel sounds of the following words, *at*, *et*, *it*, *of*, *ut*; then leave off the *t*, giving the vowels the same sound as before: or imagine that you have a *belt* tied around you, just above the hip bones, and make such an effort as would be required to burst it off; do the same in *breathing*, persevere, and you will succeed: but do not make too much effort.

Proverbs. 1. A man under the influence of *anger*—is *beside himself*. 2. *Poverty*, with *honesty*, is preferable to *riches*, acquired by *dishonest means*. 3. The *wolf* casts his *hair*, but never changes his *ferocious disposition*. 4. To *wicked persons*—the *virtue of others*—is always a subject of *envy*. 5. *Flies*—cannot enter a mouth that is *shut*. 6. No plea of *expediency*—should reconcile us to the commission of a *base act*. 7. *Power*, unjustly obtained, is of *short duration*. 8. Every *mad-man*—believes *all other men mad*. 9. The *avaricious man*—is *kind to none*; but *least kind to himself*. 10. The *beginning* of knowledge—is the *fear of God*. 11. Of *all poverty*, that of the *mind*—is the most *deplorable*. 12. He only is *powerful*, who governs himself.

Varieties. 1. *What* was it—that made man *miserable*, and *what*—alone can make him *happy*? 2. *Diffidence*—is the mother of *safety*; while *self-confidence*—often involves us in *serious difficulties*. 3. He is not *rich*, who has *much*, but he who has *enough*, and is *contented*. 4. It is *absurd*—for parents to preach *sobriety* to their *children*, and yet indulge in all kinds of *excess*. 5. *Nature*—never says, what *wisdom contradicts*; for they are always in *harmony*. 6. Save *something*—against a day of *trouble*. 7. With such as *repent*, and *turn* from their *evils*, and *surrender their wills* to the *Lord's will*, *all things* they ever *saw*, *knew*, or *experienced*, shall be made, in some way or other, to serve for *good*.

I do remember an *apothecary*,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
And in his needy shop—a tortoise hung.
Sharp misery—had worn him to the bones:
An *alligator* stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a *show*.

197. Accent—is made, *secondly*, by **QUANTITY**; or *prolongation of sound*, with expulsive force, on long accented vowels; which may be represented either by this engraving indicative of a *continuous equal* movement of the voice; or, by this one, which shows the swell, *continuous and diminish* in combination; or, the *unequal* continuous. *Exs.* 1. The *a*-gent, with *ar*-dent *aw*-ful *e*-go-tism, *i*-dol-i-zed the *o*-di-ous *oo*-zy *u*-ni-form, which was *fruit*-ful in *oi*-liness, from the *ou*-ter-mosts. 2. The *base*-ment of the *ar*-mo-ry, *awk*-ward-ly *e*-qual to the *i*-rony of the *o*-li-o, was, to the *moon*-shine of the *u*-ni-verse, as an *ob*-tru-sive *moi*-e-ty of a *poun*-cet-box.

198. Prolongation of Sound. Let the pupil take a lesson of the *ferryman*. A traveler arrives at the brink of a wide river, which he wishes to *cross*; one ferry-man is on the *other* side, and, by chance, one is on *this* side: the *traveler* halloos, in the common speaking voice, using principally the *chest*; of course his voice soon becomes *dis-sipated*. He is informed that his call cannot be heard: listen to *me*, says this son of *nature*; "O——ver, O——ver, O——ver:" making each accented vowel two seconds long: try it and *see*; extending your *eye* and *mind* at a *distance*; which will aid the *prolongation*.

199. In exercising on accent, for a time at least, go to *extremes*, and make the accented vowels as prominent to the ear, as the following ones are to the eye; a-bAse-ment, im-pE-ri-ous, I-dol-ize, O-ver-throw, beA-U-ti-ful, Oil-mill, OU-ter-most. *Ex.* 1. The *lu*-na-tic a-bode at the ca-the-dral, till the an-nun-ci-a-tion, that the an-te-di-lu-vi-ans—had con-vey'd the hy-dro-pho-bia to Di-a-na of the E-phe-sians. 2. The pa-tri-ots and ma-trons of the rev-o-lu-tion, by their har-mo-ni-ous co-op-e-ra-tion, de-thron'd the ty-rants that were ru-ling our peo-ple with an un-ho-ly rod of i-ron.

Anecdote. Raising Rent. "Sir, I intend to raise your rent," said a land-holder—to one of his *tenants*: to which he replied,—"I am very much obliged to you,—for I cannot raise it *myself*."

Notes. 1. As vowels are either long or short, different degrees of length do not affect any one of the long ones, so far as the *quality* of the sound is concerned; the *e* in *de-vise*, and the *o* in *do-main*—are the same as to *length*, (not *force*), as they are in *de-cent*, *do-tard*; thus we have long accented vowels, and long un-accented ones. 2. We make accent by *quantity*, when the accented vowels are long, and by *st. us* when they are short. 3. The short vowels are of the same length, but not so the long ones.

"Blessed is the man,
Who hears the voice of nature; who, retired
From bustling life, can feel the gladdening beam,
The hope, that breathes of Paradise. Thy deeds,
Sweet Peace, are music—to the exulting mind;
Thy prayer, like incense—wafted on the gale
Of morning spreads ambrosia, as the cloud
Of spicy sweets—perfumes the whispering breeze,
That scents Arabia's wild."

Proverbs. 1. Men of limited attainments—generally condemn every thing they cannot comprehend. 2. Wit—should flow spontaneously; it cannot be produced by study. 3. Buoyancy of spirit—greatly diminishes the pressure of misfortune. 4. The surest method of being deceived is—to consider ourselves—more cunning than others. 5. Envious persons—always view, with an evil eye, the prosperity of others. 6. It is a proof of mediocrity of intellect—to be addicted to story-telling. 7. When we give way to passion, we do every thing amiss. 8. Truth—needs no disguise, nor does she want embellishment. 9. A mind diseased—cannot bear any thing harsh. 10. Never utter what is false, nor hesitate to speak what is true. 11. Trifles—often discover a character—more than actions of importance. 12. The Bible—is a perfect body of divinity.

Body and Mind. The science of *human nature*—is valuable, as an introduction to the science of the *Divine* nature; for *man*—was made "in the image, and after the likeness," of his *Maker*: a knowledge of the former—facilitates that of the latter; and to know, revere, and humbly adore, is the first duty of man. To obtain just and impartial views of human nature, we must not disconnect the object of our study, and consider the *mind*, *body*, and *actions*, each by itself, but the *whole man together*; which may be contemplated under two different aspects,—of *spirit* and of *matter*; on the *body*—shines the sun of nature, and on the *MIND*—that better light, which is the true light: *here*, is a real man, having *essence*, *form*, and *use*, which is clad in the habiliments of *beauty*, and *majesty*; meeting us now, and which will meet us hereafter, as a purely *spiritual* being, in every possible stage of his future existence.

Varieties. 1. Can we be a *friend*, and an *enemy*—at the same time? 2. Every one should be considered *innocent*, till he is proved *guilty*. 3. It is not sufficient that you are *heard*, you must be heard with *pleasure*. 4. There is a great difference between *poetry* and *rhymetry*; the former grows, the latter—is made. 5. If your *money* is your *God*, it will plague you like the *Devil*. 6. Order—is one, in revelation, *man*, *creation*, and the *universe*; each—respects the *other*, and is a *resemblance* of it.

Man—is dear to man; and the poorest poor Long for some moments, in a weary life, When they can know, and feel, that they have been Themselves—the fathers, and the dealers out Of some small blessings—have been kind to such As needed kindness;—for this single cause, That we have all of us—a human heart.

Such pleasure—is to one kind being known, My neighbor, when, with punctual care, each week, Duly as Friday comes, though press'd herself By her own wants, she, from her store of meal, Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip Of this old mendicant; and, from her door, Returning with exhilarated heart, Sits by her fire, and builds her hopes in heaven.

200. Accent. The *intentions* of the *mind*—are manifested by the *accent* of the *voice*, as are those of a *tailor*, when he makes a gentleman's *coat*; or of a *mantuamaker*, when she makes a lady's *gown*; there is a *meaning*, an *end*, in *all*. The three great categories of knowledge are *end*, *cause* and *effect*; *reflection* and *experience* will convince those who would be *wise*, that the *end* or *purpose*, is the *first* thing,—the *cause* or *medium*, the *second*, and the *effect*, or *ultimation* of the co-operation of *end* and *cause*, the *third* thing. Now the *feeling*, or *affection*, is the *first* thing; the *thought*—is the *second* thing: and the *action*—the *third* thing: the *affection* and the *vowel* sound are connected, the *thought* and the *consonant*, and *all* become manifest, when the word is properly *made*, by the application of *accent*, and *enunciation*.

201. Now, as the *affectuous* part of the mind operates, especially, on those lower *nerves* and *muscles*, that are combined to produce the *vowel* sounds, and the *intellectual* part of the mind co-operates with the *lungs*, to form the *consonant* sounds, and the *two unite*—to make the *word*, by the use of the *accent*, through the agency of which, feelings and thoughts are conveyed,—it will be perceived, that whenever there is a change of the *seat* of *accent*, there may be a *corresponding* change of the *meaning* of the *word*: or rather, a change of *feeling* produces a change of *thought*, and the *two* produce a *corresponding* change in the *seat* of *accent*: as—*au-gust*, *au-gust*; *prod-uce*, *prod-uce*; *gal-lant*, *gal-lant*.

202. *Change of the seat of accent according to sense.* They *bom-bard* the town, with *bom-bards*, and *ce-ment* their cannon with *cem-ent*, and call upon their *col-leagues* to *col-league* together, *col-lect* their soldiers, and offer up their *col-lects*. He *com-ments* upon their *com-ments*, while they *com-merce* about the *com-merce*, and *com-mon-place* their *com-mon-place* business. The *com-compact* was entered into in a *com-compact* manner, while the soldiers *com-plot* together in a *com-plot*, and *com-port* themselves with a becoming *com-port*. The farmer *com-ports* his fields with excellent *com-post*, and out of the *com-pound* he *com-pounds* a fruitful soil; which, when *com-press'd*, makes a very fine *com-press* for the grain.

My birthday! what a different sound
That word had—in my youthful ears!
And how, each time—the day came round,
Less, and less white—its mark appears!
When first—our scanty years are told,
It seems like *pastime*—to grow old.
And as youth—counts the shining links,
That time—around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks,
How hard that chain will press—at last.

Anecdote. When Lieutenant O'Brien was blown up, in the *Edgar*, and thrown on board the *Admiral*, all *black* and *wet*, he said to the *commander*, with *pleasantry*, “I hope sir, you will excuse my *dirty appearance*; for I left the ship in so great a *hurry*, that I had not time to change my *dress*.”

Proverbs. 1. Every thing *great*—is composed of minute *particles*. 2. *Nothing*—bears a stronger resemblance to a *mad-man* than a *drunkard*. 3. *Pleasure*, purchased by *pain*, is always *injurious*. 4. The act is to be *judged of*, by the *intention* of the person, who does it. 5. *Theory*, without *practice*, however *plausible*, seldom tends to a *successful issue*. 6. *Reflect well*, before you say *yes*, or *no*. 7. Be *cautious*—in *giving* advice, and *consider*—before you *follow* it. 8. A man, fond of *disputing*, will, in time, have few friends to *dispute* with. 9. *Young* people are apt to think themselves *wise* enough; as *drunkards*—think themselves *sober* enough. 10. *Injustice*—cannot exist without *agents*. 11. No *great loss*, but some small *gain*. 12. No *smoke*, without some *fire*.

Reading Discourses. As the *reading* of written discourses is so *common*, it is very desirable, that the *speaker* should unite the advantages of *written*, or *printed* composition, with *extemporaneous speaking*; which can be done by mastering the principles of this system; then, though the essay be a *month*, or a *year* old, the *orator* may give it all the *appearance* and *freshness* of *oral discourse*. Many public men have injured their *health* by slavishly *reading* their discourses, instead of *speaking* them; there being such an inseparable connection between *thinking* and *breathing*, that the effort to *read*, especially from a *manuscript*, tends to the use of the *thorax*, or *lungs*. If we were taught to read by *ear*, instead of by *sight*, there would be no *difficulty* in this exercise: there must be a *revolution*—in regard to *teaching* and *learning* this important art, or sad will *continue* to be the consequences.

Varieties. 1. Were the *Texians* *right*, in rebelling against *Mexico*? 2. If *woman* taught the philosophy of *love*, who would not learn? 3. Do not *yield* to misfortunes; but *resist* them, with unceasing *firmness*. 4. *Procrastination*—is the *thief of time*. 5. No one is qualified to *command*, who has not learned to *obey*. 6. A *laugh*—costs too much, if purchased at the expense of *propriety*. 7. *Words*, *fittly* spoken from a *lie* of *love*, are exceedingly *sweet*, and *profitable* to *all*.

Beware, ye slaves of *vice* and *infamy*,
Beware—choose not *religion's* sacred name,
To sanctify your *crimes*—your *falsehood* shield.
Profane not your *Creator's* boundless power,
Or lest his *vengeance*—full upon, and *crush* ye
It is an *awful* height—of *human pride*,
When we *dare*—robe ourselves in *sanctity*,
While all is dark *impiety* within!
This, surely, is the *aggregate* of *sin*,
The last—to be forgiven—by *heaven*, or *man*.

203. The subject of *accent*, being of primary importance, should be dwelt upon, till its *principles*, and their *application*, are perfectly familiar. Remember, it is the principal *external* means, of making *words*—out of *letters* and *syllables*: comparatively, it is the *thread* with which we make the *garments* for our *thoughts*, and thus manifest the objects which the mind has in view in clothing them in different ways, and making them alive with *feeling*. The *mental* power of accent, is in the *will*, or *voluntary* principle, and the *physical* force is from the combined action of the lower muscles, in connection with the *diaphragm*; hence, it may be perceived, that in simply *expelling* vowel sounds, as always insisted upon, we at the same time, acquire the power of making the *accent*; for *expulsion*—is *accent*, *radical*, or *stress*. If you do not *master* accent, you cannot succeed in becoming an *elocutionist*.

204. *Change of the seat of accent.* On her *en-trance*, she was *en-tranced* at being *es-cort*-ed by a grand *es-cort*: I *es-say* to make an *es-say* to *ex-ile* the *ex-iles*: *ex-port* the *ex-ports*, with-out *ex-trac-t*-ing the *ex-tracts* for the *ex-trac-t*-ers: the *ab-ject* fel-lows *ab-ject* the gifts, and the *ab-sent* minded *ab-sent* themselves from the party: he *ab-stracts* the *ab-stracts* and *at-trib-utes* the *at-trib-utes* to others: I lay the *ac-cent* on the *ac-cent*-ed vowel, and *af-fix* the *af-fix* to the final syllable, and make *aug-ment* in the right place and *aug-ment* the word in *Au-gust*, and thus make the idea *au-gust*.

Notes. 1. Be careful in placing the accent on the right syllable: *ad-ver-ise-ment*, *al-lies*, *com-pen-sate*, *in-qui-ry*, *de-co-rus*, *or-tho-e-py*, *ar-is-toc-ra-cy*, *ac-cept-a-ble*, *Are-op-a-gus*, *ac-cen-so-ry*, *up-right-ly*: for if you place the accent on the wrong vowel, you partially pervert the meaning, or render it ridiculous: as, I saw an *au-gust* spectacle in *Au-gust*. 2. In *singing*, accent is always made by *stress*: and the first note of each full measure *accent-ed*.

Laconics. *Labor* is honorable in *all*, from the *king* on the throne to the *mendicant* in the *street*; and let *him* or *her*, who is *ashamed* to toil for *themselves*, or the benefit of their *race*, be *more* ashamed to consume the *industry* and *labor* of *others*, for which they do not render an *equivalent*.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,

Which *Mary*—to *Annie*—conveyed;

The plentiful moisture—encumbered the flower,

And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,

And it seemed, in a fanciful view,

To weep for the buds—it had left with regret,

On the flourishing bush—where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was

For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned

And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!

I snapped it,—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiable part,

Some act—by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing—and breaking a heart,

Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,

Might have bloomed with its owner awhile:

And the tear, that is wiped, with a little address,

May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.

Proverbs. 1. Beware of reading, without *thinking* of the subject. 2. A man *rarely* deceives another but *once*. 3. A good *paymaster* is lord of another man's *purse*. 4. He is *most* secure from danger, who, even when *conscious* of safety, is on his *guard*. 5. The pitcher may go often to the well, and be broken at *last*. 6. A good *companion*, makes good *company*. 7. Let every one *choose*, according to his own *fancy*. 8. A *comparison*—is no *reason*. 9. Your *looking-glass*—will tell you what none of your *friends* will. 10. The human heart wants something to be *kind* to. 11. Many hands make light *work*. 12. Ask your *purse*—what you shall buy.

Anecdote. *Blundering on the Truth.* An *ignorant* fellow, who was about to be *married*, resolved to make himself *perfect* in the *responses* of the marriage *service*; but, by *mistake*, he committed the office of *baptism* for those of *riper years*: so, when the clergyman asked him, in the church,—“Wilt thou have this *woman* to thy wedded *wife*?” The bridegroom answered, in a very *solemn* tone; “I *renounce* them *all*.” The astonished minister said—“I think you are a *fool*!”—to which he replied, “*All* this I *steadfastly* believe.”

Analogies. As, in the succession of the *seasons*, each, by the invariable laws of *nature*, affects the productions of what is *next* in course; so, in human *life*, every period of our *age*,—according as it is *well* or *ill* spent, influences the *happiness* of that which is to *follow*. *Virtuous youth*—generally brings forward accomplished and flourishing *manhood*; and *such* manhood passes off, without *uneasiness*, into *respectable* and tranquil *old age*. When *nature*—is turned out of its regular *course*, *disorder* takes place—in the *moral*, just as in the *vegetable* world. If the *spring*—put forth no *blossoms*, in *summer*—there will be no *beauty*, and in the *autumn*—no *fruit*. If *youth*—be trifled away without *improvement*, *manhood* will be *contemptible*—and *old age*—*miserable*. If the *beginnings* of life—have been *vanity*,—its *lotter end* can be no other than *revelation* of *spirit*.

Varieties. 1. Is there any such thing as *time* and *space*, in the world of *mind*? 2. Any book that is worth reading *once*, is worth reading *twice*. 3. Most *misfortunes*—may be turned into *blessings*, by watching the *tide* of affairs. 4. When the *wicked* are in power, *innocence* and *integrity* are sure to be *persecuted*. 5. Give people proper *books*, and teach them how to *read* them, and they will educate *themselves*. 6. *Unlimited* powers—should not be trusted in the hands of *any* one, who is not endowed with *perfection*,—more than *human*. 7. The truths of the *Bible* are the seeds of *order*; and as is the *reception*, such will be the *produce*.

Faults—in the *life*, breed errors in the *brain*,
And these, reciprocally, those again:
The *mind*, and *conduct*—mutually imprint,
And stamp their *image*—in each other's *mint*.

205. To *accomplish* the objects in view, the *development* and *perfection* of the voice for *reading, speaking* and *singing*, a great variety of *exercises* and *examples*, are introduced, containing *sense* and *nonsense*; and attention can be given to *both* kinds, according to their *uses*. Let it be remembered, that the forty-four sounds of the language are the fountains, from which are to flow every stream of *elocution* and *music*: and these are continually before us. No one can succeed in *silently* reading, or *thinking* over the subjects: *practice* is the great thing; therefore, frequently repeat the *sounds, read by vowels, spell by sounds*, and exercise in *accent* and *emphasis*, with all the *other* modifications.

206. They *con-cert* a plan to get up a *con-cert*, and as they *con-cord* the *con-cords* of the notes, they *con-crete* the *con-crete* tones with such admirable *con-duct*, as to *con-duct* the whole to the satisfaction of the audience. He *con-fects* the sugar with delicious *con-fects*, although he *con-fines* his efforts to the *con-fines* of the room; and without *con-flic*-ting in any serious *con-flict*, he *con-serves* the *con-serves* in such a way as to *con-sort* with his *con-sort* without *con-test*-ing with any serious *con-test*. I will *con-text* the *con-text*, so as to *con-tract* the *con-tract*-ing in a strong *con-tract*, the *con-vent*, so as to *con-vent* its inmates, while they *con-verse* in familiar *con-verse*.

207. Among the more *difficult* acquisitions, is the ability to prolong sounds in strongly marked *accented* and *emphatic* words, involving the *kindlier* feelings of our nature; to *succeed* in which, practice *single* long vowel sounds in separate words, and also in short and long phrases; as a—le; a—re; a—ll; ee—l; i—le; o—ld; oo—ze; mu—te; pu—ss; oi—l; ou—r; also, old armed chair; wheel to the right; roll the flames and join the muse; glowing hope; praise the lofty dome.

Notes. 1. The attempt is not made any where, to give a perfect notation of the manner in which one is to read; and some words are more or less emphatic, that are printed in common type; while certain words, which are not very important as to meaning, are printed in *italics*. 2. Never mind the rough appearance of the examples; but make them smooth in your delivery.

Anecdote. Self-love. The first consideration of a knave is—how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping others. *Dionysius*, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus, of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying—"Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in the summer—it behooves us to take care of Jupiter."

When was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not?
Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part?
He—be a nation's friend,
Who, in truth, is the friend of no man there?

Proverbs. 1. Instead of saying "I can't," say "I will." 2. Acquire knowledge that may be useful. 3. If possible, remove your own difficulties. 4. Husband your time, and waste neither that, nor your money. 5. Try to exert a good influence, wherever you are. 6. A little stone can make a great bruise. 7. Unwearied diligence the point will gain. 8. Cultivate good domestic habits. 9. Some rather reflect truth than practice it. 10. Man is a *mi-cro-cosm*, or little world. 11. Winter finds what Summer conceals. 12. Two of a trade seldom agree.

Important. Let the orator consider himself the connecting link, or medium, between the *mental* and *natural* world: i. e. that the *spiritual* world is progressing down into the *material* world; and that all his *muscles* and *vocal powers* are the proper *organs, thro'* which it is to flow. Hence, the necessity of developing and training, perfectly, those mediums of *communication*, that every thing in the *matter*, may tell, effectually, in the *manner*. Much, very much depends upon the state of his own mind; for, according to that—will be the *influence* shed abroad on the minds of others. Conceive yourself the *representative* of a vast concourse of *associated* minds, and be the *true* representative of your *constituents*.

Varieties. 1. Are *fictional* writings beneficial? 2. *E-go-tism* (or self-commendation,) is always disgusting, and should be carefully avoided. 3. A man cannot call a *better* physician than himself, if he will take all the good advice he gives to others. 4. Why is the human mind like a garden? because you can sow what seeds you please in it. 5. Good and bad fortune are necessary, to prepare us to meet the contingencies of life. 6. Be not too much afraid of offending others, by telling the truth: nor stoop to flattery nor meanness, to gain their favor. 7. The whole outward creation, with its every particular and movement, is but a theatre and scene of effects, brought forth into existence, and moved by interior spiritual causes, proper to the spiritual world.

To the curious eye

A little monitor—presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells—
The lily of the vale. She, not affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:
She—to no state or dignity aspires,
But, silent and alone, puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting per-fume, but for which
We had not known—there was a thing—so sweet
Hid—in the gloomy shade. So, when the blast
Her sister tribes confounds, and, to the earth
Stoops their high heads, that vainly were exposed,
She feels it not, but flourishes away,
Still sheltered and secure. And so the storm,
That makes the huge elm couch, and reads the oak,
The humble lily spares. A thousand blows,
That shake the lofty monarch, on his throne,
We lesser folks feel not. Keen are the pains
Advancement often brings. To be secure,
Be humble; to be happy, be content.

208. The question is often asked—which receives the *accent*, the *vowel* or the *consonant*? The reply is, sometimes *one*, and at others, *both*, when they are *connected*. In *able*, the accent is all on *a*; in *no-ble*, the *n* and *o* receive the accent, but principally the *o*; in *pre-sune*, the accent is mostly on *u*; and is imparted to *s* and *m*, terminating on the *m*. Although this fact is perfectly obvious, yet one book that purports to have passed through seven editions, insists that *vowels* are never accented. I would ask that author, what letter receives the accent of the proper name *A-i* in the Bible, since it has two syllables, and yet there are *no* consonants. Let us beware of *wrong* guides as well as *blind* ones.

209. *Half accented vowel sounds.* There is an *inferior*, or *half accent*, on certain words of three or more syllables, which should be observed; and, although given distinctly, must be kept within the vanish of the *accented* ones. The *dem-o-CRAT-ic con-ver-SA-tion re-spect-ing the li-A-ra was het-e-ro-ge-ne-us to a dem-on-STRA-tion; a met-a-PHIS-i-cal hyp-o-CHON-dria is rec-om-MEN-da-to-ry of super-a-BUN-dant prod-i-GAL-ity: the in-com-pre-HEN-si-ble plen-i-PO-TEN-ti-ary is an am-ple-fi-CA-tion of hy-dro-PHO-bi-a; the per-pen-dic-u-LAR-ity of the gen-er-al-IS-si-mo, and the mag-na-NIM-ity of the phil-an-THRO-PIC-al re-ca-pit-u-LA-tion was char-ac-ter-IS-tic of the in-cor-rup-ti-BIL-ity of his in-con-sid-er-a-ble-ness.*

210. The mere mention of Oratory, reminds us of the early times of *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome*; when there flourished a *LEVITE*, who was an important instrument in delivering an ancient people from *captivity*; one of whose qualifications for his high office, was, that he could "*speak well*;"—a *Demosthenes*, the *magic*, *music*, and *witchery* of whose eloquence, it is impossible to *translate* or *describe*;—a *Cicero*, whose oratory was *copious*, *correct*, *ornate*, and *magnificent*;—each of whom was *pre-eminent* in his own style and manner,—the *Grecian*—carrying the citadel by *storm*, and the *Roman* taking it after a regular and most beautifully conducted *siege*;—of a *Peter*, and *Paul*, pleading in the cause of *Heaven*, and holding vast *multitudes* in breathless silence, making even *Judges* tremble in their high places;—of more *modern* times, whose history presents us the name of a *Chatham*, a *Burke*, and a *Fox*, in the *assembly*; and those of a *Bourdoulou*, *Massillon*, *Bridane*, and *Whitfield*, in the *pulpit*; also the orators of our own time and land; some of whom, in many respects, will not suffer by a *comparison* with any of their illustrious predecessors.

*Praising—what is lost,
Makes the remembrance—dear.*

Proverbs. 1. Show me a *liar*, and I will show you a *thief*. 2. The best mode of instruction is—to practice what we teach. 3. Vain glory blossoms, but never bears. 4. Well to judge, depends on well to hear. 5. He who is wicked in the country, will be wicked in the town. 6. He who preaches war, is the devil's chaplain. 7. You will never have a friend, if you must have one without failings. 8. A bad man in office, is a public calamity. 9. That war only is just, which is necessary. 10. The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty. 11. Be not ruined by your neglect. 12. Ignorance is a misfortune.

Anecdote. *An Unwelcome Visitor.* A person, who often intruded himself in a reading-room and library, to which he was not a subscriber, had his pet dog turned out by the crusty old sexton; who gave him a kick, saying—"you are not a subscriber at any rate." The intruder took the hint; and never appeared again in the establishment, till he became a putron.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation, that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed, (increased perhaps by fresh torrents from the mountains,) and it must forever flow; because the source from which it is derived, is inexhaustible. Thus, the idle and irresolute youth, trifles over his books, or squanders, in childish pursuits, his precious moments, deferring the business of improvement, (which at first might be rendered easy and agreeable, but which, by delay, becomes more and more difficult,) until the golden sands of opportunity have all run, and he is called to action, without possessing the requisite ability.

Varieties. 1. Has the invention of gunpowder been beneficial to the world? The mind, like the soil, rises in value, according to the nature and degree—of its cultivation. 3. Labor and prudence, relieve us from three great evils,—vice, want, and indolence. 4. A wise man reflects, before he speaks; a foolish one speaks, and then reflects on what he has said. 5. Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having command of them. 6. Good—is never more effectually accomplished, than when produced by slow degrees. 7. True charity—cannot be conjoined to a persuasion of falsity, flowing from evil.

*There's quiet—in the deep:—
Above, let tides—and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds—wake the wave;
Above, let care—and fear contend
With sin and sorrow—to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets—above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage—that yells above!
There's quiet in the deep!*

211. Unaccented Vowels. There is great *beauty* in pronunciation, where each letter, that is not silent, tells upon the ear its true *character*, and *all* contribute to produce the desired *effect*: hence, the great necessity of giving to all *letters*, *syllables*, and *words*, their proper sounds; especially, the *vowels*, whether long or short, accented or unaccented: as,—on the *pres-ent oc-ca-sion* I shall not at-tempt to *prej-udice* your *o-pin-ions* or *e-mo-tions* to ac-com-plish my *objects*; is it *pos-si-ble*, the *ter-ri-ble of-fence* of the *gen-eral*, in *ref-er-ence* to the *man-u-scripts*, is *par-tic-u-lar-ly con-spic-u-ous* in the *red-o-lent can-o-py of heav-en*! the *del-e-gate re-quests* me to give an *oc-cu-lar ed-u-ca-tion* to his *del-i-cate child*, and be *par-tic-u-lar* in its *e-nun-ci-a-tion* and *pro-nun-ci-a-tion*.

212. A *con-vert* is one, who is *con-vert-ed* from *one side to another*, and a *con-vict* is one who has been *con-vic-ted* of some *crime*. The *con-voy* *con-voyed* the king to his throne, and placed a *cor-o-nal* on his *co-ro-nal brow*. I will *coun-ter-bal-ance* that *coun-ter-bal-ance*, and *coun-ter-buff* the enemy's *coun-ter-buff*. They will *coun-ter-charge* the *coun-ter-charge* on England, and *coun-ter-charm* the broker's *coun-ter-charm*, while we *coun-ter-check* the private's *coun-ter-check*. The general *coun-ter-mands* his officer's *coun-ter-mand*, as we *coun-ter-march* our *coun-ter-march*. We will *coun-ter-plot* your *coun-ter-plots*, and *coun-ter-mine* your *coun-ter-mines*. He *coun-ter-poised* their *coun-ter-poise*, and *coun-ter-mailed* their *coun-ter-vail*.

Notes. 1. *Different words*, as well as the *same words*, may be accented on different vowels, according to the object contemplated; thus—*vi-brate*, *pro-pose*, *brig-ade*, *hus-band*, *au-gust*, *au-gust*, *con-pound*. 2. The accent is generally on the root, or *theme* of the word; but sometimes on the *subordinate* part. 3. In reading *poetry*, the accent may be different from what it would be in *prose*, for the sake of the melody of the verse. 4. Remember, vowels must be prolonged on their *radical* parts, not on their *vanishing* movements. 5. Observe how lively, varied and interesting a passage is, when pronounced with proper accentual force; and see how insipid and monotonous *without* it. 6. Always let your accent be well marked and sustained; then your delivery will be brilliant, sprightly and effective.

Anecdote. *Undergoing a great hardship.* During a trial in *Court*, where judge *Parsons* presided, a lawyer desired to know what a witness meant by *keel-hauling*. "Do you not know?" replied the judge; "he means that it is *undergoing a great hardship*, to be sure!"

Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze—is fresh and steady.
Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
High in air—the streamer's playing.
Spread the sails—the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling;
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

Acquaintance grew; the acquaintance they improved
To *friendship*; friendship—ripened into love.

Proverbs. 1. Our *best security* consists in *innocence*, and the cheering influence of approving *conscience*. 2. *Tardiness* and *precipitation* are extremes equally to be *avoided*. 3. The *brave* may *fall*, but never *yield*. 4. *Books* alone can never teach the use of books. 5. *Common fame*—is often a *common liar*. 6. *Words*—are *leaves*; *deeds* are *fruits*. 7. *Deserve* success, and you shall *command* it. 8. *False friends* are worse than *open enemies*. 9. *Goodness* alone, *enriches* the possessor. 10. He who avoids the *temptation*, avoids the *sin*. 11. *Knowledge* is no *burden*. 12. *Man proposes*, and *God disposes*.

Woman. What a *consoler* is *woman*! None but *her* presence can so *win* a man from his *sorrow*, make *placid* the knit *brow*, and wreath the *stern* lip into a *smile*. The *soldier*—becomes a *lightsome boy* at her feet; the *anxious statesman*—smiles himself back to free-hearted *youth* beside her; and the *stilt* and *shaded countenance* of *care*—*brillens* beneath her *influence*, as the closed *flower* blooms in the *sunshine*.

Varieties. 1. What is *truth*? *Heaven* and *earth*, are interested in this momentous *question*. 2. Flee from *sloth*; for the indolence of the *soul*, is the decay of the *body*. 3. *Eloquence* is of two kinds,—that of the *heart*, which is called *divine*; and that of the *head*, which is made up of *conceit* and *sophistry*. 4. It is no *small grief* to one's good *nature*, to try his *friends*. 5. Talk not of the love that *outlives* adversity; the love, that *remains* with it, is a *thousand* times more rare. 6. Deliberate with *caution*, and act with *precision*; yield with *grace*, and oppose with *firmness*. 7. The *internal* man is formed in the *body*, as a *tree* in the *ground*, or a *seed* in the *fruit*.

AUTUMN EVENING.

Behold—the western evening light!

It melts—in deepening gloom;
So calmly—Christians sink away,
Descending—to the tomb.

The *winds*—breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers—from the tree;
So gently—flows the parting breath,
When good men—cease to be.

How beautiful—on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!

'Tis like the *peace*—the *Christian* gives
To *mothers*—round his bed.

How mildly—on the wandering cloud,
The *sunset* beam—is cast!

'Tis like the *memory*—left behind,
When loved ones—breathe their last.

And now, above the *dew* of night,
The yellow *star*—appears;

So—faith springs in the heart of those,
Whose eyes—are bathed in tears.

But soon—the *morning's* happier light
Its *glory* shall restore;

And *cyclids*, that are sealed in death
Shall wake—to close no more.

True religion—

Is always *mild*, *propitious*, and *humane*;
Plays not the *tyrant*, plants no faith in *blood*;
But stoops to *succor*, *polish*, and *redress*,
And builds her *grandeur*—on the public good.

213. A too frequent recurrence of *accented* vowels, occasions a heavy utterance, in consequence of the almost continual succession of vocal efforts: it is seen and felt in words, particularly the monosyllables, and in sentences, or members of sentences, and is the cause of the *slow rate* in the movement of the voice. Exs. "And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go. Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone." Whenever accent occurs frequently, there is always a predominance of quantity; and the delivery, of necessity, is much slower. Now here we have positive evidence that monosyllables have *accent*. Our best *authors* use the shortest *words*, which are usually of Saxon origin; hence, the charm, the witchery of certain speakers and writers.

214. He *des-cants* upon the *des-cant* of the preacher, who *de-ser-ts* his post, and goes into the *des-ert*, to live on spicy *des-ser-ts*. I will *di-gest* the *di-gest*, although I *dis-cord* every thing like *dis-cord*; I will also *dis-count*! We note for a reasonable *dis-count*, because he asked me *down-right*, in a *down-right* manner.

215. *Education* means the development, perfection, and proper use of the *body* and *mind*: it relates to the training and guardianship of youth, from infancy to mature age—to the influencing of the character and prospects, not only of individuals, but of nations. The highest powers and noblest sentiments of our nature might remain forever dormant, were they not developed and matured by the instruction and example of the wise and good. In a still wider sense, education may mean the whole training of the thoughts and affections by inward reflection and outward events and actions, by intercourse with men, "by the spirits of the just made perfect"—by instruction from the word, and the training the whole man for *life* and *immortality*.

Notes. 1. It would be extremely difficult, considering the partially developed and cultivated state of the *voice*, *ear*, and *language*, to give definite rules for pronouncing the unaccented vowels, in consequence of their verging towards each other in many words; of course, we must avoid too much stiffness on the one hand, and vulgarity on the other; the time will come, however, when every thing with regard to elocution will be as fixed and certain as in the science of music; which is as perfect as the science of numbers. 2. Never forget that without a good articulation, no one can become a correct reader, or speaker; and whatever other defects one may have, if he possess this excellence, he will be listened to with pleasure and profit: there is something very attractive and winning, in a clear, distinct and correct enunciation, which delights and captivates the soul. Let no one excuse himself from becoming perfect in this essential requisite.

What—cannot *patience* do?

A great *design*—is seldom match'd at once:

'Tis *patience* heaves it on.

From *savage nature*,

'Tis *patience*, that has built up human *life*,

The *nurse* of *arts*; and *Rome* exalts her head,

An everlasting monument to *patience*.

Proverbs. 1. Make provision for *want* in time of *plenty*. 2. *Live* and *let live*—is a good motto. 3. Of all flatterers, *self-love* is the *greatest*. 4. *Perspicuity* is inseparable from *eloquence*. 5. Restraint from *ill* is the *best* kind of *freedom*. 6. *Sin* and *sorrow* are inseparable companions. 7. *Speech* is the gift of *all*; *thought* of but *few*. 8. That which opposes *right*, must be *wrong*. 9. *Undutiful children*—make wretched parents. 10. No one can tell how much he can *accomplish*, till he *tries*. 11. The hand of the *diligent* maketh *rich*. 12. *Ill got*—ill spent.

Anecdote. *Dangerous Biting.* *Diogenes*, of old, being one day asked, the biting of what beasts is the most dangerous, replied,—“If you mean *wild* beasts, it is that of the *slandercr*; if *tame* ones, of the *flatterer*.”

True Empire. It is pleasant to be *virtuous* and *good*; because, that is to excel many others;—it is pleasant to grow better; because *that* is to excel *ourselves*; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our *lusts*, because *that* is *victory*;—it is pleasant to command our *appetites* and *passions*, and to keep them in due *order*, within the bounds of *reason* and *religion*,—because—*that* is *empire*.

Varieties. 1. Are *Rail-Roads* and *Canals*, a *benefit* to the country? 2. He, who is slowest in *making* a promise, is generally the most faithful in *performing* it. 3. When a *teacher* is to be hired, there is generally a terrible *pressure* in the *money* market. 4. *Un-educated mind* is *educated vice*. 5. They, who love *flattery*, are in a fair way to repent of their *weakness*; yet how few are *proof* against its *attacks*. 6. If others attribute *more* to us than is our *due*, they are either *designing* or *mistaken*; and, if they allow us *less*, they are *envious* or *ignorant*; and, in *both* cases should be *disregarded*. 7. The *Lord* is *ever present* in the human *soul*, and we are tried every moment in all we *will*, *think*, *do*, *hear*, or *say*.

CURRAN'S DAUGHTER—EMMETT'S BETROTHED.

She is far from the land—where her young hero sleeps,

And *lovers*—around her are sighing;

But *coldly* she turns from their gaze, and *weeps*,

For her heart—in his grave—is lying.

She sings the wild songs—of her dear native plains,

Every note, which he lov'd—awaking,—

Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the minstrel—is breaking.

He had liv'd—for his love—for his country—he died;

They were all—that to life had intwin'd him—

Nor soon—shall the tears of his country be dried,

Nor long—will his love stay behind him

Oh! make her a grave—where the *runleaks* rest,

When they promise a glorious *morrow*:

They'll shine o'er her sleep—like a smile from the west,

From her own lov'd island of *sorrow*.

Oh! I hear,

Upon the silence of the *midnight* air,

Celestial voices—swell in holy *chorus*;

That bears the *soul*—to heaven.

Impartial—as the *grave*,

Sleep,—robs the cruel tyrant—of his *power*,
Gives *rest* and *freedom* to the o'erwrought *slave*,
And *steals* the wretched *beggar*—from his *want*.

216. A too *un-frequent* occurrence of accent, produces *indistinctness*; because of the rapidity with which the unaccented sounds must be pronounced; depending, as they do, on the *radical* or accented vowels: in pronouncing such words, be particular to concentrate the voice, strongly, on the accented vowels; and that will give you sufficient impelling power, to carry you easily through the word. Ex. His *dis-in-ter-est-ed-ness* and *in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty* are *ab-so-lute-ly in-ex-pli-ca-ble*; I *un-hes-i-ta-ting-ly* say, that the *un-re-a-son-a-ble-ness* of that *tri-per-son-al-ist's* scheme is an *ir-ref-ra-ga-ble* proof of *lat-i-tu-di-na-ri-an-ism*; he spoke *com-mu-ni-ca-tive-ly* of his *in-dis-so-lu-ble stor-en-li-ness*, which he, *hi-e-ro-glyph-i-cal-ly* and *per-emp-to-ri-ly* declared, was neither *an-ti-pes-ti-len-tial*, *con-grat-u-la-to-ry*, nor *in-con-tro-ver-ti-ble*.

217. Pay particular attention, not only to the errors of foreigners, in pronunciation, but also to those of our own countrymen: let nothing of importance escape your critical observation: in this way, your voice, taste, and ear, will be cultivated, and you will be saved from such defects as would, if indulged in, impede your progress in these arts, and prevent you from being extensively useful in your day and generation.

218. He *in-lays* the table with silver *in-lays*. *Instinct* is the power derived from above, that determines the will of the brute creation, while all nature is *in-stinct* with life from the same source. The *in-sult* returned *in-sults* the man, as it *inter-dicts* the interchange which *invalids* *inter-chang'd* for an *in-val-id in-ter-dict*. His *mi-nute mis-con-duct* every *min-ute* that he *mis-con-ducts*, *mi-nute-ly* affects the lady *min-ute-ly*.

219. Laughing Scientifically. The following suggestions are given for the formation of *laughing glee clubs*; in the hope that this remarkably *healthful* and *anti-melancholy* exercise, may aid in accomplishing its very beneficial effects in *old and young, male and female*. Let a number of persons, say six, or eight, form a circle, sitting, or standing, erectly, with the shoulders thrown back, and the leader commence, by giving one laugh, in the use of the syllable *huh*: then, let the one at his right hand repeat it, which is to be reiterated by each one till it comes round; then, without any loss of time, let the leader *repeat* the word, adding another, (*huh, huh,*) which is to be taken up as before by the club; and, as it comes to him the third time, let him add another, (*huh, huh, huh,*) and so on, till there follows a complete round of shouts, and roars of laughter.

Again—I feel my *bosom* bound,
My heart sits *lightly* on its *seat*;
My *cares*—are all in *rapture* drown'd,
In every pulse—new *pleasures* beat.

Proverbs. 1. Want of *punctuality* is a species of *falsehood*. 2. *Youth*—is the best season for *improvement*. 3. No confidence can be placed in those, who are in the habit of telling *lies*. 4. *Good*, and *bad* habits, formed during youth, generally *go* with us during *life*. 5. Our *best* friends are those, who tell us our *faults*, and teach us to *correct* them. 6. A *kind word*, or even a *kind look*, often affords great comfort to the *afflicted*. 7. 'Tis not those who *read* the most, that *know* the most; but, those who *reflect* and *practice* the most. 8. The *sun*—is never the *worse* for shining on a *dung-hill*. 9. *True* valor—is *fire*; *bullying*—is *smoke*. 10. Wealth is not *his*, who gets it; but *his* who *enjoys* it. 11. *Dying*—is as natural as *living*. 12. All *covet*—all *lose*.

Anecdote. Sea-Lawyers. A member of the *bar*, on his passage to *Europe* in a *steam* vessel, observed a *shark* near them; and not knowing what it was, asked one of the *sailors*; who replied, with much gravity, "Here, we call 'em *sea-lawyers*."

Known by our Fruits. A *man*—is known by his *words*—as a *tree*—by its *fruit*; and if we would be apprised of the *nature* and *qualities* of any one, let him but *dis-course*, and he will *speak* them to us, better than another can *describe* them. We may therefore perceive how *proper* it is—for those to hold their *tongues*, who would not discover the *shallowness* of their *understandings*. *Empty vessels*—make the greatest *sound*, and the deepest *rivers*—are most *silent*. It is a *true* observation, that *those* who are *weakest* in *understanding*, and *slowest* of *apprehension*, are, generally, the most *precipitate*—i. e. uttering their *crude conceptions*.

Varieties. 1. Why is an egg—*un-done*, like an egg *over-done*? Because, *both* are *hardly done*. 2. A *prying disposition*—into what does not *concern* one, and a *tattling tongue*—are two very common *evils*. 3. The bones of *birds* are *hollow*, and filled with *air*, instead of *marrow*; hence their power of making *sound*. 4. *Unprofitable speech*—is like the *cypress*, which is *great* and *tall*, yet bears no *fruit*. 5. *Nature*, in too many instances, is pushed from her *throne*; the world having *lost* its relish for her *truth* and *purity*. 6. *Swift*—dedicated one volume of his works to "*Prince Posterity*;" and there is *manliness* in the act. 7. Every advancement in *good*, is a delivery from *evil influences*; and every *fall* in *evil*, is a *victory*, obtained by them over the *soul*.

If we are *wise*—and judge *aright*, there's scarce
An *ill* of life (however *keen* or *hard*
To hear), but *good* may be extracted thence!
'Tis so by *Providence* ordained, to *those*
Who seek for *light*—amid the shade of *gloom*.
It is, indeed, a *sombre* sky, where not
One cheerful speck appears. Why gaze alone
On that, which doth *appal* the *soul*, and pass
The *cheering* ray, which, *constant* gazing on,
Might so *expand*, to *chase* the *sombre* cloud?

220. There are words, as we have seen, that are *spelt* alike, but pronounced *differently*, by changing the seat of *accent*: because the *meaning* is different: and there are words, spelt nearly alike, and pronounced by *some* alike, though *incorrectly*; and the consequence often is, a complete perversion of the *sense*. A minister took for his text, the following very comprehensive words; "He that feareth God, and worketh *righteousness*, is accepted of him." But instead of reading it as contained in the *Bible*, he *perverted* it, by saying: "He that feareth God, and worketh *righteousness*, is *ex-cepted* of him." that is *left out*; excluded.

221. Practice on the *following*, and *similar* words, and distinguish the *vowel* sounds by their appropriate *pronunciation*. The *ab-o-li-tion* move-ment is *ac-cept-ed* by some, and *ex-cept-ed* by others. 2. Being *con-fi-dent* of his *con-fi-dant*, the *per-son-age* worketh the *fi-na-ry*, by the *par-son-age* of his *fi-na-ry*. 3. The *rad-ish* *pen-dant*, looking red-ish, was *pen-dent* in the nose of the *bar-on* whose lands were *bar-ren*. 4. His *sal-a-ry* was *cel-e-ry*, because he lived under the *cap-i-tol* in the *cap-i-tal* of the state, *op-po-site* the office that was *ap-po-site* to his purpose.

222. *Telling Stories.* Who has not observed the intense *interest*, manifested by children, in hearing one another tell *stories*? They will sit up till *midnight*, without being *sleepy*; and are generally *driven* to their *homes*, or their *bed*. How readily they *remember*, and *relate* interesting stories to their companions, *days*, *weeks*, and *months*, and even *years*, after first hearing them: the *reason* is, they not only *see* and understand these tales, but *feel* them intensely; and hence, they easily get them by *heart*, as it is called. Why have not teachers long since taken a hint of the mode, in which to communicate all the varieties of scientific, and useful knowledge to their pupils! Let them take turns in telling stories after their teachers; and if their exercises are judiciously managed, as they *may* be, they will be found exceedingly amusing, and promotive of a very rapid development of mind.

Anecdote. *Double Meaning.* An *illiterate* personage, who always *volunteered*—to go round with his *lad*, was suspected of sparing his *own* pocket. Overhearing, one day, a *remark* to that effect, he made the following reply: "Other gentlemen puts down what they think *proper*, and so do I. *Charity's* a *private* concern, and what I give is *nothing to nobody*."

Dost thou know the fate of *soldiers*?

They're but *ambition's* tools—to cut a way

To her unlawful *ends*; and when they're *worn*,

Hacked, heven—with constant *service*, thrown aside,

To *rust*—in *peace*, or rot—in *hospitals*.

Proverbs. 1. Be *punctual*—in all your *appointments*, and *honest*—in all your *dealings*. 2. Always *live* so that the world may be the *better*, for your *living* in it. 3. Never make sport of an *insane*, or *intoxicated* person. 4. Let the law of *kindness*—be ever on your tongue. 5. In *conversation*, seek out acceptable *words*. 6. Never *require* favors, but *ask* for them. 7. Avoid *doing* things, that are calculated to excite *attention*. 8. Learn to practice *self-denial*, when it will promote the happiness of *others*. 9. *Kindly* and *faithfully* remind your *friends* and *companions*, of their *faults*. 10. Be *accurate* in every thing. 11. No *rose* without a *thorn*. 12. *Pride*—will have a *fall*.

Discovery of Glass. *Pliny* informs us, that the art of making *glass*—was accidentally discovered by some *merchants*, who were traveling with *nitre*, and stopped near a *river*, issuing from Mount *Carnel*. Not finding anything to rest their *kettles* on, they used some pieces of *nitre* for that purpose. The *nitre* gradually *dissolving* by the *heat*, mixed with the *sand*, and a transparent *matter* flowed, which was in fact *glass*. It is certain that we are often more indebted to apparent chance, than *genius*—for *many* of the most valuable *discoveries*: therefore every one should keep his *eyes* and *ears* open,—his *thoughts* and *feelings* *awake* and *active*.

Varieties. 1. *Why* should any one think it a *disgrace*—to *work* for his living? 2. *Investigate* every subject, with which you become *acquainted*, until you *understand* it *thoroughly*. 3. "I'll try," is a plant, that would flourish in the *frigid zone*; "I can't," would be barren *any* where. 4. Never condemn *another*, for not knowing what you have just learned; or perhaps do not clearly *understand*. 5. No *tongue* can *tell*, or *intellect* *perceive*, the full import of the word *HOME*. 6. The *true* christian religion—is a divine *wardrobe*, containing garments for all *kinds* and *orders* of wearers. 7. As the soul advances in true resignation of its *own* will, to the will of *God*, every *principle* and *faculty* of mind—becomes *sanctified*, even down into the life of the *senses*.

Weep not, that Time
Is passing on,—it will—ere long, reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the *valles*—and *mountains* of the earth
There is a *deep*, portentous *murmuring*,
Like the swift *rush*—of subterranean *streams*;
Or like the *mingled* sounds of earth, and air,
When the fierce *Tempest*, with sonorous *veing*,
Heaves his deep *folds* upon the rushing *winds*,
And hurries *onward*—with his night of *clouds*
Against the eternal *mountains*. 'Tis the voice
Of infant *Freedom*,—and her stirring call
Is *heard*—and *answered*—in a thousand tones,
From every *hill-top* of her Western *home*,—
And lo, it breaks across old *Ocean's* flood,—[shout
And "Freedom! FREEDOM!" is the answering
Of *nations*, starting from the spell of *years*.

223. When *accented* and *unaccented* syllables are agreeably interspersed through the words, neither a *heavy utterance*, nor *indistinctness* occurs. Ex. "Not so, when swift *Camilla* scorns the plain, Flies o'er the unbending *corn*, and skims along the *main*." Now, compare the movement of the voice in *this*, with the *following*, and *see* and *feel* the difference: "And ten low words oft creep in one dull line." The former is like a *nag*, that gallops off in fine *style*; the latter, one that creeps, like a *snail*. The reason is, as you perceive, in one case, there is *life* and *light*; in the other, nothing but *words*.

224. Neither *teachers* nor *parents*, can be too *wisely* careful of the *influence*, exerted upon their *pupils* and *children*: for principles apply to both *matter* and *spirit*. "Just as the *twig* is bent, the *tree*'s inclined." Again, since *thoughts* are imperishable *existences*, we should be careful in *entertaining* and *cherishing* any other, than such as we are willing to have for our companions on *earth*, and during our eternal state of being in the future *world*. Here, then, is something for all of us to attend to; and unspeakable consequences are depending on the performance of duty. Are we of the number of those, who turn *back* in the day of battle? or, of those who gird on their armor, to *do*, or *die*?

225. *Position in Bed.* There is no doubt, that the habit of forming *round* or *hump'd* shoulders, (which is rarely, if ever, *natural*), is contracted in *infancy*, and childhood. The incautious mother, not understanding the principles of physiology, lays the infant on a pillow of *feathers*, instead of on a good mattress, or straw bed, *without* pillows; thus, elevating the *head* far too much above the level of the *body*; and this practice is continued in after-life, very much to the detriment of health, and beauty of form. If necessary, raise the *head-posts* of the bedstead a few inches, instead of using pillows.

Notes. 1. Observe, that when the accent is *at*, or *near*, the beginning of the word, it materially aids the expulsive stress of voice, carrying us more easily through the word, than when it is placed near the last end: the genius of our language is in favor of the former; hence, the tendency is to place the accent at the beginning; which makes language more powerful and effective. 2. In *running*, the impetus of preceding efforts carries us on after those efforts have ceased.

Anecdote. *A Tough Animal.* "The constitution of our *females* must be *excellent*," says a celebrated physician; "for, take an *ox*, or a *horse*, and enclose his sides with *corsets*,—and he would *labor* indeed,—but it would be for *breath*."

Nothing—is lasting—on the world's wide stage,
As sung, and wisely sung, the Grecian sage;
And man, who, through the globe—extends his sway,
Reigns—but the sovereign creature of a day;
One generation comes, another—goes,
Time—blends the happy—with the man of woes;
A different face of things—each age appears,
And all things—alter—in a course of years.

Proverbs. 1. He who marries for *wealth*, sells his *liberty*. 2. A *friend*, which you buy with *resents*, may be bought from you. 3. *Ladies*—will sooner pardon want of *sense*, than want of good *manners*. 4. The remedy for love is—*land between*. 5. You may know a *foolish* woman—by her *finery*. 6. *Temperance*, *employment*, and a cheerful *spirit*—are great *preservers* and *restorers* of health. 7. Many a one digs his *grave* with his *teeth*. 8. The *epicure*—puts his *purse* in his *stomach*; and the *miser*—his *stomach* in his *purse*. 9. Change of *weather* is the discourse of *fools*. 10. We hate *delay*; but it often makes us *wiser*. 11. *Talking*—does no *work*. 12. *Past labor* is *pleasant*.

Laconics. Never *mystify* science; but, if possible, always *elucidate* it. Knowledge—is too *important*—to be made the subject of a *silly joke*.

Varieties. 1. If *content* does not remove the disquietudes of life, it will at least *alleviate* them. 2. Can *matter* ever be *annihilated*? 3. Every sentence we read *understandingly*, is like a cast of the weaver's *shuttle*, adding another thread to the web of life. 4. They, who are governed by *reason*, need no other motive than the *goodness* of an act, to excite them to *practice* it. 5. A *reading* people will become a *thinking* people; and then, they are capable of becoming a *great* people. 6. A diligent *pen* supplies many *thoughts*. 7. Nothing but *divine love*, and *divine wisdom*, can proceed from *God*, the centre of all beings.

DEATH OF A HEART-FRIEND.

If I had *thought*—thou couldst have *died*,
I might not *weep* for thee;
But I *forgot*, when by thy side,
That thou couldst *mortal* be.

It never through my *mind* had passed,
The *time* would e'er be o'er,
And I on *thee*—should look my *last*,
And thou shouldst *smile*—no more!

And *still*—upon that *face* I look,
And think—'twill *smile* again;
And still the *thought*—I *will* not brook,
That I must look in *vain*!

But when I *speak*,—thou dost not *say*,
What thou ne'er left'st *unsaid*;
And now I *feel*, as well I *may*,
Sweet Mary! thou art *dead*!

If thou wouldst *stay*, e'en as thou *art*.

All *cold*—and all *serene*,—
I *still* might press thy *silent heart*,
And where thy *smiles* have been!
While e'en thy *chill*, bleak *corse* I have,
Thou seemest *still* my own;
But *there* I lay thee—in thy *grave*,—
And I am now—*alone*!

I do not think, *where'er* thou art,
Thou hast *forgotten* me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking, *too*, of *thee*.

Yet there was *round* thee—such a dawn
Of *light*, ne'er seen *before*,
As *fancy*—never could have *drawn*,
And *never*—can *restore*!

226. Revisions. The great practical importance of this subject, demands a passing remark. In *revising*, we not only gather up the *fragments*, but refresh our minds with a reproduction of what we previously had learned. By reviewing our studies, we often find the *materials*, with which we can overcome difficulties, that seem almost insurmountable; hence, revisions frequently serve as a *key*, to unlock the casket, that contains invaluable treasures. And we must guard against thinking of the *principles*, as being contained in the *book*; unless they are *understood* and *felt* in the mind, and *by* the mind, and *through* the *body* are reduced to *practice*, they are, so far as we are concerned, *valueless* and *dead*. *Seeing* food, or *thinking* of it, will impart no nourishment to the body; it must be *eaten*, *digested*, and *appropriated*.

227. Now repeat all the sounds of the letters, in their alphabetical order, as found on page 63; omitting those that are *duplicates*; then give the *vowels* and *consonants*, by themselves: afterwards, give the *short* vowels, and the *long* ones by themselves, and read several paragraphs by vowel sounds; after which, give the *vocal* consonants, and *aspirates*, by themselves: then the *single*, *double*, and *triple* ones, and analyze words, spelling them by their sounds; also, raise and fall the eight vowels, according to the diatonic scale, in article 64; then revise the two modes of making *accent*; practice on the changes of its seat, and realize the important use of every exercise.

228. The *pre-con-tract* *pre-con-tracks* the *pre-fix* which is *pre-fixed* to the *pre-ude*, with which the speaker *pre-ludes* the *present* *pres-age*, that he *pre-sag'd* the man would *pre-sent*. The *prod-uce* of the land was such as to *pro-duce* a *pro-ject* to *pro-test* against the man who *pro-jects* the infamous *prot-est* against the *reb-el* that *re-bels* against the law. I *re-fuse* to *re-cord* either the *ref-use* or the *rec-ord*, or *re-tail* them by wholesale or *re-tail*.

229. *A Dandy of some use.* Let the pupil impress on his mind the absolute necessity, for awhile, of keeping his shoulders thrown back, so as to make the breast as *round* and *prominent* as possible: and then, after a few days, or weeks at farthest, he will feel very uncomfortable to sit, stand, or labor, in a bent position. But, says one, "I should look so much like a *dandy*." Never mind that, provided it be *right*; and if you can make this much use of so superfluous an *article*, it may serve to show you, that nothing exists in vain: think of the wisdom and industry of the *bee*.

This smooth *discourse*,—and mild *behavior*, oft
Conceals—a *traitor*.

Proverbs. 1. Never repulse an *associate* with *unkindness*. 2. Love one another with a *pure* heart *severely*. 3. The morality of the christian religion, is not *national*, but *universal*. 4. *Prudence* says—take time by the *foretop*. 5. A bird in the *hand*, is worth *two* in the *bush*. 6. The *diligent* soul, shall be made *rich*. 7. *Knowledge*—is *power*; *ignorance*—is *weakness*. 8. An *egg* to *day*, is better than a *hen* to-morrow. 9. *Worldly* reputation and sensual *pleasure*, are destructive to *virtue*. 10. The *history* and *wisdom* of the world, can only be known by *reading*. 11. We are to be saved from our sins, not in our sins. 12. What-ever is worth reading at *all*, is worth reading *well*.

Anecdote. *Afraid of Work.* A person once said to a *father*, whose son was noted for his *laziness*, that he thought his son was very much *afraid of work*. "*Afraid of work*?" replied the father, "not at *all*,—he will lie down, and go to *sleep* close by the *side* of it."

Right Views. The more we ascribe all *goodness* and *truth*—to the *Lord*, the *more*—will the interiors of the *mind*, be open towards *heaven*, the *only* source of *happiness*: for by thus doing, we acknowledge that nothing *good* and *true* is from *ourselves*; and, in proportion as this is heartily *confessed*, the love of *self*—*departs*, and with it—the thick *darkness*, which arises from that which is *false* and *evil*: thus it is evident, how *one*—becomes wiser than *another*. As the exhalations from the *earth*—rise and form *clouds*, more or less *dense*, thus obscuring the *atmosphere*, and preventing the clear light of the *sun*; so, do the exhalations of *self-love*—arise and obscure the light of *Divine truth*,—of that *Sun*, which rules the *world* of *mind*.

Varieties. 1. Does *pain* or *pleasure*—predominate in human life? 2. *Wedded* life, says a happy *husband*, is a perpetual *fountain* of domestic *sweets*. 3. Drinking *water*—neither makes a man *sick*, nor runs him in *debt*, nor makes his wife a *widow*: can as much be said of ardent *spirits*? 4. He, who peeps through a *keyhole*, may see something to *rex* him. 5. That *gentleness*, which is characteristic of a *good* man, like every other virtue, has its seat in the *heart*: and nothing but what *flows* from the heart—can render even *external* manners, *truly* pleasing. 6. The *Lord* came to *seek* and *save* those who are *lost*: and he saves all who are *willing* to be saved. 7. *Love*—principles and genuine *truth*, respect each other according to degrees of *affinity*: and the greater the *affinity*, the greater is the *attraction* between them.

Morning—hath her songs of gladness,
Sultry noon—its ferved glare,
Evening hours, their gentle sadness,
Night—its dreams, and rest from care;
But the pensive twilight—ever
Gives its own sweet fancies birth,
Waking visions, that may never
Know reality—on earth.

230. Orthography—relates to the *right placing* of the letters in words, and *Orthoepy*—to the *right pronouncing* of words, according to the *sounds* of the letters,—the *former*—respects *written* language, and is addressed to the eye; and the *latter*, *spoken* language, and is addressed to the ear; the *first* supposes the *second*. We may infer the perfection, which the ancient *Greeks* attained, in *orthoepy*, from this fact, that when a public *speaker*—even *pronounced* a word incorrectly, the whole audience simultaneously *hissed* him. Whence did they *acquire* such accuracy of ear! Doubtless, in spelling by the *sounds* of their letters, instead of by their *names*. When we adopt this method, which *nature* and *science* dictate, we shall attain *like* excellency in pronunciation, and our language will then be found to contain more *power* and *sweetness* than any other in the world.

231. Pronunciation—is *orthoepy*, or the right utterance of words; i. e. pronouncing words according to *euphony*, *analogy* and *custom*, which constitute the *standard*. The principal rule is, pronounce in the *easiest* and most *effectual* manner: and, when words are introduced from *other* languages, they should be pronounced according to the principles of *our* language; that is, they must conform to the genius of the *English language*, as *foreigners* do to that of *our constitution*, when they become *naturalized*,—abjuring *foreign*, *uncongenial* influences and principles, and submitting to *ours*.

232. Our Orthography and Orthoepy. Many *foreigners* and *natives* find it difficult to *speak* our language, in consequence of the great difference between its *spelling* and its *pronunciation*, and the various *sounds* given to the same *letters* in *similar*, and in *different* combinations; and, although, for the last two centuries, our *orthography* has remained nearly *stationary*, yet our *orthoepy* has been very much *changed*; which may be seen in comparing the *Bible*, translated under James I., with the *common* edition. Different *persons* have proposed different *means*, for *overcoming* these difficulties, and nearly all without much *success*; which is the less to be *regretted*, when we consider how little the *voice* and *ear* have been developed and cultivated, and thereby prepared to meet the *exigencies* of the case. It is *now* seen, on a faithful *analysis* and *synthesis* of their labors to *revolutionize* our language in these respects, that *each* reformer's system is found to be very *imperfect*; but the good work is going on *slowly*; and, in process of time, it will be *accomplished*; very much to the disappointment of *book-worms*, and to the gratification of that spirit of the *age*, which looks more to the *uses* of things, than to their *looks*.

Proverbs. 1. Reprove *mildly*, and correct with *caution*. 2. Let us *creep* before we *walk*, and *walk* before we *fly*. 3. One book, *well* read, is worth twenty *skimmed* over. 4. The *greatest* wealth—is contentment with a *little*. 5. A *letter*—is half a *meeting*. 6. We may *read* much, without *understanding* much. 7. Presence of *mind*, is necessary at *all* times. 8. *Little* boats should keep near *shore*; *great* ones—may venture *more*. 9. I *confide*, and am at *rest*. 10. While there is *life*, there is *hope*. 11. He *attains* whatever he *aims* at. 12. A *good* story, is none the worse for being twice *told*.

Anecdote. *Dying but Once.* When *Cesar* was advised, by some of his *friends*, to be more *cautious* as to the security of his *person*, and not to walk among the people without *arms*, or any one to *protect* him; he replied,—“He, who lives in the *fear* of *death*, every *moment* feels its *torture*; I will die but *once*.”

Laconics. A life of *deceit*—is one of unmitigated *torture*—a *living hell*, which should deserve our *pity* for the unhappy *beings* who *submit* to it.

Varieties. 1. Are not the *unity* and *trinity* of *God*, the *elemental* and *fundamental* principles of *christian theology*? 2. *Character*, based on *goodness* and *truth*, is a source of eternal *happiness*. 3. We are made what we *are*, by what is from *above*, *within*, and *around* us. 4. *God* gives to *all*, the power of becoming what they *ought* to be. 5. A full persuasion of our *ability* to do *well*, is a powerful motive to *excellence*, and a sure pledge of *success*. 6. It is our *duty*, and our *happiness*, to *feel* for others, and take an *interest* in their *welfare*. 7. The *action* of *life*, is *desire*; as is the *desire* and *delight*, with its consequent *actions*, such is the *life*.

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE.

The *Lord*—my *pasture* shall prepare,
And *feed* me—with a *shepherd's* care;
His *presence*—shall my *wants* supply,
And *guard* me—with a *watchful* eye;
My *noon-day* walks—he shall attend,
And *all* my *midnight* hours—defend.

When, in the sultry *glebe*—I faint,
Or, on the thirsty *mountains* pant;
To fertile *vales*, and dewy *meads*,
My *weary*, and *wandering* steps he leads,
Where peaceful *rivers*, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant *landscape* flow.

Though—in the paths of *death*—I tread,
With gloomy *horrors*—overspread,
My steadfast *heart*—shall *fear* no ill;
For *thou*, O *Lord*, art with me *still*:
Thy friendly *crook*—shall give me *aid*,
And *guide* me—through the dreadful *shade*.

Though in a *bare*—and *rugged* way,
Through *devious*—lonely *wilds* I stray,
Thy bounty—shall my *pains* beguile;
The barren *wilderness*—shall smile,
With sudden *greens*—and *herbage* crowned,
And *streams*—shall murmur *all* around.

233. Pronunciation—should be so systematic, as to render it capable of being studied from its elementary principles, and become an object of methodical acquirement. Every thing involved in producing *sounds*, in the conformation of the organs in *articulation*, the application of all that belongs to *accented*, *half-accented*, and *un-accented* vowels, and every principle of *melody* and *euphony*—are included in *pronunciation*, and tends to its *perfection*: but the *ancients* included also *Emphasis*, *Intonation*, *Inflection*, *Circumflexes* and the other essentials of delivery.

234. If the great object of pronunciation be, to produce the *designed* effect, in the best manner, we shall find it necessary to attend not only to the preceding principles, and their *application*, but to watch over useless *innovations*, and inclinations to senseless *changes*,—desires to be what is called *fashionable*—regardless of *reason*, and ambitious to shine as a *leader* in some peculiar pronunciation: then, our language will bear a rigid comparison with any other, either *ancient* or *modern*, when *ends*, *causes* and *effects* are taken into consideration. Let us not, then, deviate from established *principles*, and *rules*, without *good* and satisfactory *reasons*.

235. Action and Reaction. Have you ever particularly noticed, the reciprocal action between the *voice* and the *mind*, the *tongue* and the *heart*? Well might the apostle exclaim, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The tongue is full of power for *weal*, or for *wo*, according to the *state of the heart*, that impels it to *action*. What is there, that cannot be talked up, or talked down by it? It is full of *blessing*, or *cursing*—*love* or *hatred*; and oh! how it can sting the *soul*, when it has been dipped in the gall and wormwood of hell; and how lift it to *heaven*, when fired with *celestial love*.

Notes. Always infill, perfectly, the accented vowel, and more so, in proportion as the word is important; i. e. shape the vowel sound completely, by the appropriate organs, and give it all its necessary power, filling it full of the influence of the mind, in the proportion as you wish your ideas to be impressive and abiding. Mind possesses a magnifying power over words, making them mean more than they naturally do: which will be perfectly obvious in the specific practice of the principles which we are gradually approaching.

Anecdote. "I suppose," (said an arrant quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient,) "that you think me a fool." "Sir," (replied the sick man,) "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

If all our hopes and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travelers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh! what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing, could pleasures give?
Oh! who would venture then, to die,
Or who would venture then, to live?

Proverbs. 1. The conduct of men is an index to their hearts; for by their fruits ye shall know them. 2. In arduous and trying circumstances preserve equanimity; and in prosperous hours, restrain the ebullitions of excessive joy. 3. Those things that belong to others generally please us; while those that are our own are more valued by others. 4. Attach yourself to good company and you will be respected as one of them. 5. The most distinguished men, of all ages, have had their imperfections. 6. Cutting jests, when the satire is true, inflicts a wound that is not soon forgotten. 7. Nothing is more disgusting, than a low-bred fellow, when he suddenly attains an elevated station. 8. Either never attempt a thing, or accomplish it. 9. Fortune—favors the bold, and abandons the timid. 10. Acts of kindness, shown to good men, are never thrown away. 11. War—is death's jest. 12. Of two evils—choose the least.

Varieties. 1. If you make a present, give what will be useful. 2. Do not the wings, that form the butterfly, lie folded in the worm? 3. Language—should first be learned by imitation. 4. One of the greatest obstacles, in the road to excellence, is indolence. 5. Humility—is that low, sweet root, from which all heavenly virtues shoot. 6. Acquire a thorough knowledge of all your duties. 7. God—is an infinite abyss of wisdom: which is not comprehensible—either by men or angels, as to one millionth of its parts: of its infinite store, they are to receive fresh supplies to all eternity.

THE MOTHER'S INJUNCTION, ON PRESENTING HER SON WITH A BIBLE.

Remember love, who gave thee this.
When other days shall come:
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps—in her narrow home,
Remember, 'twas a mother—gave
The gift to one—she'd die to save.
That mother—sought a pledge of love,
The holiest—for her son;
And, from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one.
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy,
And bade him keep the gift,—that, when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope—to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said—his faith in that—would be
Sweet incense—to her memory.
And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That—he from youth had borne;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?
A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love, that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift, Remember, boy!

236. The only way that *provincialisms*, foreign accents and *brogues*, can be removed, is by individual attention to the first principles of our language, as here exhibited, and, at the same time, following a teacher who can give the *true English pronunciation*; for *sounds* can only be learned by *imitation*; and this is the way in which *Elocution* and *Music* must be taught. Our language has suffered, and is suffering, greatly, by being improperly taught by *foreigners*, who cannot pronounce one *half* of our words with *propriety*. But a teacher may be able to pronounce *single* words with a good degree of *correctness*, and yet be unable to deliver *sentences*, in a proper manner. A few minutes every day, for a few weeks, devoted to the study and practice of these principles, will enable almost any one to discover and amend his errors and defects in articulating our forty-four sounds, and pronouncing correctly, the words in common use; and if spelling by sounds and by sight, be faithfully practiced, one may secure another rare excellence,—that of *writing* our words with *correctness* and *despatch*.

237. Every thing in the universe, both of *mind* and of *matter*, exists in reference to certain *fixed principles*, which are called *laws of order*, originating in the *Great First Cause*, and thence emanating throughout all creation, *animate* and *inanimate*; and so long and so far, as these laws are obeyed, we are shielded from all evils, *physical* and *spiritual*: hence, if a man suffers, either in *mind*, or *body*, from *within*, or *without*, the cause of the suffering is an infringement of the *Laws of Life*. Such, then, are our *constitutions*, and *relations*, that we cannot *will*, *think*, or *act*, without obeying, or violating, these laws of *Life*, of *Being*, of *God*. Oh the *lengths*, the *breadths*, the *heights*, and the *depths* of the *wisdom* and *love* of *God*, as manifested in the *creation*, *redemption*, and *SALVATION OF MAN*.

Anecdote. *Pity*. A would-be orator, of very moderate abilities, after a long *harangue*, asked a *real* friend, if he did not excite much *compassion*. He replied, "most certainly, you did sir; every one of the audience pitied you most heartily."

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm, and old;
His wither'd cheek—and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day.
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried—by an orphan boy."

Me—let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts—extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep, a while, one parent from the sky!

Proverbs. 1. Neither great poverty, nor great riches will hear reason. 2. Wine—is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy. 3. Diet and exercise are the two physicians of nature. 4. There is many a good house-wife that can't sing, or dance. 5. Love—can neither be bought, nor sold. 6. He, that is a wise man, by day, is no fool by night. 7. The society of ladies—is a school of politeness. 8. An enemy to beauty is a foe to nature. 9. When a man's coal is thread-bare, it is easy to pick a hole in it. 10. The study of vain things—is laborious idleness. 11. No mine equal to saving. 12. Dependence is a poor trade. 13. All is good that is useful.

CONTENTMENT—produces, in some measure, all those effects, which the *alchemist* usually ascribes to what he calls the *philosopher's stone*; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes, arising from a man's *mind*, *body* or *fortune*, it makes him *easy* under them. It has indeed, a kindly influence on the *soul* of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all *murmur*, *repining*, and *ingratitude*, towards that *Being*, who has allotted him his *part* to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate *ambition*, and every tendency to *corruption*, with regard to the *community* wherein he is placed. It gives *sweetness* to his *conversation*, and a perpetual *serenity*—to all his *thoughts*.

Varieties. Is it not strange, that nations of men could ever have admitted into their *creed*, the idea of a plurality of *Gods*; when the *whole* of Nature bears on it so distinctly, the impress of ONE MIND? 2. He is not the best reader, who speaks his words most rapidly; but he who does justice to them, by pronouncing them correctly, and effectively. 3. If a person delights in telling you the faults of others, be sure he intends to tell others your faults. 4. Never be a minute too late. 5. Avoid loud talking and laughing in the streets. 6. The moral and intellectual man, seems to mould and modify the physical man. 7. We are filled with the life of heaven, just so far as we are emptied of our own, and find in us an utter inability to do good, without divine assistance.

A cloud lay cradled—near the setting sun—

A gleam of crimson—tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory—moving on,
O'er the still radiance—of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed—and floated slow;
Ee'n in its very motion—there was rest,
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler—to the beauteous west—

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe, the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy—made to roll
Right onward—to the golden gates of heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man—his glorious destinies.

238. *Pronunciation*, as has been observed, had a very comprehensive meaning among the *ancients*, taking in the whole compass of delivery, and involving every thing we *see* and *hear* in modern elocution: it is *now* confined within *narrower* limits, and has reference only to the manner of sounding words. It is much to be regretted, that there is not more *agreement*, even among literary and scientific men, with regard to this important branch of our subject: but when we reflect, that not one in a hundred, takes it up systematically, and masters its principles, it is not surprising that there is so much discrepancy. This consideration of inattention to the subject should put us on our guard against following their examples in *every* respect, and of yielding implicit obedience to their whims and oddities. There is so much self-love and pride of intelligence, as well as passion for novelty, prevalent in the world, that the student in elocution, as well as in every thing else, should cleave to acknowledged and well established principles; and regard what is most *useful* instead of what is *new*.

239. There are *general* as well as *specific* rules, for pronunciation: a *partial* idea of which, may be obtained from this manual of Elocution. The author has been engaged, for many years, in compiling a *Dictionary*, on an entirely *new plan*, so arranged, that when one has learned the *definitions* of a few *hundred* words, he can accurately *define* as many *thousands*; and with the use of his perfect *alphabet*, he will know the sound of every *letter*, the instant he *sees* it, and how to pronounce each *word*, without *re-spelling*, with the *same* facility. *All* things are governed by fixed principles, when they are in *true order*; and when the principles of *Pronunciation* are properly *developed*, and *applied*, they will be found as *simple* and *effective*, as those of *Elocution* and *Music*.

Notes. 1. As the voice is often affected, by a derangement of the *respiratory* and *articulating* organs: a few observations are made on some of their causes and remedies. 2. *Colds* and *Coughs*—are the effects of sudden exposure to a cold atmosphere, by which the pores of the skin, (which is an *exhalant* surface,) becomes constricted and obstructed; which obstructions may be removed, by *restoring* to the skin, (which is the *safety-valve* of the system,) its usual offices. When one has taken cold, the mucus membrane of the lungs, and air passages, (which are also *exhalants*), emit a new fluid—to compensate for the interruption in the office of the surface of the body; and, as this new secretion consists of humors, which can be of no further *use* to the system, it excites a muscular effort, called a *Cough*; by which it is detached from the surface of this inner skin, and expectorated. One of the best remedies is a Vapor Bath, with an application of cold water, and friction immediately after.

Anecdote. A parish *clerk*, having, according to *custom*, published the banns of *m matrimony*, between a loving *couple*, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn, commencing with these words—"Mistaken souls! that dream of Heaven."

Reason gains all men,—by *compelling*—none.

Proverbs. 1. Endeavor to improve in *conversation*. 2. He who is wise in *small* matters, will be wise in *large* ones. 3. Never say a *foolish* thing. 4. None can speak so *feelingly* of an advantage, as he who has suffered by *neglecting* it. 5. Let not the *sun* go down on your *wrath*. 6. Our *minds* are moulded and fashioned by the *books* we read. 7. Better *be* good, and not *seem* so, than *seem* good, and not be so. 8. A pleasant *journey* is *dearly* bought, with the loss of *home*. 9. He, only, is a *man*, who governs *himself*. 10. *All* have power to distinguish between *right*, and *wrong*. 11. Turn a *deaf* ear to *obscene* words. 12. *All* things are proven by *contrast*.

Good Sense. It will preserve us from *consciousness*; will lead us to distinguish *circumstances*; keep us from looking after *visionary perfection*, and make us *see* things in their proper *light*. It will lead us to study *dispositions*, *peculiarities*, *accommodations*; to weigh *consequences*; to determine what to *observe* and what to *pass by*; when to be *immoveable*, and when to *yield*. It will produce good *manners*, keep us from taking *freedoms*, and handling things *roughly*; will never agitate claims of *superiority*, but teach us to *submit* ourselves *one* to *another*. Good *sense*—will lead persons to regard their *own* duties, rather than to recommend those of *others*.

Varieties. 1. Is not a true knowledge of the Divine Being, the foundation of *religion*, and the *corner-stone* of the *church*? 2. Every improper indulgence of the *passions*, increases their strength for evil. 3. Few seem to be aware, how much depends on the culture of our *social nature*. 4. It is a great *happiness*—to be free from *suspicion*; but a *greater*, to be free from *offence*. 5. To be without *passion*, is worse than a *beast*; and to be without *reason*, is worse than a *man*. 6. The refined pleasures of a *truly pious mind*, are far superior to the coarse gratifications of *sense*. 7. God gave no *faculty* of *mind*, or *body*, to men, but those which he *meant* should be *exerted*, and *honor* him in his *design*; the *perversion* of those faculties, and acting *from*, *in*, and *by* them, *contrary* to God's design, makes the *evil*, *disease*, and *death*.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

The morning hours—of cheerful light,

Of all the day—are best;

But, as they speed their hasty flight,

If every hour—be spent aright,

We sweetly sink—to sleep—at night,

And pleasant—is our rest.

And life—is like a summer's day,

It seems so quickly past:

Youth—is the morning, bright, and gay;

And, if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,

We meet old age—without dismay,

And death—is sweet—at last.

Of, the cloud, that wraps the present hour,
Lives—but to brighten—all our future days.

240. PAUSES, are indications of silence; they were introduced with the art of printing; and it is questionable, whether they have aided us much in learning to read or speak: for if there were *no* pauses, we should be *compelled* to exercise the mind, so far as necessary to understand the author. Pauses in *speech*, are analogous to rests in *music*; and there are seven different kinds in each art; all of which must be thoroughly understood, in their essence, to *read, write, or sing* correctly. The *true* principles of notation, or pauses, are found only in the measure of *speech*, which is based on the philosophy of mind, involving the exercise of *thinking and feeling*. The use of pauses is to aid in making the *sense* clearer, and should be only just *long* enough to answer their end.

241. There are **TWO KINDS** of pauses,—*Grammatical and Rhetorical*. *Grammatical* pauses are distinguished by *characters*, and are addressed to the *eye*, as well as to the *ear*. The *shortest* pause is called a *comma*, (,) which indicates a silence of *one second*. The *teacher* is recommended to *count*, at every pause, while the *pupil reads*; the same as is done at the rests in *music*; this exercise, is the surest to accomplish the object. *Ex. 1.* Do to *others*, as you would they should do to *you*. 2. None can be a disciple of the *graces*, but in the school of *virtue*. 3. Be armed with *courage*, against *thyself*, against thy *passions*, and against thy *flatterers*. 4. Every *leaf*, every *twig*, and every drop of *water*, teems with *life*. 5. The colors of the *rainbow* are—*violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red*.

242. Examples to Illustrate the Pauses. The three grand degrees of *all existences* are—what is *natural, human and divine*. The three grand divisions of all *natural* things are—*earths, waters and atmospheres*. The three kingdoms of *nature* are—the *mineral, the vegetable, and the animal*. The three divisions of the *mineral* kingdom are—the *soils, the rocks, and the precious stones*. The three divisions of the *vegetable* kingdom are—*grasses, plants and shrubs, and trees*. The three divisions of the *animal* kingdom are—into those that *creep and walk* on the earth, those that *swim*, and those that *fly*. Each of these *divisions* is divided in *trines*; according to which, *all things exist*, and *subsist*.

Anecdote. An *agent*, soliciting subscribers for a *book*, showed the *prospectus* to a man, who, after reading—“*one dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep*,”—declined subscribing, as he might not have *boards or sheep* on hand, when called upon for *payment*.

The *humble* man, when he receives a *wrong*,
Refers *revenge*—to whom it doth belong.

Proverbs. 1. A *bird* is known by his *note*,—and a *man* by his *talk*. 2. There are *many*, who *glory* in their *shame*. 3. A *good character*—is a badge of *excellence*, that cannot long be *concealed*. 4. Never *more*, or *less*, than *enough*. 5. *Some*—rather imitate *greatness*, than *goodness*. 6. There is *misery* in *want*, and *danger* in *excess*. 7. *Good sayings*, belong to *all*; *evil actions* only to their *authors*. 8. A knowledge of the *way*, is a good part of the *journey*. 9. If we go *wrong*, the farther we go, the farther we are from *home*. 10. Reform *yourself* first, and then, *others*. 11. The *fool*—wanders; the *wise*—travel. 12. Words are *wind*; seeing is *believing*.

Inadequacy of Language. *Words*—are *poor weapons*. The *most beautiful* verses—are those which we cannot *express*. The diction of *every* language is insufficient; and every *day*, the *heart* of man finds, in the delicacy of his *sentiments*, and the *imagination* discovers—in the impressions of visible *nature, things*, which the *mouth* cannot embody for want of *words*. The *heart*, and the *thought* of man—are like a *musician*—driven to play infinitely varied *music*—on an *organ*, which has but few *notes*. It is sometimes more advisable to be *silent* than to *speak*. *Silence*—is felt by the *soul*, and appreciated by *God*; and that is *enough*.

Varieties. 1. Is not the doctrine of the *divinity*, and *humanity*—of the *Lord Jesus Christ*, the *touch-stone*, by which the *christian* church is to be *tried*? 2. The *life* of a *christian*—is his *walk*; *Christ* is his *way*, and *heaven*—his *home*. 3. A *coward* in the *field*, is like a *wise* man's *fool*; he does not *know* what he *professes*; but a *coward* in the *faith*, is like a *fool*, in his *wisdom*, he does not *profess* what he *knows*. 4. *Virtue*—consists in the faithful *performance* of our duty, from love to *God*, and love to *man*; and *vice*—in the *neglect* of our duty from a love of *self*, and a love of the *world*. 5. The heart of a *worthless* man—is as *unfixed, and changeable*, as the fitful *wind*. 6. The *tongue* may speak the *loudest*; but the *heart*—the *truest*. 7. Look at the *form*, consider the *desire*, and *act*, and mark the *end*; for *thereby* you may know the *nature* of all created *beings*.

This world's not “all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;”—

He that hath sooth'd a widow's woe,
Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something *here* of Heaven.

And he, that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings *calm and even*,
Whose *path* is lit, from day to day,
By *virtue's* bright and steady ray,
Hath something *felt* of Heaven.

He, that the *christian's* course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to *God*—and love to *man*,
On earth, hath tasted *Heaven*.

243. The *Semicolon*—is an indication that we should pause long enough to count *two*, deliberately; and while we are thus resting, from *physical* effort, we can carry on our *mental* effort, for the purpose of producing the desired *effect*: for it is of the first importance, in *reading* and *speaking*, to keep the mind employed with the *thoughts* and *feelings*; even when there is no *external* act; except it may be the play of the facial muscles. 1. Envy not the *appearance* of happiness in *any* one; for you know not his secret grief. 2. The *sign* without the *substance*, is *nothing*; the *substance* without the *sign*, is *all* things. 3. None are so *innocent*, as not to be evil *spoken* of; none so *wicked*, as to want *all* commendation. 4. We may *know* what we will not *utter*; but we should never *utter*, what we do not *know*.

244. The following lines afford a good exercise, in the *placing* and *use* of the *grammatical* pause.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing star that dropt down hail
I saw a cloud begirt with ivy round
I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground
I saw a pismire swallow up a whale
I saw the brackish sea brim full of ale
I saw a phial glass sixteen yards deep
I saw a well full of men's tears to weep
I saw man's eyes all on a flame of fire
I saw a house high as the moon or higher
I saw the radiant sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight.

245. *Natural History*—involves the study of *all* the productions of nature, *animal*, *vegetable* and *mineral*; their *qualities*, *relations* and *origin*. It is divided into three *kingdoms*, giving rise to the *corresponding* sciences of *Zoology*, *Botany* and *Mineralogy*; which are divided into *classes*, *orders*, *genera*, and *species*, founded on prominent *distinctions*; in which, what most resembles the *earth*, are placed nearest in relation to it.

Anecdote. "How do you know," (said a traveler to a poor wandering Arab of the desert,) "That there is a God?" "In the same manner," (he replied), "that I trace the foot-steps of an animal,—by the prints it leaves upon the sand."

Nor let soft slumber—close your eyes,
Before you've recollected *thrice*
The train of actions—through the day;
Where have my feet—chose out the way?
What have I learn'd, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?
What know I more, that's worth the knowing?
What have I done, that's worth the doing?
What have I sought, that I should shun?
What duty—have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries—are the road,
That leads to virtue—and to God.

Proverbs. 1. Prosperity—engenders sloth. 2. Laziness—grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in chains. 3. Many have done a wise thing; more a cunning thing; but very few—a generous thing. 4. What cannot be told, had better not be done. 5. No patience, no true wisdom. 6. Those that are careless of themselves, can hardly be mindful of others. 7. Contentment gives a crown, where fortune hath denied it. 8. He, who lives disorderly one year, does not enjoy himself for five. 9. Public men, should have public minds: or private ends will be served, at the public cost. 10. Mildness—governs better than anger. 11. While there is life, there is hope. 12. Good men—are a public good.

Importance of Observation. The *external* world is designed, by its *Creator*, to aid essentially in developing the human mind. Ten thousand objects appeal to our observation; and each one is a book—of the most interesting character, which can be had without money, and without price. But we must attend to the *animate*, as well as to the *in-animate* world,—to men, as well as to things. We should not be ashamed to ask for information, when we do not understand the *whys* and *wherefores*; nor fail of conversing with every one, who can impart to us useful knowledge.

Varieties. 1. Are christians prohibited the proper use of any natural good? 2. When the honor and interest of truth are concerned, it is our duty to use all lawful means—for its support and defence. 3. Toleration—is odious to the intolerant; freedom—to oppressors; property to robbers; and all kinds of prosperity to the envious. 4. General Washington was born, Feb. 22nd, (O. S.) 1732; and died, Dec. 14th, 1797, aged 67; 21 years after the Declaration of Independence. 5. What is the most perfect Government? that, where an injury done the meanest citizen, is considered an insult upon the constitution. 6. Grammar—speaks; Dialectics—teach truth; Rhetoric—gives coloring to our speech; Music—sings; Arithmetic—numbers; Geometry—weights; and Astronomy—teaches us to know the stars. 7. As the Apostle saith, so it is, viz: The invisible things of God, and Divine Order, may be seen, and understood by those things which are made, in outward creation; even his eternal power and God-head.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath—is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads—on every place;
The face of Nature—we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction—gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears, and improves, what'er it shines upon:
It gilds—all objects, but it alters—none.
Expression—is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent—as more suitable

246. A Colon, (:) marks a pause of three seconds; or while one can count three, deliberately. Principles—are tested by their *application*; but even then, we must *think*, as well as *feel*, and ascertain the *whys* and *wherefores*. 1. Read the sacred *Scriptures*: they are the dictates of divine wisdom. 2. Harbor no malice in thy heart: it will be a *viper* in thy *bosom*. 3. Do not insult a *poor* man: his situation entitles him to our *pity*. 4. He, that studies only *man*, will get the *body* without the *soul*: he that studies only *books*, will get the *soul*, without the *body*: *wisdom* says, study *both*. 5. Partially *deaf* persons, more easily hear a *moderately* loud voice with a clear *articulation*, than a *very* loud one, that is *rapid* and *indistinct*: so it is with a *weak* voice, in addressing a large assembly.

247. COINCIDENCE. *Washington*—was born, Feb. 22d, 1732, was *inaugurated*, 1789; and his term of service *expired* in the 66th year of his age: *John Adams* was born, Oct. 19, 1735: *inaugurated*, 1797; term *expired* in the 66th year of his age: *Thomas Jefferson* was born, April 2d, 1743; *inaugurated*, 1801; term *expired* in the 66th year of his age: *Madison* was born, March 5th, 1751; *inaugurated*, 1809; term *expired* in the 66th year of his age: *Monroe* was born, April 2d, 1759; *inaugurated*, 1817; term *expired* in the 66th year of his age: all these five *presidents* were men of the Revolution, and ended their term of service in the 66th year of their age.

248. BREATHING. When we sit at our *ease*, and are not exercising the voice, our breathing is slow and regular; and the more we *speak*, *work*, or *sing*, the more frequently must we inhale fresh air; because the *expenditure* is greater at such times: many persons fall victims to this neglect; and little is our primary instruction in *reading* calculated to aid us in appropriate breathing; the results of which are, exceedingly bad habits, inducing *impediments* in vocal efforts, *disease* and *death*. Oh, when shall we be *wise*, and understand these things? How hard to learn, even by *experience*!

Anecdote. A Mutual Mistake. Two gentlemen were riding in a *stage-coach*; when one of them, missing his *handkerchief*, rashly accused the other of having *stolen* it; but soon *finding* it, had the good manners to beg *pardon* for the affront; saying it was a *mistake*: to which the other replied, with great *readiness*, and kind *feeling*, "Don't be uneasy; it was a *mutual* mistake: you took me for a *thief*; and I took you, for a *gentleman*."

It is a vain attempt

To bind the *ambitious* and *unjust*, by *traties*;
These—they *elude*—a *thousand* specious ways.

Proverbs. 1. *Religion* says—love *all*; and hate *none*. 2. Observe all those rules of *politeness* at *home*, that you would among *strangers*. 3. At the close of *each* day, carefully review your *conduct*. 4. Avoid unpleasant *looks*. 5. Be not over anxious for *money*. 6. Acquire the *useful*—*first*; the *brilliant*—*afterwards*. 7. A virtuous *youth*, will make a happy old age. 8. One ill *example*—spoils many good *precepts*. 9. It costs more to *revenge* injuries, than to *bear* them. 10. For the *evidence* of truth, look at the *truth itself*. 11. A *friend* is *known*, when *needed*. 12. Who robs a *scholar*, robs the *public*.

Experience. In early *youth*, while yet we live among those we *love*, we love without *restraint*, and our hearts overflow in every *look*, *word* and *action*. But when we enter the *world*, and are *repulsed* by *strangers*, and *forgotten* by *friends*, we grow more and more *limid* in our approaches, even to those we love *best*. How *delightful* to us, *then*, are the caresses of *children*! All *sincerity*, all *affection*, they fly into our *arms*; and then *only*, we feel the *renewal* of our *first* confidence, and *first* pleasure.

Varieties. 1. What is more *revolting*—than the idea of a *plurality* of *Gods*? 2. An evil *habit*, in the *beginning*, is easily *subdued*; but being often *repeated*, it acquires *strength*, and becomes *inveterate*. 3. The *bee* and the *serpent*—often extract the same *juices*; but, by the *serpent*, they are converted into *poison*; while by the *bee*, they are converted into *honey*. 4. He, that aims at the *sun*, will not *hit* it,—but his arrow will fly *higher*, than if he aimed at an object on a *level* with *himself*. 5. Is there not a *place* and *state*, for *every* one, and should not *every* one be in his proper *state* and *place*? 6. Those little words, "*try*," and "*begin*," have been *great* in their results: "*I can't*"—never did anything, and never *will*: "*Ill try*"—has done *wonders*. 7. The ministry of *angels*—is that of supplying us with spiritual *reasons*, *truths*, and *love*-principles, whensoever we stand in *need* of them.

Gold—many hunted, sweat—and bled for gold;
Waked all the *night*, and labored all the *day*:
And what was this *allurement*, dost thou ask?
A *dust*, dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the *fire*, came out
A *shining* thing, that *fools* admired, and called—
A *god*; and, in devout and humble plight,
Before it *kneeled*, the greater—to the less.
And on its *altar*—sacrificed *ease*, *peace*,
Truth, *faith*, *integrity*; good *conscience*, *friends*,
Love, *charity*, *benevolence*, and all
The sweet and tender *sympathies* of *life*;
And to complete the *horrid*—murderous rite,
And signalize their *folly*, offered up
Their *souls*, and an eternity of *bliss*,
To gain them—*what*? an hour of *dreaming joy*.
A *feverish* hour—that hastened to be *done*,
And ended—in the *bitterness* of *woe*.

219. A *Period*, (•) shows that we should pause *four* seconds; or while we can count *four*, deliberately. 1. Envy *no* man. 2. Know *thyself*. 3. Guard against *idleness*. 4. Vilify *no* person's *reputation*. 5. Abhor a *falsehood*. 6. Blessed are the *poor* in *spirit*. 7. Jesus *wept*. 8. Hurt *not* *thyself*. 9. Cherish the spirit of *benevolence*. 10. Perform your duty *faithfully*. 11. Make a proper use of *time*. 12. Cultivate the *affections*. 13. Do good to *all*. 14. Be punctual in your *engagements*. 15. Love *humanity*. 16. Obey the *commandments*. 17. Live the *Lord's Prayer*. 18. Be *holy* and *just*. 19. Be *perfect*. 20. Live for *immortality*.

250. *Pythagoras*, about five hundred years before the *Christian era*, called the *visible universe*—by the very expressive Greek name, *ho kosmos*—THE ORDER, which we translate—the *world*. The *Platonic* school, afterwards, withdrawing attention from *general* nature, and fixing it on the *epitome*—MAN—began to call him—*ho mikros kosmos*, the *miniature world*; or, *order* in *miniature*. How much useful and instructive *history* there is in the origin of *words*! and it is gratifying to know, that these same *subjects* employed such minds as *Plato's*, more than two thousand years ago.

251. The *intellectual* physiognomy of *Chatham*—was of a *severe*, and commanding *order*; his *genius*—was eminently *practical*: and while *no* person—ever surpassed him, in the lofty *aspiration* and generous enthusiasm of *patriotism*, few have equalled him, in their calm and christian *application*. His *private* character,—shone with a lustre, very different from the unhealthy glare of *political* fame. His *correspondence*—presents him under an engaging *aspect*, and enables the reader to admire the *husband* and *father*, not less than the *statesman* and the *orator*.

Anecdote. *The Far West*. "Pray sir," said one gentleman to another, "Is not *Indiana*—the *Far West*?" "Oh no sir," was the reply. "Well, is not *Illinois*?" "Very far from it." "Surely then, when we cross the *Mississippi*, you are in the *Far West*!" "No, not exactly." "Where, then, is the *Far West*?" "Why sir, it is about a *half* a *mile* this side of *sunset*."

Beware, proud man, the *first* approach to *crime*. *Indulgence*—is most *dangerous*—nay, *fatal*,—*Resist*, or soon resistance is in *vain*. The *first*—leads to the *second*, then to the *third* The *fourth* succeeds, until, *familiar* grown With *vice*, we start not—at our own *misdeeds*. *Temptation* comes, so clothed in *speciousness*, So full of *seeming*, we behold her not With *apprehension*, till her baneful *pow'r* Has wrestled with our *virtue*: *dreadful* state! When *vice* steals in, and, like a lurking *thief*, *Saps*—the *foundation* of *integrity*.

Proverbs. 1. Put not off *repentance*—till another day. 2. *Rashness*—is the fruitful parent of *misfortune*. 3. *Self-exaltation*—is the *fool's* paradise. 4. *Sweet* is the memory—of departed *worth*. 5. The *covetous* man—is his own *tormentor*. 6. Avail yourself of the *wisdom* and *experience* of others. 7. Be ambitious of *excelling*, that you may *do* and *get* the greater *good*. 8. The *first* step to *greatness* is—to be *honest*. 9. *Truth*—is the basis of all *excellence*. 10. *Unlawful* love—generally ends in *bitterness*. 11. They that *hide*, can *find*. 12. A penny *spared*, is twice *got*.

The Gentleman and his Tenant.

A *COUNTRY* gentleman—had an estate of two hundred pounds a year, which he kept in his own hands, till he found himself so much in *debt*, that he was obliged to *sell* one half to satisfy his *creditors*, and let the remainder to a farmer for one and twenty years. Before the expiration of his *lease*, the farmer asked the *gentleman*, when he came one day to pay his *rent*, whether he would *sell* the land he occupied. "Why, will you *purchase* it?" said the gentleman. "If you will *part* with it, and we can *agree*," replied the farmer. "That is exceeding *strange*," said the gentleman. "Pray, tell me how it *happens*, that I could not live upon *twice* as much land, for which I paid *no* rent, and that you, after regularly paying me a hundred a year for the *half*, are able, so soon, to *purchase* it." "The reason is *plain*," answered the farmer. "You sat still, and said, *Go*. I stood up, and said, *Come*. You lay in bed, and enjoyed your *ease*. I rose in the morning, and minded my *business*."

Varieties. 1. Who should be more *virtuous* and *intelligent*, than the *Teacher*, who is to *educate*, and form *characters*—for *time* and *eternity*? 2. The *happiness* of every one—depends more on the state of his *own* mind, than any *external* circumstance: nay more than *all* external things put together. 3. *Borrowed* money—makes *time* *short*. 4. The *lowest* condition of life, with *prudence*, is better than the most *exalted* station, *without* it. 5. How *absurd*, to be *complaining*, and *tormenting* ourselves, for what it is impossible to *avoid*, or *attain*. 6. *Pause*, awhile, ye *travelers* on earth, and candidates for *eternity*, and contemplate the *universe*, and the *Wisdom* and *Love* of Him who made it. 7. Where there is no union with *God*, the only source of order, love and light, there is neither *order*, or *love*, or *light*, but their *opposites*. 8. *Art*—is long, *life*—is short.

How terrible—is *passion*! how our reason Falls down before it; while the tortured frame, Like a *ship*—dashed by fierce encountering tides, And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and round, The sport of *wind*—and *ware*.

Our *passions*—always *fatal* counsel give; Through a *fallacious* glass—our *wrongs*—appear Still greater—than they are.

252. The *Interrogation*, (?) indicates a pause, equal to the *Colon*, or *Period*, according to circumstances. It is generally used as a sign of asking *questions*: though sometimes, it is one of the strongest modes of *affirmation*. 1. Can you see? 2. Can you hear? 3. Can you taste? 4. Can you smell? 5. Can you feel? 6. Who are you? 7. What are you doing? 8. Where are you going? 9. What is your destiny? 10. Who made you? 11. Of what are you thinking? 12. Whom do you love?

253. Among the examples above, are, the *first* five questions, that are *direct*: because they admit the answer, *yes*, or *no*; all *such* interrogations require the voice to glide *upward*, in asking them; the *last* seven questions are *indirect*; because they do *not* admit the answer *yes*, or *no*; all *such* interrogations require the voice to glide *downward*, in asking them. You can *test* the theory thus: Can you see? *Yes*; or *no*. Who are you? *Yes*; or *no*. The *former*—makes *sense*; the *latter* nonsense. Can you hear? *Yes*. Can you taste? *No*. What are you doing? *Yes*. Where are you going? *No*. However, it will be seen hereafter, that the slides of the voice, *up*, or *down*, may be *reversed*—in every instance, and yet make good *sense*.

254. *Direct Question in reference to our Living Temples.* Is not the *house*, in which we live, a very *curious* building? Can we conceive of *any* form—more beautiful than the *human* form, when it has not been *perverted*, or *deformed*? Who knows best, *we*, or our *Creator*, what is the proper *shape* in which we should be? Can we *mend* his works? Is any thing *beautiful*—that is not *useful*? Were we not made *right*, and have we not, in a measure, *unmade* ourselves? Is not our *house* a very *convenient* one, and its *furniture* admirably adapted to the wants of its *occupant*? Would it not be well—frequently to take a *view* of the *form*, *covering*, *apartments*, *furniture*, *employments*, *uses* and *abuses* of this wonderful house of ours?

Anecdote. *A Challenge.* After the battle of *Actium*, *Mark Antony*—challenged *Augustus*—who disarmed him in the following words. "If *Antony*—is *weary* of his life, there are *other* ways of *despatch*, besides *fighting* him; and for *my* part, I shall not *trouble* myself to be his *executioner*."

There are *some*—*heart-entwining* hours in life,
With sweet *seraphic inspiration* rife;
When *mellowing thoughts*, like *music* on the ear,
Melt through the *soul*, and revel in a *tear*;
And *such* are they, when, *tranquil* and *alone*,
We sit—and ponder—on long *periods* of *time*;
And, charmed by *fancy's retrospective gaze*,
Live in an atmosphere—of *other days*;
Till *friends* and *faces*, flashing on the mind,
Conceal the *havoc*—*time* has left behind

Proverbs. 1. Manifest no *excitement*, when a *mistake* is made. 2. Be *sincere*—in your professions of *friendship*. 3. Cultivate a *pure heart*, and you will have a *pleasant countenance*. 4. Never speak to the *disadvantage* of any one, unless *duty*—requires it. 5. Avoid light and trifling *conversation*. 6. A *civil answer*, to a *rude speech*—costs but *little*, and is *worth* a good *deal*. 7. Dispel *corroding care*; and consider it *sinful*—to give way to *passion*. 8. *Charns*—strike the *sight*; but *merit*—wins the *soul*. 9. Persons are to be *estimated*, according to their *goodness*,—not according to their *dress*. 10. The *sincere* and *candid* man,—has nothing to *conceal*; for he speaks nothing but the *truth*. 11. Turn a *deaf ear* to *angry words*. 12. He who *promises*—runs in *debt*.

Laconics. We esteem *most* things according to their *intrinsic merit*; it is strange *MAN* should be an exception. We prize a *horse* for his *strength* and *courage*,—not for his *furniture*. We prize a *man* for his *sumptuous palace*, his *great train*, his *vast revenue*; yet these are his *furniture*, not his *mind*.

Varieties. 1. Which is the more *important*—and *useful* discovery, the *balloon*, or the *telegraph*? 2. What is the cause of *sea-currents*? 3. Will it take *ages*—to *discover* the *truth*; or *ages*—to *acknowledge* it, when it is *discovered*? 4. What is meant by the words, a *pure state of nature*? Do they not mean that state, in which the *condition*, *circumstances*, and *habits* of men—are in *strict accordance* with the *laws* of his *nature*? 5. Is not *Hip-poc-ra-tes* called the *Father of Medicine*? 6. If we are not *happy*, is it because our *Creator* has not endowed us with the capability of *becoming* so? 7. What is the *difference*—in reasoning from *facts* and *experience*, and reasoning from a *mixture* of *truth* and *falsehood*? Do not *many*—reason from the *latter*, instead of from the *former*?

THE BEACON.

The scene—was *more beautiful*—far to my eye
Than if *day*—in its *pride*—had arrayed it;
The *land-breeze* blew *mild*, and the *azure arch'd sky*
Look'd *pure*—as the *Spirit* that made it
The *murmur* rose *soft*, as I silently gaz'd
On the *shadowy wave's* playful motion,
From the *dim distant hill*, till the *beacon-fire* blaz'd
Like a *star*—in the *midst* of the *ocean*.
No longer the *joy* of the *sailor boy's* breast
Was heard in his *wildly* breath'd *numbers*,
The *sea-bird*—had flown to her *wave-girdled nest*,
The *fisherman*—sunk to his *slumbers*.
One moment I look'd—from the *hill's* gentle *slope*,
All *hush'd*—was the *willow's* commotion,
And thought—that the *beacon* look'd *lovely* as *hope*,
That *star*—on *life's* tremulous ocean.
The *time*—is *long* past, and the *scene*—is *afar*,
Yet, when my *head*—rests on its *pillow*,
Will *memory*—sometimes—rekindle the *star*
That *blazed*—on the *breast* of the *willow*.
In *life's* closing hour, when the *trembling soul* flies,
And *death*—stills the *heart's*—last emotion,
O then—may the *seraph* of *mercy* arise!
Like a *star*—on *Eternity's* ocean.

255. The *exclamation Point* (!) indicates about the same length of *silence*, as the *Interrogation*: but the slide of the *voice*, is generally *downward*, from the 6th or 8th note, because there is a kind of an *outflowing*, and then an *indrawing* of the mind,—an inflowing of the *affections*, that give rise to this *manifestation*. 1. What a beautiful *Lake*! 2. How delightful the *music* is! 3. What a splendid piece of *workmanship*! 4. How charming is the *prospect*! 5. What a majestic *scene*! 6. How inimitable those *strains* are! 7. What a piece of work is *man*! 8. How *glorious* are all the *works* of *God*! 9. What splendid views of *heaven*! 10. How *majestically*—the *Sun*—wheels his mighty round!

256. *Examples of Exclamation.* 1. *Fathers!* Senators of *Rome!* the arbiters of *nations!* to you I fly for refuge! 2. *Eternity!* thou *pleasing*, dreadful thought! 3. Behold the daughter of *innocence!* what a *look!* what *beauty!* what *sweetness!* 4. Behold—a *great*, a *good* man! what *majesty!* how *graceful!* how *commanding!* 5. O, venerable *shade!* O, illustrious *hero!* 6. *Farewell!* a long farewell—to all my greatness! 7. It stands—*solid and entire!* but it stands *alone*—and it stands amidst *ruins!* 8. I am stripped of all my *honor!* I lie prostrate on the *earth!* 9. *Leave me!* oh! *leave me to repose!* 10. *Hear me, O Lord!* for thy loving kindness is *great!*

257. *Natural Theology.* From the *external* and *internal* evidences afforded us, from *creation*, and the modes of *existence*, we assume, that *man*—is naturally a *religious being*: the stamp of the *Deity* is upon him even before his *birth*; and in every subsequent stage of his existence, no matter what may be his *social*, *moral* or *civil* condition, that stamp—*remains* with him. It is not to be found on the *Jew* and *Christian* only, but on *all men*, in *all ages*, *climes*, and *conditions* of life.

Anecdote. A *Lawyer* and *Physician*, having a dispute about *precedence*, referred the case to *Diogenes*, the old *philosopher*; who gave judgment in favor of the *Lawyer*, in these words: “Let the *thief* go before, and let the *executioner* follow after.”

The *rill*—is *tuneless*—to his ear, who feels
No harmony *within*; the south *wind*—steals
As *silent*—as *unseen*—among the leaves.
Who has no *inward* beauty, none *perceives*,
Though *all around* is beautiful. Nay, more—
In nature's *calmest* hour—he hears the roar
Of *winds*, and flinging *waves*—put out the *light*,
When *high*—and angry *passions* meet in fight;
And, his *own* spirit into *tumult* hurled,
He makes a *turmoil*—of a quiet world:
The *fiends* of his *own* bosom—people *air*
With *kindred* fiends, that *hunt* him—to *despair*.

Not rural *sights* alone—but rural *sounds*
Exhilarate the *spirits*.

Proverbs. 1. Great *designs*, and small *means*—have been the ruin of *many*. 2. He, is a slave to the *greatest* slave, who serves none but *himself*. 3. Correct the errors of *others*, when you *can*, and inspire them with the love of *goodness* and *truth*. 4. It is the act of a *base* mind, to *deceive*, by telling a *lie*. 5. *Liberality*—consists less in giving *profusely*, than in giving *judiciously*. 6. The *head* and *feet* cool; the *rest* will take little harm. 7. We know *well*, only what has cost us trouble to *learn*. 8. “*Haste* not, *rest* not;” was the motto on *Goethe's* ring. 9. Keep your *thoughts*—close, and your *courtenace*—open, and you may go *safely* through the world. 10. With the *humble*, there is perpetual *peace*. 11. *Long* is the arm of the *needy*. 12. *Poverty* is an evil *counsellor*. 13. *Delay*—often makes one *wise*.

War and Truth. A *wise* minister would rather preserve *peace*, than gain a *victory*; because he knows that even the most *successful* war leaves a nation *poor*, and always more *profligate*, than before it. There are *real* evils that cannot be brought into a list of *indemnities*, and the demoralizing influence of *war* is not among the *least* of them. The triumphs of *truth* are the more *glorious*, chiefly, because they are the most *bloodless* of all *victories*, deriving their highest *lustre* from the *saved*, not from the *slain*.

Varieties. 1. It is the nature of *truth*,—never to *force*. 2. Is not the science of human *nature*, very *comprehensive*, as well as *complicated* and *profound*? 3. How can the mere *knowledge* of historical events—avail to the *salvation* of the *soul*? 4. What is meant by the martyr *Stephen*, seeing the *HEAVENS OPENED*; and, *John's* being in the *spirit*, on the *Lord's day*? 5. To see *spiritual* existences, must not the eyes of the *understanding* be opened? 6. There is but one *law* in *being*, which the *Lord fulfilled*, and *went* through, in the world: He passed through the whole *circle*—of both *spiritual* and *natural* order, and assumed all *states*, possible for man to be in, when in progression from the state of *nature*,—to that of perfect *grace*; and by *virtue* thereof, can touch us—in all states of *trial*, we can *possibly* be in.

'Tis the quiet hour—of *feeling*,

Now—the busy day is *past*,

And the *twilight* shadows—stealing,

O'er the *world*—their mantle cast;

Now, the *spirit*, worn and *saddened*,

Which the cares of *day* had bowed,

By its gentle *influence*—gladdened,

Forth emerges from the *cloud*;

While, on *Memory's* magic pages,

Rise our long lost *joys* to light,

Like shadowy forms—of *other* ages,

From the oblivious breast of *night*;

And the *loved*—and *lost*—revisit

Our fond *hearts*, their place of *yore*,

Till we *long* with *them* to inherit

Realms above—to part—no *more*.

The *patient* mind, by *yielding*, overcomes.

258. The *Parenthesis* (—) shows, that the words included within it, must be *read*, or *spoken*, on a lower *pitch*, and with a quicker *movement*, than the other parts of the sentence; as though anxious to get *through* with the *explanation*, or *illustrative matter*—*contained* in it; and the *parenthetical clause*, generally, has the same *slide*, or *inflection* of voice, as the last word of the sentence, immediately *preceding* it. 1. An *honest man*, (says Mr. Pope,) is the *noblest work* of God. 2. *Pride*, (as the *Scripture* saith,) was not made for *man*. 3. The Tyrians were the *first*, (if we are to believe—what is told us by writers of the highest *authority*), who learned the art of *navigation*. 4. Know ye not, *brethren*, (for I speak to them that *know* the law,) how that the *law*—hath *dominion* over a man—as long as he *lieth*?

259. That *strong*, *hyperbolic* manner, which we have long been accustomed to call the *Oriental* style of poetry, (because some of the earliest poetical *productions*—came to us from the *East*), is, in truth, no more *Oriental*, than *Oc-ci-den-tal*; it is characteristic of an *age*, rather than of a *country*, and belongs, in *some* manner, to *all* nations, at *that* period, which gave rise to *music* and *song*.

260. MINERALOGY—treats of *minerals*; their *properties*, *composition*, *classification*, and *uses*. A *mineral*—is an *organic natural substance*, either *gaseous*, as *air*; *liquid*, as *water*; or *solid*, as *earth* and *stones*: it is inseparably connected with *GEOLOGY*, which treats of the structure of the *earth*, and the masses that *compose* it; also, of the *changes* it has undergone, and to which it is *still* exposed; while its *practical importance* is recognized in *Agriculture*, *Mining*, and *Engineering*, it ranks with *Botany* and *Chemistry* in its *recondite developments*, and with *Astronomy*—in the *sublimity* of its *themes* and *results*, as one of the most *profound* and *interesting* of the *sciences*.

Anecdote. *Fashion's Sake.* Lord Mansfield, being willing to *save* a man, who had stolen a *watch*, directed the *jury*—to bring it in value—*ten pence*. “*Ten pence*, my Lord!” said the *prosecutor*; “*why*, the very *fashion* of it cost *fifty shillings*.” His lordship replied, “*Perhaps* so; but we cannot *hang* a man for *fashion's sake*.”

I *venerate*—the *pilgrim's cause*,
Yet, for the *red man*—*dare* to plead:
We—bow to *Heaven's* recorded laws,
He—turn'd to *Nature*—for a creed;
Beneath the pillar'd *dome*,
We—seek our God in *prayer*;
Through boundless *woods*—he loved to roam,
And the Great *Spirit*—worshiped there.
But *one*, *one* fellow-throb with *us* he felt;
To *one* Divinity—with *us* he knelt—
Freedom! the self-same freedom—we adore,
Bade *him*—defend his violated *shore*.

Proverbs. 1. *Discord*—reduces *strength*—to *weakness*. 2. No *sweet*, without some *sweat*: no *pains*, without some *gains*. 3. *Whatever* you do, do it to some *purpose*; whether *conquering*, or *conquered*. 4. We are inclined to believe *those* we do not *know*, because they have never *deceived* us. 5. *Gentleness*—often disarms the *fierce*, and melts the *stubborn*. 6. Stake even *life*, if necessary, in the support of *truth*. 7. *Listen*—to the voice of *experimental truth*, and *confide*—in her *opinion*. 8. A good *appetite*—gives relish to the most *humble fare*. 9. There is no secret in the *heart*, that our *actions* do not disclose. 10. Where there is a *will*, there is a *way*. 11. *True valor*—is *fire*; *boasting*—is *smoke*.

The Telescope. A *spectacle-maker's boy*, amusing himself in his father's *shop*, by holding two *glasses* between his *finger* and *thumb*, and varying the *distance*, the *weathercock* of the church spire, (*opposite* them,) seemed to be much *longer* than ordinary, and apparently much *nearer*, and turned *upside down*. This excited the *wonder* of the father, and led him to *additional* experiments; and thence resulted that astonishing *instrument*, the *telescope*, as invented by Gal-i-le-o, and perfected by *Herschell*. This is only one instance, among *thousands*, that show great *effects* may result from small *causes*.

Varieties. 1. Is not prejudice—*inveterate*, in proportion to its *irrationality*? 2. The most *delicate*, and the most *sensible*, of all pleasures—consists in promoting the happiness of *others*. 3. *Wit*—sparkles as a *meteor*, and like it, is *transient*; but *genius*—shines like a splendid *luminary*, marking its course in traces that are *immortal*. 4. Men can have no *principles*, unless they are *revealed* to them by *Deity*. 5. Is there anything that *melts*—and *conquers*—like *love*? 6. *Confessing* a folly, or crime, is an act of *judgment*: a *compliment*—we rarely *pass* on ourselves. 7. *Spiritual truth*, is the light of *heaven*: the *good*—proper to it, is the *heat*, or *love* thereof; to be *filled* with *both*, is the *perfection* of *life*, and true *salvation*; conferable, only, by the Lord Jesus Christ, the giver of eternal *life*, and our Redeemer and Savior.

Besides, *school-friendships* are not *always* to be found Though fair in *promise*, *permanent* and *sound*;
The most *disint'rested* and *virtuous* minds,
In early years connected, time *unbinds*:
New *situations*—give a different cast
Of *habit*, *inclination*, *temper*, *taste*;
And he, that seem'd our counterpart at *first*,
Soon shows the strong *similitude* *revers'd*.
Young *heads* are *giddy*, and young *hearts* are *warm*,
And make *mistakes*—for *manhood* to *reform*.
Boys are at *best*, but pretty *buds* unblown, [*known*];
Whose *scent* and *hues*—are rather *guess'd* than
Each—dreams that *each*—is just what he *appears*,
But learns his *error*—in *mature years*,
When *disposition*, like a *sail* unfurl'd,
Shows all its *rents* and *patches* to the *world*.

261. The *Rhetorical Pause*—is dictated by the *thought* and *feeling*, and is usually addressed only to the *ear*; it is *here* indicated generally, by a *dash* (—), and its *length*—must be determined by the *subject*, and *occasion*; it is usually, however, about the length of a *Semicolon*, or *Colon*; and one thing must be *distinctly* observed, that the *reader* and *speaker*—is always to inhale *breath*—at every *Rhetorical Pause*, and generally, at each *Grammatical Pause*; if the system be *relaxed*, inhalation will be almost sure to take place. Indeed, one of the great secrets of *reading, speaking* and *singing*—for *hours* in *succession*, with *effect*, and without *injurious exhaustion*, consists in the proper *management* of the *breath*: not that there should be anything *stiff* and *mechanical* in the act; for *all* must be the result of the perfect freedom of *nature*.

262. The *Rhetorical Pause* always occurs either *before* or *after*—the important *word*, or *words*, of a sentence: if the *significant* word or phrase, is at the *beginning*, this pause is made immediately *after* it; but if such word or phrase, is at the *end* of the sentence, the pause occurs *before* it. The *design* of the pause is, in the *first* instance, to produce a *retrospection* of *mind*; and in the *second*, to excite *attention* and *expectation*. Ex. 1. *Industry*—is the guardian of *innocence*. 2. *Imagery*—is the garb of *poetry*. 3. To *err*—is *human*; to *forgive*—*DIVINE*. 4. *Prosperity*—gains friends; adversity—tries them. 5. *Feelings*—generate *thoughts*; and *thoughts*—reciprocate *feelings*. 6. *Vanity*—is pleased with *admiration*; *Pride*—with *self-esteem*. 7. *Dancing*—is the poetry of *motion*. 8. *Some*—place the bliss in *action*; *some*—in *ease*; *Those* call it *pleasure*; and *contentment*, *these*. 9. To hope for *perfect* happiness—is *vain*. 10. And *now*—abideth *Faith, Hope, Charity*; these *three*; but the *greatest* of these is—*Charity*.

263. Individuals of both sexes, often complain of a very unpleasant sensation at the pit of the stomach; some call it a “*death-like feeling*,” others speak of it as if “the *bottom* had fallen out:” one of the principal causes is a want of the proper action of the breathing apparatus: the abdominal and dorsal muscles become relaxed, by wrong positions and want of appropriate exercise and food; when their contents fall by their own weight, and the diaphragm does not, consequently, act in a healthy manner. The remedy is a return to the laws of life and being, as here exhibited.

Conscience—distasteful *truths* may tell,
But mark her sacred *dictate*—well;
Whoever—with *her*—lives at *strife*,
Loses their better friend—for *life*.

Proverbs. 1. *Pride*—is the offspring of *folly*, and the plague of *fools*. 2. A *bad* man's *dislike*, is an *honor*. 3. The *censure*—of some persons—is *praise*; and their *praise*, is *condemnation*—in the eyes of the *world*. 4. It is a *base* thing—to *lie*; *truth*—alone, becomes the *ingenious* mind. 5. *Riches*—either *serve* or *rule*, every one who possesses them; and thus, they are either *blessings*, or *curses*. 6. In cases where *doubt* exists, always lean to the side of *mercy*. 7. *Poets*—are *born* such; *orators*—are *made* such. 8. *Malice*—is a *mean*, and *deceitful* engine of *mischief*. 9. *Nature*—is superior to *Art*: have *faith* in her, and *success* is *yours*. 10. *All* rules and principles, to be of use, must be *understood*, and *practiced*. 11. The *offender*—rarely *pardons*. 12. *Might* too often makes *right*. 13. *Truth* has a good *basis*.

Anecdote. When the *painter*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, lay upon his *death-bed*, the *king* came to see him; and out of respect, he raised himself from the *pillow*; but the effort being too *great*, he fell back; when the *king* caught him, and he expired in his *arms*. The *king* was much *affected* with the event, and left the chamber in *tears*; when his *nobles*—endeavored to *soothe* him, saying,—“Consider, he was only a *painter*.” “Yes, yes,” replied the monarch, “I *do*; and though I could make a *thousand*—such as *you*, yet *God* alone can make such a *painter*, as *Leonardo*.”

Justice. How many *tedious* and *ruinous* law-suits—might have been *avoided*, had the parties *concerned*—patiently examined the *facts*, with *coolness* and *deliberation*; instead of giving way to the *blindness* of *interest* and to *passion*, by which mutual *hatreds* have been generated, or *blood* spilled,—when a generous search after *truth*, and a love of *justice*—would have prevented all the *evil*.

Varieties. 1. What is *requisite*—for the right formation of *character*? 2. The *true* disciples of *nature*—are regardless *who* accompanies them, provided *she* be the *leader*: for *nature*, like *truth*, is *immutable*. 3. There is no *pride*—equal to *theirs*, who rise from *poverty*—to *riches*; for *some*—have even forgotten their *own* *relations*. 4. That form of government is *best*, which is best adapted to the *state* of the *people*, and *best* administered. 5. *Cyrus*, when *young*, being asked—what was the *first* thing to be learned; replied,—To speak the *truth*. 6. The *orator's* field—is the *universe* of *mind*—and *matter*: and his *subjects*—all that is—and can be known—of *God*—and *man*. 7. Every *aspiration*, *desire*, and *thought*—is heard and *accepted*—in *heaven*, when we surrender our *whole* *life* to the *Lord's* government and *providence*.

Gather the *rose-buds*—while ye *may*,
Old *Time*—is still a-flying;
And that same *flower*, that *blooms* to-day,
To-morrow,—shall be *dying*.

264. MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES OF ALL THE PAUSES. The pupil must not rely too much on these *external* indications of silence; for they are only *general* rules: hence the necessity of being governed by the promptings and guidance of his *own* feelings and thoughts, after bringing them in subjection to *goodness* and *truth*; of which reason—always approves. 1. The *ostentatious, feeble, harsh, or obscure* style, is always *faulty*; and *perspicuity, strength, neatness, and simplicity*—are *beauties*—ever to be aimed at. 2. Be wise to-day, 'tis *madness* to defer; next day—the fatal *precedent* will plead. Thus on, till *wisdom*—is pushed out of *life*. 3. How *noble* 'tis, to own a fault; how *generous*,—and *divine*—to forgive it! 4. Who can forbear to smile with nature? Can the stormy *passions*—in the bosom roll, while every *gale*—is *peace*, and ev'ry *grove*—is *melody*?

265. 1. The *evidence*—that *TRUTH* carries with it, is superior to all argument, and *miracles*: and it wants neither the *support*, nor dreads the *opposition*, of the *greatest* abilities. 2. *True* modesty is ashamed to do what is repugnant to *reason*, and common *sense*; *false* modesty—to do what is opposed to the humor of the *company*; *true* modesty avoids whatever is *criminal*; *false* modesty—whatever is *unfashionable*. 3. *Some*—live *within* their means; *some* live *up* to their means—and *some*—live *beyond* their means. 4. "To what *party* do you belong?" said a noisy *politician*, to one whose *soul*—grasped the interests of his *whole* country. "To what *party* do I belong?" replied the *patriot*; "I belong to no party, but my country's party."

Punctuate the following, by reading it correctly.

There is a lady in this land
Has twenty fingers on each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet
All this is true without deceit.

266. BOTANY—treats of *plants*—their structure, growth, classification, description, localities and uses. They are organized bodies, and endowed with *life*; but they differ from animals, in wanting *sensation* and voluntary *motion*: they differ from *minerals*, in possessing *life*; and they contain *organs*, by which they assimilate new matter to increase their *substance*, and promote their *growth*. The study of botany is highly *interesting* and *useful*; not only on account of the *beauty* and *variety* of plants, but of the important *purposes* to which they may be applied in sustaining *life* and curing *disease*: it is necessary to aid in the development of *body* and *mind*.

Anecdote. One day, when the *moon* was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the sun for the discontinuance of his favor; "My *dearest* friend," said she, "why do you not *shine* upon me as you *used* to do?" "Do I not shine upon thee?" said the sun; "I am very sure I *intend* it." "O no," replied the moon: "but now I see the *reason*; that dirty *planet*, the *earth*, has got between us."

Proverbs. 1. By *deferring* our repentance—we *accumulate* our sorrows. 2. *Complaisance*—renders a *superior*—*amiable*, an *equal*—*agreeable*, and an *inferior*—*acceptable*. 3. A *wound* given by a *word*, is often harder to be *cured*, than one made by the *sword*. 4. The *human* form is the *noblest*, and most *perfect*, of which we can *conceive*. 5. *Intentions*, as well as *actions*, must be *good*, to be *acceptable*. 6. *Every* scene in *life*, is a *picture*; of which *some* part is worthy of *attention*. 7. Receive *instruction* with *gratitude*. 8. To such as are *opposed* to *truth*, it seems *harsh* and *severe*. 9. Never *reproach* another for doing *wrong*; unless you are sure he has *done* it. 10. *Knowledge*, to be a *good* thing, must be *rightly* applied. 11. *Replies*—are not always *answers*. 12. A *chaste* eye—banishes *evil* desires. 13. *Respect* and *contempt*, spoil many a one.

Refinement. It is a *doubt*, whether the *refinements* of modern times *have*, or have *not*, been a *drawback* upon our *happiness*: for *plainness* and *simplicity* of *manners* have given way to *etiquette*, *formality*, and *deceit*; whilst the ancient *hospitality* has now almost *deserted* our land; and what we appear to have gained in *head*, we seem to have lost in *heart*.

Varieties. 1. What is the *difference* between the *internal* and *external* man? between an *internal* and *external* state of *mind*? 2. Love to *God* and love to *man*,—is the *life* and *soul*, of all sound *philosophy*; consequently, *no* one can become a *philosopher*, who is not a *good* man. 3. *Riches*, and *cares*, are generally *inseparable*; and whoever would get rid of *one*, must become divested of the *other*. 4. The acquirement of useful *knowledge*,—is often *difficult* and *troublesome*; but *perseverance*—will reward us for our *toil*. 5. If we regard our *present* views—as an *infallible* test of *truth*, whatever does not *conform* to them, we set down as *false*, and *reject* it. 6. *Ignorance* of a *fact*—may *excuse*; but not *ignorance* of the *law*—which *every* one is supposed to be *acquainted* with. 7. Man's *will*, and *understanding*,—are *receptacles* of *life*, not *life* itself; as is the *reception*, such is the *persuasion*, *faith*, *wisdom*, *light*, and *love*.

I care not, *Fortune!* what you me *deny*;
You cannot rob me of free nature's *grace*;
You cannot shut the windows of the *sky*,
Thro' which *Aurora* shows her bright'ning face:
You cannot bar my constant feet—to trace
The *wood* and *lawns*, by living stream at *eve*:
Let *health* my *nerves* and finer *fibres* brace,
And I their *toys*—to the great children leave:
Of *fancy*, *reason*, *virtue*—naught can me bereave.
Another day—is added to the *mass*
Of buried *ages*. Lo! the *beauteous* moon,
Like a fair *shepherdess*, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of *stars*, that roam around
The azure meads of *heaven*. And O how *charmed*,
Beneath her *loveliness*, *creation* looks!
Far-gleaming *hills*, and light-inweaving *streams*,
And sleeping *boughs*, with dewy *lustre* clothed,
And green-haired *valleys*—all in *glory* dressed,—
Make up the *pageantry* of *night*.

267. DELIVERY AND PAINTING. There is a striking *analogy* or *correspondence*, between *painting* and *delivery*. We have, what are called, seven primary colors, and seven pitches of *sound*—though strictly speaking, but three of each. *Letters* are like compounded paints; *words* like *paints*, prepared for use; and, when these words are arranged into proper sentences, they form *pictures* on the canvas of the *imagination*. Let the following beautiful landscape be sketched out in the mind: "On a MOUNTAIN, (stretched beneath a hoary willow) lay a shepherd swain, —and woe'd the rolling billow." Now *review it*; and see every thing as it is—the mountain covered with trees; the shepherd, reclining under the willow tree, with his flock near by, some feeding, and some lying down; and what is he doing? Looking out upon the ocean, covered with pleasure boats, vessels, &c. In this way, you may behold, with the *mind's* eye, (for the *mind* has its eye, as well as the *body*), the *ideas* of the *author*; and then *picture out* whatever you hear and read, and give to it *life*, *habitation*, and a *name*; thus you will see the *thoughts*, receive the *light*, and *catch*, or *draw out* their latent heat; and having *enlightened* and *warmed* your own mind, you will *read* and *speak* from your own *thoughts* and *feelings*,—and transfer the *living*, *breathing* landscapes of your mind to others, and leave a perfect daguerreotype likeness on the retina of their mind's eye: you *feel* and *think*, and therefore *speak*; and thus you can *memorize*, so as not to *forget*: for you will have it by heart.

268. La Fayette. I see the marshals of Napoleon (gorged with the plunder of Europe, and stained with its blood) borne on their flashing chariot-wheels—through the streets of Paris. I see the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of *trust* and *honor*—under Louis the XVIII.; and I see the friend of Washington, (La Fayette,) glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the calm and placid height of his consistency and his principles,—on their paltry ambition, and its more paltry rewards.

Anecdote. Means of Happiness. Socrates, when asked his opinion of the king of Persia, and whether he judged him happy,—replied, "he could not tell *what* to think of him; because, he knew not how much he was furnished with *virtue* and *learning*."

Magic, wonder-beaming eye;

In thy narrow circle—lie

All our varied hopes—and fears,

Sportive smiles—and graceful tears;

Eager wishes,—wild alarms,

Rapid feelings,—potent charms,

Wit and genius, taste and sense,

Shed through thee—their INFLUENCE.

When lovers meet—in adverse hour,

'Tis like the sun-glimpse—through the shower,

A watery ray—an instant seen,

The darkly changing clouds—between.

Proverbs. 1. The act—does not constitute guilt in the eye of the law so much as the design. 2. A certain degree of modesty and reserve, in young persons, is a sure passport to the good will of their superiors. 3. The diligent and industrious—generally prosper; while the indolent—pine in want. 4. Keep your passions in subjection; for unless they obey you, they will govern you. 5. In imparting to a friend—a knowledge of our misfortunes, we often feel them lightened. 6. The body may be enslaved; but no human power can control the mind, without its consent. 7. A flowery path—is not that which conducts us to glory. 8. Let us use, not abuse—the good things of life. 9. A good reputation—is preferable to a girdle of gold. 10. Lofty towers—tumble with a tremendous crash. 11. Dig not your grave with the teeth. 12. April showers, make May flowers.

Enjoyment. When I walk the streets, I use the following natural maxim, viz. that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it; to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements, designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind of people, who sit in them, gaily attired, only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary, pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator, than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies, as so many parquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in the world; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

Varieties. 1. Can we be responsible, without being endowed with freedom, and rationality? 2. Perfect freedom is the birth-right of man, and heaven forbid that any human authority should infringe upon it; but in the exercise of this right, let us be humble and discreet, and never do wrong. 3. If the roots be left, the grass will grow again. 4. Brutes—have a language peculiar to themselves; so have deaf and dumb persons. 5. There are merchants—with the sentiments, and abilities, of statesmen; and there are persons in the ranks of statesmen, with the conceptions and characters of pedlars. 6. The natural world is a world of dreams; for nothing is—as it appears; but the spiritual world—is a world of realities, where we shall see as we are seen, and know—as we are known. 7. The granary—of all heavenly seed, is the Word of God; the ground—is our will, in which that seed must be sown.

269. This *Word - Painting*, being a subject of such great *importance*, and one that is inseparably connected with *emphasis*, we will dwell upon it a little *longer*, and apply it *practically*; for—unless we get into the *internals* of the subject, all our efforts will be nearly *unavailing*. A very good way to *perfect* ourself in this style of painting, is—to close the *eyes*, after having *memorized* the words, (or get some one to *read* them deliberately,) and infix the *thoughts* and *feelings* of the author in the *mind*, and let there be a *commingling* of them with your *own*, in such a way, that there will be an entire *re-production*, and *re-formation* of them,—a new *creation*. The *effect* of this kind of exercise on the *mind*, will be like that of the warm *sun*, and refreshing *rain*, in developing and perfecting *vegetation*.

THUNDER STORM ON THE ALPS.

Far along

From *peak* to *peak*, the rattling *crags* among,
Leaps the live *thunder*! not from *one* lone cloud,
But every *mountain*—now, hath found a *tongue*,
And *Jura*—answers through her misty *shroud*,
Back to the joyous *Alps*, who called aloud.

Thy spirit—*Independence*,—let me *share*,
Lord of the lion heart—and *eagle eye*!
Thy steps I follow, with my *bosom bare*,
Nor heed the *storms* that howl across the *sky*.

Tis greatly *wise*—to talk with our past *hours*,
And ask them—what *report*—they bore to *heaven*;
And bow they *might* have borne—more welcome *news*;
Their answers—form—what men—*experience* call.

270. *CHEMISTRY*—treats of the composition of all material substances, their sensible *properties* and relations, and the *effects* produced upon them—by *cohesion*, *affinity*, *light*, *heat*, and *electricity*. Its *study*—reflects light upon all these effects, and is subsidiary to the *natural* and *medical sciences*: indeed, its application extends throughout the *wider* range of all the *physical arts*; and hence, ranks among the most *useful* of the *sciences*. If the *fair sex*—would understand this subject, only so far as it relates to *house-keeping*, they would see, that there is no necessity of having poor *soap*, or bad *bread*, or of making other mistakes in their culinary preparations.

Anecdote. *Mad Man.* A man, who was apparently more of a *wit*—than a *mad-man*, but who, notwithstanding, was confined in a *mad-house*, being asked how he *came* there, answered—“*Merely* a dispute of *words*; I said that *all* men were *mad*; and all said I was *ma*!; the *majority*—carried the *point*, and here *I am*.”

Walls of brass—resist not

A noble undertaking,—nor can *vice*—

Raise any *bulwark*—to make *good* a place,
Where *virtue*—seeks to enter.

Lovers say, the *heart*—hath *treble* wrong,
When it is barred—the aidance of the *tongue*.

Proverbs. 1. *He*, whose *expenditure* is more than his *income*, must be *poor*; but he that *receives* more than he *spends*, must be *rich*. 2. What *some* speakers *fail* in, as to *depth*, they make up as to *length*. 3. *Money*, earned with little *labor*, is generally spent with little *consideration*. 4. We often *lose* those things that are *certain*, while we *pursue* others that are *doubtful*. 5. *He*, who *knows* nothing, *doubts* nothing. 6. Many persons feel an irreconcilable *enmity*—towards those whom they have *injured*. 7. Without *sweat* and *labor*, no work is *perfected*. 8. Accumulated *wealth*—brings *care*, and a thirst for *increasing* riches. 9. Whether in *prosperity*, or *adversity*, we should always endeavor to preserve *equanimity*. 10. Do not grieve for that which is *irrecoverably lost*. 11. Use *soft words*, and *hard arguments*. 12. A full *purse* never lacks *friends*.

Dissimulation. *Dissimulation* in *youth*, is the forerunner of *perfidy* in *old age*; its *first appearance*—is the fatal *omen* of growing *depravity*, and future *shame*. It degrades *parts* and *learning*, obscures the luster of every accomplishment, and sinks us into *contempt*. The path of *falsehood* is a *perplexing* maze. After the *first* departure from *sincerity*, it is not in our *power* to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads on to *another*; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth *increases*, we are left *entangled* in our *snare*.

VARIETIES.

Pain—is perfect *misery*, the *worst* of evils;
And *excessive*, overturns all *patience*.

'Tis *base*—to change with *fortune*, and deny
A faithful *friend*, because in *poverty*.

Who lives to *nature*,—rarely can be *poor*;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be *rich*.

Music—resembles *poetry*; in each—
Are nameless *graces*, which no *methods* teach,
And which a *master's* hand alone—can reach.

Bright-eyed *fancy*—hovering o'er,
Scatters—from her pictured *urn*,
Thoughts—that *breathe*, and *words*—that *burn*.

If *good*—we *plant* not, *vice*—will fill the place,
And rankest *weeds*—the richest soil—deface.
But the *good* man, whose soul is *pure*,
Unspotted, and of *pardon*—sure,
Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy *night*,
And sees the *dawning*—of a glorious *light*.

Would you taste the tranquil *scene*?
Be sure your *bosom*—be *serene*;
Devoid of *hate*, devoid of *strife*,
Devoid of all that poisons *life*.
And much it 'vails you—in *their* place,
To graft the *love*—of human *race*.

How deep—yon *azure*—dyes the *sky*,
Where orbs of *gold*—unnumbered lie,
While, through their *ranks*, in silver *pride*,
The nether *crescent*—seems to *glide*!

Thou *sun*, said I, fair *light*!
And thou, enlightened *earth*, so fresh and *gay*!
Ye *hills* and *dales*, ye *rivers*, *woods*, and *plains*,
And ye that *live*, and *move*, fair *creatures*, tell,
Tell if you *can*, how came I thus, how *here*?

271. RYTHM—poetical measure, or verse; of which there are various kinds. *Prose*—is man's natural language, which is rather loose and unconfined. *Poetry*—originates in the affections, *prose* in the thoughts, of the human mind; tho' some poems are occasionally *prosaic*, and some *prose*—*poetic*: *feeling* predominates in the former,—*thought*, in the latter. Our rules for reading and speaking are the same, whether in *prose* or *poetry*: for in all cases, the manner must be adapted to the matter; the sound to the sense: in other words, the mind's perception and feeling of the matter, must dictate the appropriate manner; "suit the action to the word, the word to the action; and o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

Yon cloud is bright, and beautiful—it floats
Alone in God's horizon; on its edge
The stars seem hung like pearls: it looks as pure
As 'twere an angel's shroud,—the white cymar
Of purity, just peeping through its folds
To give a pitying look—on this sad world.
Go visit it, and find, that all is false;
Its glories—are but fog, and its white form
Is plighted to some coming thunder-gust;—
The rain, the wind, the lightning, have their source
In such bright meetings. Gaze not at the clouds,
However beautiful. Gaze at the sky,
The clear, blue, tranquil, fixed, and glorious sky.

272. AGRICULTURE—is the art of cultivating the ground; it includes, also, the rearing and management of domestic animals; it is sometimes called *Farming*, and *Husbandry*: and, although simple in its operations, it derives great benefit from *Machinery*,—whence it takes its *implements*; from *Chemistry*,—whence it derives a knowledge of soils, and the means of fertilizing them; from *Botany*,—which teaches a knowledge of the plants—to be cultivated or destroyed; and from *Zoology*—which teaches the habits and peculiarities of the animals it rears, and the means of improving them for use—and profit.

Anecdote. *Kosciusko*, the hero of Poland, wishing to make a present to a *Clergyman*, sent it by a young man, and desired him to take the horse, which he himself usually rode. On his return, the young man said—he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him *purse* at the same time; for, said he, "as soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat, and asks *charity*, the horse immediately stops, and will not stir, till something is given the *petitioner*; and as I had but little money with me, I was obliged, when it was gone, to feign giving something, in order to satisfy the horse."

Cursed be your senate; cursed your constitution;
The curse of growing factions—and divisions—
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government—you wear,
Hateful to you, as these chains are—to me.

Proverbs. 1. *Truth*—is but another name—for fact. 2. There is a *mental*, as well as *civil* commonwealth. 3. The end of learning, is *usefulness*,—not *reputation*. 4. Study the principles of things,—as well as their uses. 5. *Common sense*—which is very un-common, is the best sense in the world. 6. No one can hit a mark, without aiming at it; and skill is acquired, by repeated attempts. 7. Never do anything with indifference; and do everything as perfectly as possible. 8. Never cut out a piece of a newspaper, till you have looked on the other side. 9. In prosperity,—prepare for a change; in adversity,—hope for one. 10. *Haste*—is a poor apology; take time, and do your work well. 11. *Personal effort*—seldom fails to obtain its object. 12. Some people never have enough.

Autumn. It was a glorious day in autumn. The sky, of unsullied blue, glowed like a sapphire. The universal air—was filled with stillness. Not a breeze whispered—not a bird flapped its wing. It was the triumph of repose—when the undying energies of man—slumbered for a moment,—when even the conflict of his passions was suspended. Beautiful, melancholy autumn! whose ruddy ripeness—whispers of decay; whose richest tints—mingle with the "sear and yellow leaf," as if the lusty year—had toiled through youth and manhood for wealth, which overflows, just when waning life—indicates, that the power of enjoyment—is passing away.

Varieties. 1. What is the difference—between reading and reflection? 2. To look away from principles, and see only their application, tends to idolatry. 3. *Suspicion* is the effect—of the association of ideas—misdirected by the imagination; it never exists—without a shade of insanity.

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage,—without o'erflowing—full.

5. In what manner—is uniformity in events—depending, apparently, on contingent circumstances, to be accounted for? 6. Only by appealing to first principles—can we recover, or maintain—the spirit and essence, of genuine wisdom, and intelligence. 7. The greatest degree—of self-abasement, if real, is the nearest approach to the Divine Presence.

Nay, shrink not—from the word "Farewell,"

As if 'twere Friendship's final knell:

Such fears—may prove but vain:

So changeful—is life's fleeting day,

Whene'er we sever, Hope may say,

We part, to meet again.

Even the last parting—earth can know,
Brings not unutterable woe

To souls, that heavenward soar;

For humble Faith, with steadfast eye,

Points to a brighter world on high,

Where hearts, that here—at parting sigh,

May meet,—to part no more.

Duties—are ours; consequences—are God's.

273. The three *philosophical* divisions of Poetry (as well as of *Prose*) in relation to the *mind*, are—RELIGIOUS, having reference to the supreme Being, and what is *above* us in the scale of creation; the SOCIAL and CIVIL, or *middle*; what is *around* us, and *within*, relating to the great family of *man*; and the *external*, which refers, principally, to the kingdom of Nature, which is *below* us; viz. the *animal*, *vegetable*, and *mineral*: (do not include *mankind* in the *animal* kingdom; they are *human*; it is *sensualism* which has degraded man to rank with *animals*.) The *common* divisions of Poetry are—Pastoral, Lyric, Didactic, Satire, Sonnets, Descriptive, Epic, Tragic, and Comic; to which some add, Sacred, Classic, Romantic, Elegiac, Mythologic, Eclogue, Ballad, and Epitaph.

274. *Management of the Breath.* From what we have said, you see the importance of attending to this *subject*. *Very* few persons—breathe sufficiently often, when *reading*, *speaking*, or *singing*. All the *directions* the author has seen on this subject—are at variance with *truth* and *nature*. There are a *few* instances, when a *long* breath is necessary; but they are *very* rare. To *acquire* a *long* breath, exercise on all the difficulties of *respiration*,—and pursue a *similar* course for strengthening a *weak* voice; also, practice *long* *quantily*, walking *up* *hill*, and *running*, when *reciting*. In the *following*, breathe at least once, while reading each *period*. “He died *young*, (breathe,) but he died *happy*. His friends have not had him *long*, (breathe,) but his *death*—(breathe) is the greatest *trouble* and *grief*, (breathe,) they ever had. He has enjoyed the *sweets* of the world—(breathe,) only for a little while, (breathe,) but he never tasted its *bitters*.” The writer is aware of being, in this respect, in opposition to *authorities*; but he cannot be influenced by that, so long as he is persuaded that *truth* and *nature* are *with* him. If one does not breathe sufficiently often, he will be almost sure to speak too *rapidly*: and, as the object of Elocution is—to *convince* and *persuade*, how can one expect to *do* this, if he does not give his hearers time to *think*, or *reason*, about what he says? How can a *jury*—keep pace with a *lawyer*, whose language rides post-haste? If his *reason*, and *arguments*, are hurled upon the *ear*, like flashes of *lightning* upon the *eye*, how can they be *remembered*, or produce the intended *effect*? If one does not breathe at the proper times and places, the sense is not fully conveyed, and the lungs are injuriously affected. Too *unfrequent* breathing, and rapid speaking, must be *avoided*; but beware of the *opposite* extreme, unless you wish to lull your hearers to *sleep*.

Ask of mother earth—why oaks—were made—
Taller and stronger—than the weeds they shade.

Proverbs. 1. Never *begin* things, and then leave them *unfinished*. 2. Have a place for *every* thing: and when you have *used* it, put it *back* again. 3. *Proverbs*—bear *age*; and he, who would *do* *well*, may see himself in them, as in a *looking-glass*. 4. *Politeness*—costs nothing, and *may* do much *good*. 5. *Tediousness*—is often *fatal* to our *object*. 6. Where there is no *hope*, there is no *endeavor*. 7. *Unequal* friendships—are easily *dissolved*. 8. *Sloth*—consumes faster than *labor*. 9. *Lost time*—is never *found* again; and *time* enough *yet*, is always *little* enough. 10. *Industry*—*pays* debts; *despair*—increases them. 11. *Troops of furies*—march in the drunkard's *triumph*. 12. *Success*—consecrates the foulest crimes.

Anecdote. *The Boys and Frogs.* L'Es-trange tells us, in his fables, that a number of boys were one day watching *frogs* at the side of a *pond*; and that when any of them put their *heads* above the *water*, the boys pelted them *down* again, with *stones*. One of the frogs, appealing to the *humanity* of the boys, made this striking observation,—“*Children*, you do not consider, that though this may be *spelt* to *you*, it is *death* to *us*.”

Folly and Wisdom. Many parents—labor *hard*, and live *sparingly*, that they may give their children a *start* in the world: but setting a son afloat with money *left* to him—is like tying *bladders* under the arms of one who cannot *swim*; and *ten* to *one* he will *drown*; but teach him to *swim*, and he will never need *bladders*: give a child a good *education*, and it will give him such a *start*—as will secure *usefulness* and *victory* in the race he is to run.

Varieties. 1. Is it *possible*—for a *created* being to *merit* any thing—at the hands of *God*? 2. The instincts of *animals*—are their *laws of life*; they seem to be sensible of their *ends* of being, and the means of *attaining* them. 3. *Truth*—is that *resemblance* to, or *conformity* with *Nature*, that is presented to the mind, by the relation of *ideas*, whether *simple*, or *complex*. 4. There is a *divinity*—shapes our *ends*, *rough* hew them as we will. 5. 'Tis better, to be *lowly* born, and range with *humble* livers—in *content*, than to be pricked up—in glittering *grief*, and wear a golden *sorrow*. 6. Whatever is seen, by the bodily *eye*, or perceived by the outward *senses*, is but an *effect*—from the spiritual *world*, and a true *representative* of some *principle* therein, and *proper* to it; for that world is in the human *soul*,—and *mind*.

I ramble—by the evening *sea*

The light-house—glimmering from afar,
And fleecy clouds—are scouring *free*
O'er rising *moon*, and twinkling *star*;
In *distance*—floats the wailing *sail*,
Or brightly gleams the plashing *oar*,
And mingles—with the shining *gale*
The *billow*—murmuring on the *shore*;
But one thing wants the wanderer there—
A *kindred* soul, the *scene* to share.

275. Emphasis. This is a very important part of our subject; and unless the pupil is certain, that he perfectly understands *Accent*, he is advised to review it again. *Accented* syllables, are to *other* syllables, in the same word, what *emphatic* syllables, are to words in the same sentence,—hence, it may be seen, that as the *idea*—is always associated with the accented vowel, and changes, when the seat of *accent* is changed; as in *Au-gust*, and *au-gust*; so, the *mind's eye*—always accompanies the emphatic word. Ex. Doctor *Johnson*, (says *Cicero*), was a great orator. Thus emphasised, we make *Cicero* say, that Dr. *Johnson*—was a great orator. Corrected, thus: Dr. *Johnson* says—*Cicero* was a great orator. Practice on this sentence, till every thing appertaining to correct *emphasis* is familiar. All the words in this book, printed in different *type*, are more or less *emphatic*: and some are emphatic that are in the *common* type.

276. Emphasis—is an increase of *accent* on the accented vowels of important words, the more perfectly to convey the *sense* of the author. There are only two ways of making it: which are the same as in *accent*; viz: by *STRESS* and *QUANTITY*. *First*, by *stress*: Ex. 1. The *difference*—between what is *true*—and *false*, *good*—and *evil*, is very *great*. 2. Some reports—are *true*: *others*—are *false*. 3. *Truth* tells us, that certain *affections*—are *evil*: but *False* says, they are *good*. 4. *Good* men—*love*, and *practice*, what is *good* and *true*; but *wicked* men—*love*, and *practice*, what is *false*, and *evil*. 5. *Heaven*—consists of all that is *good* and *true*; but *Hell*—consists of all that is *false*, and *evil*.

277. Horticulture—or *Gardening*, is the art of preparing and cultivating *gardens*, including *pleasure-grounds*, and ornamental *shrubbery*: its close relation to *Agriculture*, renders it difficult to distinguish between them. As involving principles of *taste*, and elements of *beauty*, it may be classed with the *Fine Arts*; but its connection with the *Useful Arts*—presents a *stronger* relation; and, whether considered in reference to *usefulness*, or *ornament*, it deserves much *attention*, and exerts a salutary influence over its *volaries*.

Anecdote. *Working a Passage.* An Irishman, having applied to work his passage on a canal-boat, and being employed to lead the horses on the tow-path; on arriving at the place of destination, declared he would sooner go on foot, than work his passage in *America*.

Honest index—of the soul,
Nobly scorning all control,
Silent language—ever flowing,
Every secret thought avowing,
Pleasure's seat,—Love's favorite throne,
Every triumph—is thy own.

Proverbs. 1. Every act of *violence*—leads to difficult results. 2. The house of a true friend—is always a sure *asylum*. 3. It is *sweet*—to soothe the *wretched*, and mitigate their *misfortunes*. 4. *He* has done the *mischief*, and *I* bear the *blame*. 5. It is common to *fools*—to mention their *neighbor's* faults; while they are forgetful of their *own*. 6. Endeavor to *conquer* adverse circumstances; and not *submit* to them. 7. It is *wise*—to derive knowledge, even from an *enemy*. 8. He, who flies from *judgment*, confesses the crime *imputed* to him. 9. We are generally willing to *believe*—what we *wish* to be true. 10. Let *justice* be done, tho' the *heavens* fall. 11. The more *riches* a *fool* has, the *foolisher* he is. 12. When the *heart*—is past *hope*, the *face*—is past *shame*. 13. *Despair*—has ruined many a one.

Philosophy of Mind. No philosophy of the mind can be *valuable*, that does not propose an inquiry into the connection between *mind* and *matter*. Attention to the subject of our own *consciousness*, alone, excludes the possibility of their being well *observed*, because the conditions of their being well *seen*—are neglected. That there is a direct connection between *mind* and *matter*, the *soul* and *body*, is an indisputable *fact*; and it is perfectly *idle*, to pretend to examine the qualities of the *former*, without reference to the *latter*. The comprehension of the *action* of *mind* and the reaction of *matter*, involves the true principles of Intellectual *Philosophy* and *Psychology*.

Varieties. 1. Which is the most *desirable*, to *know* and *understand* much; or, to make a right use of what we know and understand? 2. The *Jew*—asks a *sign*; the *Greeks*—seek after *wisdom*. 3. Do not the shadows of *great thoughts*, sometimes fall on our *minds*?

Who *friendship*—with a knave has made,
Is judged a *partner*—in the *trade*;
'Tis *thus*, that on the choice of *friends*,
Our *good*, or *evil* name—depends.

5. Envy no man's *good*, or *truth*: seek not to be *him*. If less than thee, give that which he *asketh* of thee, at all times; if more than thee, *envy* not: neither seek to *depreciate*; and beware of rashly condemning what is *above* thee,—lest thou materially hurt *thyself*. 6. We may as soon take *fire*—into the *bosom*, without being *burned*, or touch *tar*, without being *defiled*, as to frequent and *delight* in—bad *company*, without a *stain* upon our moral character.

MY SISTER.

Mine eyes—have seen the *beautiful*,
Mine ears—have heard their *thrilling voice*,
My heart—has felt their potent *rule*—
The *fears* of *hope*, the *hope* of *joys*—
But *never*—has my sight approved
A *fairer*—than my *sister*—no!
None other sound—so much hath moved
As, her "*dear brother*," spoken *low*.

278. INVOLUNTARY EFFORTS. Let no one imagine, that it is the design of this system to make *arbitrary* readers, and speakers; far from it: if the system were not founded in *NATURE*, such *might* be the result. By making use of the principles here developed, we *return* to truth and nature; provided we have *wandered* from them; consequently, the effort becomes *involuntary*: as was the case with the whistling of little *Jimmy*, in *school*; who, when his teacher was about to *correct* him, exclaimed, "No, no; it was not *I* that whistled, it whistled *itself*." No one can be a *good* reader, or speaker, till the effort becomes *involuntary*; he must *will*, and it shall be *done*. Unfortunately, some think they must do some *great thing*; whereas, they have only to *wash*, and be *clean*.

279. EPIC, or heroic poetry, has for its subject the exploits of some *hero*, or *heroes*, of national celebrity; *Lyric* poetry is designed to be set to *music*, as *psalms*, *hymns*, *odes* and *songs*; *Elegiac* poetry involves *solemn*, or *mournful* subjects; *Epitaphs* are inscriptions on *tomb-stones*; *Pastoral* poetry treats of *rural* affairs, and the *social* affections; it is appropriate to *shepherds*; *Didactic* poetry is designed to convey *instruction*; *Satyrical* poetry is for reproving the *vices*, *errors* and *follies* of the world, by holding them up to *ridicule*; *Descriptive* poetry describes interesting subjects, *mental* or *natural*; and *Romantic* poetry has for its subjects, *tales*, *romances*, and *novels*, *probable*, or *supernatural*.

280. CAUSE AND EFFECT. Such are the defects of our *education*, that we are brought up almost as ignorant of our *bodies* and *minds*, as of the man in the *moon*: the consequence is, we are imposed upon by the *shoe-maker*, the *tailor*, the *mantua-maker*, the *carpenter* and *joiner*, the *cabinet-maker*, the *mill* and *baker*, the *cook* and the *washer*, and by almost every body else: we are a race of abusers of one another. When we get a pair of *shoes*, the first question is, how *well* do they look? So also of the *coat* and *dress*, the *house*, the *chair*, the *flour*, and *bread*, &c., &c. Oh, when shall we be *wise*, and *understand* the things that so nearly concern our *temporal* welfare? Having *eyes*, we see not *aright*; having *ears*, we hear *wrong*: our *feelings*, *taste*, and *smell*—betray us, because they are *perversed*. The enemy comes in upon us like a *flood*, and *who* will lift up a *standard* against him?

GENERATIONS OF MAN.

Like *leaves* on *trees*—the *race* of *man* is found,
Now, *green* in *youth*, now, *withering* on the *ground*.
Another *race* the following *spring* supplies;
They *fall* successive, and successive *rise*:
So—*generations*—in their *course* decay,
So—*flourish* these, when *those*—are passed away.

Proverbs. 1. It is well not only to *seem* pure; but, to *be* pure. 2. Aim at *desert*, rather than *reward*. 3. If you are in a *thriving way*, *stick* to it, and let *well enough*, alone. 4. *Trifles*—often decide *much*—concerning the *character* of a person. 5. Believe *yourself* capable of learning what *others* have learned. 6. Avoid all *extremes*; and *live*, and *act*, in the *golden medium*. 7. The *loaded tree*—always *tends* with its *fruits*; as *virtue*—stoops beneath *humility*. 8. Without *frugality*, none can be *rich*; and with it—few can be *poor*. 9. The *used key*—is always *bright*. 10. *Man* is a being who makes *bargains*; one dog never exchanges *bones* with another dog. 11. You can do it, if you only *think* so, and *try*. 12. *Quick* believers—need broad *shoulders*.

Anecdote. *New Character.* Lord *Hardy*, who was so much addicted to the *bottle*, as to be always under the *influence* of *liquor*, previous to a *masquerade* night, inquired of *Fool*, "what *new character* he ought to appear in?" "New *character*," said the other,—"suppose you go *sober*, my lord." He took the *hint* of the comedian, and actually *reformed*.

Industry. If *industry* is no more than *habit*, 'tis at least an *excellent* one. "If you ask me, which is the *real hereditary* sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer *pride*, or *luxury*, or *ambition*, or *egotism*? No; I shall say—*indolence*. Who conquers *indolence*, will conquer all the *rest*." Indeed, all good principles must *stagnate*, without *mental activity*.

Varieties. 1. A *prime minister*—was asked, how he could perform such a vast amount of *business*, and yet, have so much *leisure*? He replied, I do *every* thing at the *time*. 2. Would *wings*—be folded in the *worm*, if they were not one day to enable it to *fly*? 3. The perfection of *religion* and *science*—will be *united*; their sphere of operation *ascertained*, and their periods of vicissitudes known in that *better age*, which is approaching.

Let *fools*—the *studious* despise;
There's nothing *lost*, by being *wise*.

Whatever *perils*—may alarm us,
Kind words—will never harm us.

6. *Pure*, and *undefiled* religion, is the *sheet-anchor* of *happiness*, the perfection and *glory* of human *nature*; its *essence*—is a conscience void of *offence* toward *God*, and *man*. 7. There is a *providence* in every *pulsation*, and in all the *particulars* that concern it: as the *sun*—never ceases to *shine*, so the *Lord*—never ceases to *bless*.

There is a *voice*—I shall hear no *more*—
There are *tones*, whose *music*, for me, is o'er,
Sweet as the odors of *spring* were they,—
Precious and *rich*—but, they *died away*;
They came like *peace* to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone—like the blush of a *summer morn*,
Like a *crimson cloud*—through the *sunset* borne.

281. EMPHASIS. Words are *emphatic*, when *opposition* is expressed, or *understood*; that is, when our words are *contrasted*, and when we wish to *enforce* our ideas, so as to produce their desired *effects*. As, Oratory—involves *feelings, thoughts and words*; so, does it also involve *ends, or purposes, causes, and effects*; *beyond* which, human minds cannot travel. We may illustrate emphasis, by what is called *lever-power*; the resistance to be overcome, or the *effect* to be produced; the *lever* as a *medium*, and the *weight*: thus, *I will, or desire*, to accomplish a certain *object*: here, is the region of *ends, or purposes*; then, *I devise ways and means*, and determine *how* it is to be done; here, is the region of *causes*: and, *finally*, *I put the purpose in operation, through the means*, and thus accomplish my *object*; which, of course, is the region of *effects*. Here is the *philosophy* of oratory.

282. EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS BY STRESS.

1. It is not so easy to *hide* our faults, as to *confess*—and *avoid* them. 2. Never attempt to raise *yourself*, by depreciating the merits of *others*. 3. As *fools*—make a mock at *sin*, so do the *ignorant*—often make a mock at *knowledge*. 4. They are generally most ridiculous *themselves*, who see most to ridicule in *others*. 5. Wherever *education* is neglected,—*depravity*, and every kind of action, that *degrades* mankind, are most *frequent*. 6. The *first* three volumes; not, the *three first* volumes; there is only *one*—*first*. 7. The *first* *three*, and the *last* *two* verses; not, the *three first*, and *two last*. 8. To be *truly*—*happy*, man must be *good*, and *renounce* such *enjoyments* as are *grounded* in the love of *evil*. 9. There is a *natural* body, and there is a *spiritual* body. 10. *Flesh*—and *blood*—cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

283. RULE. Emphasize the important word, or words, with such a *degree* and *kind* of stress, or expulsive prolongation of sound, as to convey the entire *sense* and *feeling*, in the best *manner*, and give *each* idea its relative *importance*. *Example and definition.* “*Emphasis*—is the *index* of my *meaning*, and shows more *exactly*, what I wish the hearers to *attend* to—*particularly*.” Indeed, it is to the *mind* what the *finger* is to the *eye*: when we wish a person to *see* any thing, we naturally *point* to it: thus, are the manifestations of the *mind* made by the *emphasis*, or *pointing* of the *voice*.

They are *sleeping*! Who are *sleeping*?

Mortals, compassed round with *woe*—

Eyelids, wearied out with *weeping*,

Close for very *weakness* now:

And that *short* relief from *sorrow*,

Harassed *nature*—shall sustain,

Till they *wake* again—to-morrow,

Strengthened—to contend with *pain*!

Proverbs. 1. We must submit to *authority*, till we can *discover*, or *see*—*reasons*. 2. Be not *satisfied* with the *results* and *applications* of *knowledge*; but search for its *fountains*. 3. *Youth*—is not a time to cast *away* stones, but to *gather* them. 4. Instead of *naturalizing nature*, we should *naturalize art*. 5. The *understanding*—is a *refining* vessel, in which *knowledge* is *purified*. 6. Endeavor to acquire such *knowledge*, as will enable you to judge *correctly yourself*. 7. *Time*—destroys the speculations of *man*, but confirms the judgments of *Nature*. 8. No evil propensity is so *powerful*, but that it may be *subdued*, by proper *means*. 9. No one is so *great*, or so *small*, but that he is capable of *giving*, or *receiving*—*benefits*. 10. Be *civil*—to the *great*—but *intimate*—with the *good*. 11. No religion—is better than an *unnatural* one. 12. *Immoderate sorrow*—is a species of *suicide*. 13. *Pay* what you *owe*. 14. *Great* thieves punish *little* ones. 15. The *absent* party is always *faulty*.

Anecdote. If a private gentleman, in *Cheshire* England, about the year 1730, had not been overturned in his *carriage*; it is *possible*, that the *United States*, instead of being a free *Republic*, might have remained a dependent *colony*: that gentleman—was *Augustus Washington*, who was thus thrown out of his *carriage*, into the *company* of a *lady*, who afterwards became his *wife*, emigrated with him to *Virginia*, and, in 1732, became the *mother*—of *General Washington*.

Laconics. When we see *birds*, at the approach of *rain*, anointing their plumage with *oil*—to shield off the *drops*, should it not *remind* us, when the storms of *contention* threaten us, to apply the oil of *forbearance*, and thus—*prevent* the chilling drops from entering our *hearts*?

Varieties. 1. Did mankind fall *suddenly*, or by *degrees*? 2. While *freedom*—is true to *itself*, every one becomes *subject* to it; and even its *adversaries* are instruments in its hands. 3. The preservation of *health*—depends, principally, on proper *diet*, early *retiring*, and early *rising*, *temperance* in *eating*, and *drinking*, proper *exercise*, and perfect *cleanliness*. 4. By a *vicious* action, we injure our *mind*, as we should our *body*, by drinking *poison*, or inflicting a *wound* upon it. 5. What is *liberty*? *Willing, thinking, speaking, and doing*—what we *understand*; provided, we violate no *law*, or *principle*. 6. *Mental* pleasures—never *cloy*; unlike those of the *body*, they are increased by *repetition*, approved by *reason*, and strengthened by *enjoyment*. 7. *Evil action, contrivance and speech*, is but the manifestation of the nature of *evil*; and that it should be made *manifest*, is consistent with divine *intentions*.

Freedom—is

The brilliant gift of heaven; 'tis reason's *self*,
The kin—to *Deity*.

284. EMPHASIS. There are only *two* ways of making emphasis, but as many ways of exhibiting it, as there are *itches, qualities, and modifications* of voice—in *Speech and Song*: all of which are very *simple*, and a knowledge of them easily acquired, by the persevering student. In every sentence, there is a *word, or words*, on which the *sense* depends, as the *body*—on the *heart*; the *voice* and *gestures*, only, can exhibit it. *Emphasis*, not only *illustrates*, but often *amplifies* the sense of the author; and that is the *best* emphasis, which does this the most *effectively*; indeed, there are times when, through the *emphasis*, one may make words *mean*—more than they were designed to mean by the author.

285. EMPHASIS by expulsive stress. 1. He who cannot bear a joke—should never give one. 2. Avoid a *slanderer*, as you would a *scorpion*. 3. A *wager*—is a *fool's* argument. 4. He that is past *shame*, is past *hope*. 5. What is worth doing at *all*, is worth doing *well*. 6. *Men of principle*, ought to be *principal* men. 7. Aim at nothing *higher*, till you can *read and speak*, deliberately, clearly, and distinctly, and with proper *emphasis*: all other graces will follow. 8. The *head*, without the *heart*, is like a steam engine, without a *boiler*. 9. As *love*—thinks no *evil*, so *envy*—speaks no *good*. 10. *Variety, delights; and perfection, delights in variety.*

286. MUSIC. The *cultivation*, and frequent *practice* of music, in schools of every grade, will have a strong, and decidedly beneficial influence on the habits of the pupils. By using the same *words*, and singing the same *pieces* in concert, their *thoughts* will be directed in the same channel, and their *affections* elevated together; and they will naturally be led into closer *association* and *sympathy* with each other. Well chosen music may be made an efficient auxiliary, guiding and controlling the feelings and actions in the school-room, and contribute essentially, to the proper management of its concerns. It was in accordance with this principle, that a certain poet wisely said, "Let me make the *songs* of the nation, and I care not who makes its *laws*."

287. GEOGRAPHY—comprises a general description of the *earth*; and, especially of the *nations*, by which it is *inhabited*, in reference to their *position and extent*; their *productions and resources*; their *institutions and improvements*; their *manners and customs*; including the subject of *statistics, voyages, and travels*. It is a term, that admits of almost *indefinite* extension; for in describing a *nation*, allusion must be made to its *language, laws, religion, arts, and literature*; and in treating of the *earth*, and its *productions*, we may include the whole range of the *physical sciences*.

True love—is never idle.

Proverbs. 1. It is a *fraud*—to conceal fraud. 2. Never attempt to do *two things*—at once. 3. *He*, labors in *rain*, who endeavors to please *every body*. 4. To the *resolute and persevering*—nothing is difficult. 5. *Thieves*—are game for the *penitentiary*, and often, for the *gallows*. 6. *Kindness*—begets kindness, and *love*—begets love. 7. The *drop*—hollows the *stone*, not by its *force*, but by falling often on the same *spot*. 8. A man who aspires to be an *orator*, must study by *night*, as well as by *day*. 9. There is no sauce equal to a good *appetite*. 10. To *wicked persons*—the virtue of *others*—is always a subject of *envy*. 11. A man would not be *alone*, even in *paradise*. 12. Weigh *right*, if you sell *dear*.

Anecdote. Dr. Johnson—observed to Macklin, in a *sneering* manner, that *literary men*—should converse in the *learned languages*; and immediately addressed the dramatist in *Latin*; after which, Macklin—uttered a long sentence in *Irish*. The Doctor again returned to the *English* tongue, saying, "You may speak very good *Greek*; but I am not sufficiently *versed* in that dialect—to converse with you *fluently*."

Of Dress, &c. A creature, who spends its time in *dressing, gaming, prating, and gadding*, is a being *originally*, indeed, of the rational make; but who has *sunk* itself beneath its *rank*, and is to be considered, at present, as nearly on a level with the *monkey-species*.

Varieties. 1. What was the design of *God*, in making *man*? 2. How *absurd*, to have half a dozen *children*, with different *dispositions, and capabilities*, and yet, give them *all*—the same *education*! 3. Are not *bigotry, and intolerance*—as destructive to *morality*, as they are to common *sense*? 4. *Observations*, made in the *cloister*, or in the *desert*, will generally be as *obscure*—as the *one, and barren*—as the *other*; to become *orators, or painters*, we must study *originals*. 5. Which side of a pitcher has the *handle*? The *outside*, of course. 6. If a book really needs the patronage of a great man; it is a *bad book*; and if it be a *good book*, it does not need it. 7. To *sow* the seeds of *order*—we must be *just*; and so, also, to *water* them; but beware that *self*—enter not into the *action*.

Before the gate there sat,
On either side, a formidable shape.
The one seemed woman—to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast;—a serpent arm'd
With mortal stings.

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none,
Or substance might be call'd, that shadow seem'd
For each seem'd each, black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies,—terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.

You think this *cruel*; take it for a *rule*,
No creature—smarts so little—as a *fool*.

288. Remember, that *Emphasis*—is to *words*, in a *sentence*, what *accent* is to *letters* or *syllables*, in a *word*; and, as proper *accent*—on a *right vowel*, will impart an *impetus* to the voice, in going through the *word*; so, *true emphasis* on the same, will give an *impetus* in delivering the *sentence*, so as to ultimatize the *end* you have in *view*. Again, the length of *long vowel sounds*, in *emphatic words*, is, to the *same vowels*, in *accented words*, what *accented long ones* are, to *unaccented long ones*: similar observations might be made in reference to *force*—on *emphatic short vowels*, and *accented and unaccented short ones*.

289. The various effects, produced by changing the seat of *Emphasis*, from *one word* to *another*, may be seen in the following *sentence*, of *emphatic memory*; provided it be read according to the *notation*. “Will you ride to town to-day?” That is: will you ride, or will you *not*? “Will you ride to town to-day?” That is: will you ride, or will you *send* some one. “Will you ride to town to-day?” That is: will you ride, or *walk*? “Will you ride to town to-day?” That is: will you ride to *town*, or will you ride somewhere *else*? “Will you ride to town to-day?” That is: will you ride to town to-day, or to-morrow; or, next week? By using *other* modifications of voice, as many shades of meaning may be given, even to this short sentence, as there are letters in it.

290. APPLICATION. It is *incredible*, how much may be accomplished by *diligence*, and *industry*. The present state of the world, enlightened by the arts and sciences, is a *living proof*, that *difficulties*, seemingly insuperable, may finally be overcome. This consideration ought to stimulate us to *industry* and *application*. We do not *know* our own strength, till we *try* it; nor to what extent our abilities will *carry* us, till we put them to the *test*. Those who want *resolution*, often desist from useful *enterprises*, when they have more than half *effected* their purposes: they are discouraged by *difficulties* and *disappointments*, which ought rather to excite their *ardor*, and cause them to *redouble* their efforts to succeed.

Anecdote. While *Athens*—was governed by the thirty *tyrants*, *Socrates*, the philosopher, was ordered to assist in seizing one *Leon*, a man of *rank* and *fortune*, whom they determined to put out of the *way*, that they might enjoy his *estate*; but *Socrates* positively *refused*: saying, “I will not *willingly* assist—in an *unjust act*.” “Dost thou think,” (said one of them,) “to talk in this high *tone*, and not to *suffer*?” “Far from it,” replied he; “I expect to suffer a *thousand* ills; but *none* so great—as to do *unjustly*.”

Proverbs. 1. *Wisdom*—excelleth *folly*, as much as *light* excels *darkness*. 2. *Opinion*—is *free*; and *conduct* alone—amenable to the law. 3. *Some*—affect to *despise*—what they do not *understand*. 4. In trying to avoid one danger, we sometimes fall into *another*. 5. *Decency*—is the natural characteristic of *virtue*, and the deceptive coloring of *vice*. 6. Never *déspair*; speak the commanding word, “I *WILL*,” and it is *done*. 7. Never *chase* a lie; for if you keep *quiet*, *truth*—will eventually *overtake* it. 8. A *punctual* man, is rarely a *poor* man; and *never*—a man of doubtful *credit*. 9. Persons of *fashion*, starve their *happiness*, to feed their *vanity*; and their *love*, to feed their *pride*. 10. There is a great difference—between *repeating* a maxim, or proverb, and a practical *observance* of it. 11. *Dis-eases*—are the interest of *sensual pleasures*. 12. The *half* is often better than the *whole*. 13. *Justice*—should rule over all.

Bigots. *Bigots*, who are *violent*, *positive*, and *intolerant*, in their religious tenets, ought to feel very much *humbled*, when they reflect, that they would have been *equally* so for any *other* religion, had it been the religion of their *parents*, or of the country in which they had been born and educated.

Varieties. 1. Why is a *tale-bearer*—like a *brick-layer*? Because he raises *stories*. 2. When you have nothing to *say*, say *nothing*; for a *weak defence*—strengthens your *opponent*: and *silence*—is better than a *bad reply*. 3. We might enjoy much *peace*, and *happiness*, if we would not *busy* ourselves, with what *others* say and do. 4. Never think of *yourself*, when *reading*, *speaking*, or *singing*; but of your *subject*; and avoid an *artificial*, and *grandiloquent* style of delivery. 5. It is not *enough*—to be left to the tuition of *Nature*, unless we know what *lessons* she teaches. 6. *Morals*—too often come from the *pulpit*, in the cold *abstract*; but men *smart* under them when *good lawyers* are the *preachers*. 7. When we become perfectly *rational*, and act wholly from *ourselves*—in *consequence* of it, we are accountable for all our *actions*, and they are then *imputed* to us, if *evil*,—but not *before*.

Where the gentle *streamlets* flow,
Where the morning *dew-drops* glow,
Where the *zephyrs*—wing their flight,
In the cool and welcome *night*,
Whispering through the fragrant grove
To the heart, that “*God is love*,”
Where the light *cloud* skims the sky,
Worship! “*God is passing by!*”

Hoary forest, rugged *rock*,
Roaring torrents, earthquake's *shock*,
Mighty tempests, lightning's *glare*,
Ocean, raging in *despair*,
And the *desert*—lone and drear,
Wake the soul of man to *fear*;
And when *thunder* rends the sky,
Tremble! “*God is passing!*”

291. EMPHASIS. If your *articulation*, and *pronunciation*, be clear and correct, and you are free from all unnatural *tones*, and other bad habits, nothing can prevent your succeeding in this important art, if you perfect yourself in *Emphasis*: hence, the reason of *dwelling* on the subject so long, and of giving such a variety of *examples*. But remember; that *books*, *rules*, *teachers*, or all combined, cannot make *orators* of you, without you throw your whole *heart* and *soul* into the exercises, and let your *zeal* be according to *knowledge*. Become independent of your *book*, and speak from *memory*, as soon as possible; then, you will be left to the *promptings* and *guidance* of your own *mind*, and become *free*.

292. 1. Men *live*, and *prosper*, but in mutual *trust*, and *confidence* of one another's *truth*. 2. Those, who are teaching our *youth*—to read with *science* and effect, are doing much to increase the *power*, and extend the *influence*—of standard *authors*.

Peace—is the happy, natural state of man;

War—his corruption, and disgrace.

To *nature genius*—would you prove a friend!

Point out his *faults*—and teach him how to mend.

Let us

Act with *prudence*, and with manly *temper*,

As well as manly *firmness*;

'Tis God-like *magnanimity*—to keep,

When most provoked, our *reason*—calm, and clear.

Notes. The ancients very properly called man a *microcosm*, or little world. But what were this world—without a *sen*, to impart to it light and heat? Of what use the *body*—without the *soul*? Of what use the *house*, without the *inhabitant*? and of what use *words*, without *thought* and *feeling*? And of what use are all these, if they cannot be made manifest? The *body*—is the mind's *servant*, and depends on its *care*, as the *mind* itself does on the *Father* of mind. *Body*, and *soul*—are best taken care of, when both are minded together.

293. ARCHITECTURE—teaches the art of *building*; and is one of the most *useful*, as well as *ancient*, of all the arts: it demands much more *attention*, than it has ever received; especially, in this country: and many—would save *time*, *labor* and *money*, and have better *houses*, as to *comfort* and *appearance*, if they would make themselves acquainted with this important art. Most persons will find it much to their benefit, to call upon an *architect*, when about to erect a building of importance.

Anecdote. King James I., of England, went out of his way one day, to hear a noted *preacher*. The *clergyman*, seeing the king enter, left his *text*—to declaim against *swearing*; for which vile practice—the king was notorious. After service, the king thanked him for his sermon; and asked him, what connection *swearing* had with his *text*. The minister replied, "Since your *majesty* came out of *your way*, thro' *curiosity*, I could not, in compliance, do less than go out of *mine*—to meet you."

Proverbs. 1. *Temperance*—and intemperance—reward, and punish themselves. 2. *Riches*—are servants to the wise,—but tyrants to fools. 3. None can be great, who have ceased to be virtuous. 4. *Money*—does no good, till it is distributed. 5. If you have one true friend, think yourself happy. 6. *Silks*, and *satins*, often put out the kitchen fire. 7. *Hunger*—looks into the working-man's house; but dare not enter. 8. When the well is dry, people know the worth of water. 9. *Business*—makes a man, as well as tires him. 10. For the evidence of truth, look at the truth itself. 11. Better go away longing, than loathing. 12. Of saving—cometh having. 13. God—never made a hypocrite.

Reading, Writing, and Speaking. Habits of literary conversation, and still more, habits of extempore discussion in a popular assembly, are peculiarly useful in giving us a ready and practical command of our knowledge. There is much good sense in the following aphorism of Bacon: "Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man."

Varieties. 1. Through an affected contempt—for what some call little things, many remain ignorant—of what they might easily know. 2. A harmless hilarity, and buoyant cheerfulness—are not unfrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived, than when we mistake gravity—for greatness, solemnity—for science, and pomposity for erudition. 3. It is better to have recourse to a quack, who can cure our disease, tho' he cannot explain it, than to one who can explain, but cannot cure it. 4. Early rising—not only gives us more life, in the same number of years, but adds to the number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence, in the same measure of time, but increases also their measure. 5. For his honesty, there was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas, that grew the more, by reaping. 6. Let us admire the results of truth, while we ascend to the source of truth. 7. Look first inwardly, for the coming of the Lord, and of his kingdom; and when certainly found there, then look in outward nature, for a harmony agreeing with it; but not before.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

Life—is but an empty dream!

For the soul is dead, that slumbers,

And things are not—what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave—is not its goal;

Dust thou art, to dust turnest,

Was not spoken—of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is our destined end or way;

But to act, that each to-morrow

Finds us farther—than to-day.

Let us, then, be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labor, and to wait.

204. EMPHASIS—is sometimes exhibited by *changing the seat of accent*. 1. What is *done*, cannot be *undone*. 2. If he did not do it *directly*, he did it *indirectly*. 3. There are probably as many *invisible* as *visible* things. 4. Did he act *honestly*, or *dishonestly*? 5. There is a difference between *giving*, and *for-giving*. 6. Does he speak *distinctly*, or *in-distinctly*? 7. Better be *untaught* than *ill-taught*; and better be *alone*, than in *bad company*. 8. He that *ascended*, is the same as he that *descended*. 9. *Pure* religion raises men above *themselves*; *irreligion*—sinks them to the *brute*. 10. *Similitude*—*joins*; *dissimilitude*—*separates*.

205. EMPHASIS—by changing the seat of *accent*, in words of the *same* structure, and of *different* structure, to convey the full *meaning*. 1. To *do*, and to *un-do*—is the common business of the world. 2. *Reason*, *truth*, and *virtue*—are the proper measures of *praise*, and *dis-praise*. 3. *Mind*, and *voice*—*act*, and *re-act* upon one *another*. 4. We may have *sen-sibility*, without manifesting *ir-ritability*. 5. *Some* things are *con-venient*; while *others* are *in-convenient*. 6. It is necessary to observe the *division*, and the *sub-division*. 7. In the *suitableness* or *un-suitableness*, in the *proportion* or *dis-proportion*, which the *desire* bears to the *cause*, and the *object*, consists the *propriety*, or *im-propriety*, the *de-cency*, or *in-decency*—of the consequent *action*.

206. DYSPEPSIA. Many persons of the present day do not *chew* their food like a man, but *bolt* it *whole*, like a *boa-constrictor*: they neither take the trouble to *dissect*, nor the time to *masticate* it. It is no wonder they lose their *teeth*, for they rarely *use* them; and their power of *digestion*, for they exhaust it by overeating. They load their stomachs, as a drayman does his *cart*, as full as it will *hold*, and as fast as they can pitch it in; and then complain that their load is too *heavy*.

207. ZO-OI-O-GR. Almost every child—is a *naturalist*: hence, among the earliest plays of *childhood*, the observation of the habits of different *animals*, holds a prominent place. How *delighted* are they with *dogs*, *cats*, *calves*, *lambs*, *sheep*, *oxen*, and *horses*! What a *pity*, that so much *pains* should be taken in an *imperfect* education, to *sever* their young minds from these interesting *objects*; so well calculated to induce close *observation*, and open new *fountains* in the youthful mind! But how greatly are these studies *increased* in value, by adding the treasures of *Botany*, and *Mineralogy*, beautiful *flowers*, and precious *stones*! What a glorious *world*, and how admirably *designed*—to aid in the development of *body* and *mind*.

Eye *nature's* walks, shoot *folley*, as it *flies*,
And catch the *manners*—*living*, as they *risc*.

Proverbs. 1. Many, who *possess much*, *en-joy* but *little*. 2. Never sound the *trumpet* of your own *fame*. 3. *Faction*—is the bane of society. 4. Religious *contention*—is Satan's *harvest*. 5. Sell not *virtue* to purchase *wealth*. 6. The dis-course of *flatterers*, is like a rope of *honey*. 7. *Truth* may *languish*, but it never *dies*. 8. *Under-take*—no more than you can *perform*. 9. Value a good *conscience* more than *praise*. 10. We are bound to be *honest*, but not to be *rich*. 11. He is *idle*, that might be better *employed*. 12. The more *laws*—the more *offenders*.

Anecdote. *Sailor and Highwayman.* A *stage*—was once stopped by a *highwayman*, who, being informed by the *driver*, that there were no *inside* passengers, and only *one* on the *outside*, and he a *sailor*,—the *robber* proceeded to exercise his *functions* upon the bold and honest *tar*; when, waking him up, Jack demanded to know what he *wanted*: to which the son of plunder replied,—"Your *money*;" "You shan't have it," says Jack. "No?" rejoined the robber, "then I'll blow your *brains* out." "*Blow* away, then; I may as well be without *brains*, as without *money*. Drive on, coachee!"

Independence. Always form your *own* opinion of a person, and never allow *another*, even your most intimate *friend*, to judge for you; as he may not have *half* the power of discriminating character, that you *yourself* possess. Never allow yourself to be *talked* out of any thing—against your better *judgment*; nor *talked into* any thing; unless you see *clearly*, that the reasons *advanced*—are more powerful than your *own*.

Varieties. 1. If your principles are *false*, no *apology* can make them *right*; if founded in *truth*, no *censure* can make them *wrong*. 2. Do your *best* to do your best, and what you lack in *power*, supply with *will*. 3. Every *plant* that is produced, every *child* that is born, is a new *idea*; a fresh expression of the *wisdom* and *goodness* of our *Creator*. 4. When I see a tight laced *girl*, or *woman*, I think,—well, there goes *another fool*. 5. Can *one* passion, though it predominate, act without assistance of the *other* passions? 6. The state of the three kingdoms in *nature*, speak the same at *all* times; as also the state of every *nation*, and what is passing in it; *all* these things are a *language*, as are also many *smaller* particulars, tho' *attended by none*.

There will come,

Alike, the day of *trial*—unto *all*,
And the rude *world*—will *buffet* us *ahke*:
Temptation—hath a music—for *all ears*;
And mad *ambition*—trumpeteth to *all*;
And ungovernable *thought*, within,
Will be in *every bosom*—eloquent:
But, when the *silence*—and the *calm* come on,
And the high *seal*—of *character*—is *set*,
We shall not *all*—be similar.

298. EMPHASIS, by changing the seat of *Accent*, and, of course, the *Emphasis* too. 1. Does he pronounce *correctly*, or *incorrectly*? 2. In some kinds of composition, *plausibility* is deemed as essential as *probability*. 3. Does that man speak *rationally*, or *irrationally*? 4. We are not now to inquire into the *justice*, or the *injustice*, the *honor*, or the *dishonor* of the deed; nor whether it was *lawful*, or *unlawful*, *wise*, or *unwise*; *but*, whether it was actually *committed*. 5. He who is *good* before *invisible* witnesses, is *eminently* so before *visible* ones. 6. This *corruptible*—must put on *incorruption*, and this *mortal*—*immortality*. 7. What fellowship hath *righteousness*, with *unrighteousness*? or what communion hath *light*—with *darkness*? 8. We naturally *love* what is agreeable, and *hate* what is disagreeable.

299. It is surprising, how few, even of our *better* readers, emphasize the right *words*, in a proper *manner*; this is more *especially* the case in *reading*, than in *speaking*; and yet *children* emphasize, correctly, everything that is the result of their *own* feelings and thoughts. *Incorrect* emphasis, always perverts the *sense*; and, to the *hearer*, it is like directing a traveler in the wrong *road*. Ex. 1. "Dr. *Syntax* told *Jack*, to saddle his *horse*; and *Jack* saddled *him*." Thus emphasized, there is no possibility of doubt, but that *Jack*—put the saddle on the *Doctor*. Place the emphasis on *saddled*, and you will get the true *meaning*. 2. Now, therefore, the said *John*, (says the said *Thomas*,) is a *thief*. 3. Now, therefore, the said *John*, says the said *Thomas* is a *thief*. Apply emphasis in a *variety* of ways, to *other* examples.

300. CONSTRUCTION OF HOUSES. How little attention is paid to the construction of our *dwellings*! They seem to be built, principally, for their *looks*; and without regard to *health*, and *comfort*. Our *sleeping* apartments—appear to be of secondary *consideration*: they are generally made *small*; are poorly *ventilated*, with low *ceilings*, while all *ingress* and *egress* of air is carefully *prevented*. It would be much better to reverse this arrangement, and have our *dwelling* apartments constructed like our *sleeping* apartments; for the *former* are often ventilated through the day. Beware of *low stories*, or *low ceilings*: houses with *attic* stories, or *half* stories, or *garrets*, used for *sleeping* or *study* rooms, are *hot-beds* of *disease* and *death*; *excellent* places, with the addition of highly seasoned *food*, and a plenty of *coffee*, to generate *bilious* and *other* fevers. Fine *economy* this! and then pay the *physician* a few hundred dollars a year, to *cure*, or *kill* you!

The *best*—sometimes, from *virtue's* path *recede*;
But if the *intent* be *good*, *excuse* the deed.

Proverbs. 1. One may have a *thousand acquaintances*, and not one *real friend* among them *all*. 2. The *richer* a country is in *talent*, and good *sense*, the *happier* will it be. 3. Always to *speak*—what we *think*, is a sure way—to acquire the habit of *thinking* and *acting* with *propriety*. 4. All *finery*—is a sign of *littleness*. 5. In proportion as we *know ourselves*, we are enabled to *know others*. 6. The *government*—and *people*—should never regard each *other*, as opposite *parties*. 7. *Time* and *labor*—change a *mulberry-leaf* into *satin*. 8. As *virtue*—is its own *reward*; so *vice*—is its own *punishment*. 9. It is *torture*, to *enemies*, to return their *injuries* with *kindness*. 10. Cast thy bread upon the *waters*; for thou shalt *find* it, after many days. 11. He, may find *fault*, who cannot *mend*. 12. A *bird* is known by its *note*, and a *man*—by his *talk*.

Anecdote. No rank in life—precludes the efficacy—of a well-timed *compliment*. When Queen *Elizabeth*, who was highly *accomplished*, both in *mind* and *person*, asked an *ambassador*, how he liked her *ladies*, who attended on her; he replied, "It is hard to judge of *stars*—in presence of the *sun*."

An Honest Means of getting a Living. There seems to be but *three ways* for a nation to acquire *wealth*; the first is by *war*, as the *Romans* did, in plundering their conquered *neighbors*—this is *robbery*; the *second*, by *commerce*, which is generally *cheating*; the *third*, by *agriculture*, the only *honest* way, wherein a man receives a *real* increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual *miracle*, wrought by the hand of *God* in his favor, as a reward for his innocent *life* and his virtuous *industry*.

Varieties. 1. Should not *every* one beware of the *evils*, attendant on his *own* condition? 2. *Children*, as well as *adults*, are benefitted by their own *conjectures* and *reasonings*; even about *things* and *principles*, that they cannot as yet *comprehend*. 3. What does *education* mean, but the *regeneration* of the *mind*? 4. The *present* families of mankind—seem but the *wrecks* and *ruins* of men; like the *continents*, that compose the *earth*. 5. How *apt* we are—to make *ourselves*—the measure of the *universe*; and with the span of *one* life, or the *world's* *history*, to crowd the *magnitude*, and *extent* of the *works* of *God*; these are but *parts*—of one stupendous *whole*. 6. Our bodies are *new-formed* every seven *years*. 7. Only, that *external* worship is *profitable*, in which an *internal* feeling, and a *sense* of what is *said* and *done*, exists; for *without* such *sense*, it must needs be merely *external*.

Lo! like a glorious pile of *diamonds* bright

Built on the steadfast *cliff*, the *waterfall*

Pours forth its gems of *pearl* and silver *light*;

They *sink*, they *rise*, and, *sparkling*, cover *all*

With infinite *refulgence*: while its *song*,

Sublime as *thunder*, rolls the *woods* along.

301. EMPHASIS—may be exhibited by *stress, and higher pitch*: that is, *force and loudness of voice*, and elevation to the upper notes of the scale. 1. *Little minds*—are *tamed*—and *subdued*—by misfortunes; but *great ones*—rise above them. 2. **VIRTUE**—leads to *happiness*; *vice*—to *misery*. 3. **TRUE** liberty—can exist—only where **JUSTICE**—is *impartially administered*. 4. **TYRANNY**—is *detestable*—in every shape; but in none so *formidable*, as when *assumed and exercised*, by a **NUMBER** of tyrants. 5. **PROVEN** **INDIGNANTLY**, upon the first **DAWNING**—of an attempt, to alienate any portion of this Union from the rest: the **UNION**—it *must* be preserved. 6. **DRUNKENNESS**—destroys more of the human *race*, and alienates more *property*, than all the other crimes on earth. 7. A *day*, an *hour*—of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole *eternity* in *bondage*. 8. I tell you, tho' (5) *you*; tho' all the (6) *world*; tho' an angel from (8) **HEAVEN**—declare the *truth* of it, I could not *believe* it. N. B. The words in small capitals have both stress and elevation.

302. STRONG POINTS. There are, in *all* kinds of sentences, paragraphs, speeches, &c., what may be called *strong points*, which are to be shown, principally, by the *voice*: hence, the importance of throwing all *weak* parts into the *back-ground*, and bringing out the *strong ones*—into the *fore-ground*. Now if the *little words*, that are *insignificant*, are, in their pronunciation and delivery, made *significant*, the proper effect will be *destroyed*. Therefore, we should never make prominent such words as are not emphatic; and especially, such words as *at, by, of, for, from, in, on, up, with, &c.*, unless they are contrasted with their opposites: as—*of, or for; by, or through; from or to; in or out; on, or under; up, or down, &c.*

303. RECITATIONS. Frequent *recitations*, from *memory*, are very *useful*, as they oblige the speaker to *dwell* on the ideas, which he wishes to *express*, discern their particular *meanings*, and *force*, and give him a knowledge of *emphasis, tones, &c.*, which the pieces *require*: and they will especially relieve him from the influence of *school-boy habits*—of *reading* differently from *conversation*, on similar subjects, and afford far greater scope for *expression and gestures*.

304. ETHICS. *Moral Philosophy*,—treats of our duties to our *Maker*, to our *fellow-men*, and to *ourselves*; and the *reasons* by which those duties are *enforced*. Its great object seems to be—to promote the cause of *virtue*, by showing its *reasonableness, excellence and beauty*, and the melancholy effects of *neglecting or forsaking* it.

Honor—is an *isle*,—whose rocky coast

When once abandoned, is forever *lost*.

Proverbs. 1. He, who goes no further than *bare justice*, stops at the *beginning* of *virtue*. 2. The *blameless*—should not bear the effects of *vice*. 3. The *faults*, and *misfortunes* of *others*, should serve as *beacons*, to warn us against the *causes*, by which they have been *overwhelmed*. 4. *Some*—have such a love for *contention*, that they will *quarrel*, even with a *friend*, for a *matter* devoid of all *importance*. 5. The human *mind*—can accomplish almost any thing that it *determines* to effect; for *patience*, and *perseverance*, surmount every *surmountable difficulty*. 6. Keep your *appetite*—under the control of *reason*. 7. The indulgence of a *satirical disposition*—is always *dangerous*: it betrays a *malicious spirit*, a *bad heart*, and often creates *enmities*, and *dislikes*, that no lapse of years can *soften*, and death—can hardly *extinguish*. 8. While the *tongue* and *expression* of some—seem to be *honed*, their *heart*—abounds with *vinegar*. 9. *Superfluity*—often leads to *profusion*. 10. *Characters*—in every other respect *virtuous and amiable*, if tinged with *haughtiness and reserve*, become *odious*. 11. *Solitude*—dulls thought; too much *society*—dissipates it. 12. The *longest life*—is but a parcel of *moments*. 13. Without *prudence*, *fortitude* is *mad*.

Anecdote. A *paver*, who had often *dunned* a *Doctor*, was one day *answered* by him,—"Do you pretend to be *paid* for such *work*? You have spoiled my *pavement*, and covered it with *earth*—to hide its *defects*." "Mine is not the *only* bad work, that the *earth* hides; as your practice *abundantly* proves;"—rejoined the man.

Legendary Tales. In countries, where *education and learning* abound, *legendary and miraculous tales* lose ground; exciting but little *interest*, and less *belief*, and at last almost becoming a *dead letter*. Mankind, in a state of *ignorance*, with *little education*, are *credulous*, and fond of the *marvellous*; and there have not been wanting, in *all* ages, men of *craft and invention*, to *gratify* that passion in *others*, and turn it to their *own advantage*.

Varieties. 1. The *Bible*—has *truth* for its *subject*, the *mind* for its *object*, and the *Father* of mind for its *Author*. 2. Such is the *arrangement* of *Divine Order*, in the government of the *universe*, that *no evil* can be *practiced*, or *intended*, without eventually falling on the *contriver*. 3. A knowledge of man's *physical organization*, as well as *mental*, is essentially requisite for *all*, who would *successfully* cultivate the field of *education*. 4. *Experience*—is the knowledge of *every thing* in the *natural world*, that is capable of being received through the medium of the *senses*. 5. Where *liberty* dwells, *there*—is my *country*. 6. *Intemperance*—drives *wit* out of the *head*, *money* out of the *pocket*, *elbows* out of the *coat*, and *health* out of the *body*. 7. In the choice of a *wife*, take the *obedient daughter* of a *good mother*.

305. EMPHASIS—is made, *secondly*, by *quantity* and *force*; i. e. *prolongation* of sound, and *stress* of voice, on either *high*, *low*, or *medium* pitches. 1. *Roll on*,—thou *dark*—and *deep blue ocean*—*ROLL*; Ten *THOUSAND* fleets *SWEET*—over thee in vain. 2. Let our *object* be—our *country*; our *WHOLE country*; and nothing *BUT*—our *country*. 3. I *warn* you—do not *DARE*—to lay your hand on the *constitution*. 4. *Hail! Universal LORD!* Be bounteous *still*—to give us *ONLY GOOD*; and if the *night*—have gathered—*ought of evil*—or *concealed*—*disperse* it now, as *light*—dispels the *dark*. 5. A *Deity*—*believed*—is joy *begun*; a *Deity*—*adored*—is joy *ADVANCED*,—a *Deity*—*BELLOVED*—is joy *matured*. 6. Prayer—*ardent*—opens *heaven*; lets down a *stream of glory*—on the consecrated hours of *MAN*,—in *audience*—with the *DEITY*. N. B. The first Ex. is an instance of the *lowest* division of subjects—the *Natural*; the second and third, of the middle division—the *Human*; and the fourth and fifth, of the *upper*—the *Divine*: see previous article on this subject.

306. SHERIDAN, of whose oratorical powers, every elocutionist has heard, after having excited a great interest among his *friends*, who were filled with *hope* at his *prospects*, made a *signal failure*, on his first appearance in Parliament; inasmuch, that he was *entreated* never to make *another* attempt. He nobly replied—“*I will*; for by *Heaven*, it is *in me*, and it shall come *out*.” He *did* try, and his efforts were crowned with success. In like manner, almost every orator failed at *first*; but *perseverance* made them more than conquerors. It is not unfrequent that the most *abashed*, and *ill-omened*, succeed the *best*. Take *courage*; let your motto be “*onward* and *UPWARD*, and *true* to the line.”

My crown is in my *heart*,—not on my *head*; Nor decked with *diamonds*, and *Indian stones*: Nor to be *SEEN*; my crown—is called—*CONTENT*; A crown it is—that seldom *KINGS* enjoy.

If there is a *Power* above us,
(And that there is—all *Nature*—cries aloud,
Thro’ all her *works*.) He—must delight in *virtue*; And that which He delights in—must be *happy*.
He hath a *heart*—as sound as a *BELL*,
And his *tongue*—is the *CLAPPER*;
For what his *heart*—*THINKS*, his *tongue*—*SPEAKS*.
Where’er thou *journeyest*—or whate’er thy *care*,
My *heart* shall *follow*, and my *spirit*—*share*.

5. *American Literature*—will find, that the *intellectual spirit*—is her *TREE OF LIFE*; and the *union* of the *STATES*,—her garden of *Paradise*. 6. *God*—is our *FATHER*; and although *we*, as *children*, may be *EVER* so *guilty*, his *compassion* towards us—*fails* not; and he will *pity*, *forgive*, and *counsel*, *advise*, *teach*, and *lead* us out of *evil*, whenever we *sincerely wish* it.

Proverbs. 1. A desire to resist *oppression*—is implanted in the *nature* of man. 2. The *faults* and *errors* of others, are lessons of *caution*—to ourselves. 3. No shield is so *impenetrable*, no *security* so *effectual*, as a mind—conscious of its *innocence*. 4. Our most *delightful* enjoyments—are always liable to *interruption*. 5. If our *passions* are not kept under *control*, they will soon *master* us. 6. Those things that are *unbecoming*, are *unsafe*. 7. *Ardent spirits*—have drowned more *people*, than all the *waters* in the *world*. 8. He, is never tired of *listening*, who wishes to gain *wisdom*. 9. All *true religion* relates to *life*; and the life of that religion is—to do *good* from a *love* of it. 10. A *wise man* is a great *wonder*. 11. Be *courteous* to all, and *intimate* with *few*. 12. *Defile* not your mouth with *swearing*.

Anecdote. *Law Practice.* A lawyer told his *client*, that his *opponent*—had removed his suit to a higher *court*: “Let him remove it where he *pleases*, (quoth the client;) *my attorney will follow* it—for *money*.”

Common Sense. It is in the portico of the *Greek sage*, that *that phrase* has received its legitimate *explanation*; it is *there* we are taught, that “*common sense*” signifies “the sense of the *common interest*.” Yes! it is the most *beautiful truth* in *morals*, that we have no such *thing* as a *distinct* or *divided* interest from our *race*. In their *welfare* is *ours*, and by choosing the *broadest* paths to effect their happiness, we choose the *surest* and the *shortest* to our own.

Varieties. 1. The *universe*—is an *empire*; and *God*—its *sovereign*. 2. The smoothness of *flattery*—cannot now avail,—cannot save us, in this *ruined and awful crisis*. 3. I had much rather see *all*—*industrious* and *enlightened*,—than to see *one half* of mankind—*slaves* to the *other*, and *these*—*slaves* to their *passions*. 4. The condition of *scuffers*, is of *all*—the most *dangerous*; as well from the particular *state* of mind, that constitutes their *character*, as because they are incapable of *conviction*—by *argument*; *whoever* knew *such* a one converted to the *truth*? 5. *Watch* against, and *suppress*—the first motions of *spiritual pride*; such as—prone-ness to think too *highly* of yourselves, or a desire to have *others* think highly of you, on account of your *spiritual attainments*. 6. How many *villains*—walk the earth with *credit*, from the mere fulfilment of *negative* decencies. 7. Study *history*, not so much for its *political* events, as for a knowledge of *human nature*.

Away! away to the *mountain's brow*,

Where the *trees* are gently waving;

Away! away to the *mountain's brow*,

Where the *stream* is gently laving.

Away! away to the *rocky glen*,

Where the *deer* are wildly bounding;

And the hills shall echo in *gladness* again

To the *hunter's* bugle sounding.

397. QUANTITY AND RHETORICAL PAUSE. 1. *Dwell* on such words as are expressive of the *kindlier* affections, with a *slow* and *adhesive* movement of voice, as if you parted with the ideas *reluctantly*. 2. Very deliberate subjects require more or less of quantity in their emphasis: so also do the *sublime*, the *grand*, and the *solemn*; particularly, the *reverential*, the *grave*; so also do earnest *entreaty*, *prayer*, *deep pathos*, &c. Ex. "Join—all ye creatures—to extol—*Him*—first; *Him*—last; *Him*—midst, and—without end." "O *Mury!* dear—departed shade, *Where* is thy place of blissful rest? Seest thou thy *lover*—lowly laid? Hear'st thou the *groans*, that rend his *breast*?"

398. Read, or rather *speak* from *memory*, these lines with quantity, and on the *lower* pitches of voice.

Night, (sable goddess) from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches far
Her leaden sceptre—o'er a slumbering world.
Silence—how dead! and darkness—how profound:
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds.
Creation—sleeps. 'Tis—as if the general pulse
Of LIFE—stood still,—and Nature—made a pause,
An awful pause,—prophetic of her end.

399. IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS. If the evils of tight *lacing*, and tight *dressing* could only stop with the *guilty*, one consolation would still be left us; but even *this* is denied us: *no!* there is not even one drop of joy to be cast into our cup of *bitterness*—the draught is one of unmingled *gall*: the human form divine is sadly *deformed*; the fountain of innumerable *evils* and *diseases* is opened by this suicidal *practice*; and *thousands* of human beings are yearly coming into life, cursed from *head* to *foot*, from *mind* to *body*, with the awful effects of this infernal *fashion*, which originated in the *basest* passions of the human heart. Oh, *who* can measure the *accumulating woe*, which this accursed custom *has entailed*, and is *yet* *entailing* on the human race!

Anecdote. To prevent *Suicide*. A Hibernian Senator, speaking on the subject of preventing *suicide*, said,—“The only way I can conceive, of *stopping* the business, is,—to make it a *capital offence*, *punishable* with *death*.”

O how weak

Is mortal man! How trifling—how confin'd
His scope of vision!—Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase—grows big with immortality;
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honors to his name;
Of endless glory, and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of Eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point,
Too trivial for account.

Unlearn the evils you have learned.

Proverbs. 1. You cannot appease *envy*, even by sacrificing *virtue*. 2. The *envious* man grows *base*, by contemplating the *success* of another. 3. A *government*, that undervalues the *affections* of the *people*, and expects to find a firm basis in *terrors*, will be *mistaken*, and *short-lived*. 4. He, who passes over a *crime*, *unreprieved*, or *unpunished*, encourages its *repetition*. 5. He, who controls his *passions*, subdues his greatest *enemy*. 6. He, alone is *wise*, that can *adapt* himself to all the contingencies of *life*; but the *fool*—vainly contends, and struggles against the *stream*. 7. The ways of the *lazy*—are as a hedge of *thorns*. 8. To a *lazy* man—every exertion is *painful*, and every movement a *labor*. 9. *Innocence*—and *mysteriousness*—seldom dwell *together*. 10. It is *folly*—to expect *justice*—at the hands of the *unjust*. 11. *Great* are the charms of *novelty*. 12. *Custom*—is no small *matter*. 13. Consider thy ways, and be *wise*.

Humbugs. All new developments of *truth*—are called, by *many*, who do not *appreciate* them, or dare to *think* and *act* for *themselves*—“*HUMBUGS*!” and this *dreadful name*—has no doubt had the effect—to lead *some*—to *condemn* them, without further *inquiry*. But the *worst* of all humbugs, the most *deplorable* of all *delusions*—is that, which leads men to shut their *eyes* to the *truth*, lest they should be *laughed* at—for *acknowledging* it.

Varieties. 1. Is not *this* world—a world of *dreams*, and the *spirit*-world—a world of *realities*? 2. *Some* are only in the love of *knowing* what is *good*, and *true*; *others*, of *understanding* them; and *others*—of *living according* to them; to which class do I belong? 3. *Xerxes*—*whipped the sea*, because it would not *obey* him. 4. That, which *some* people *pride* themselves in, often becomes the *cause* of their *undoing*; and what they very much *dislike*, becomes the *only* thing that *saves* them. 5. *Possession*—is eleven points of the *law*: hence, never let a *valuable* thing go out of your *possession*, without an ample *security*. 6. The world *below*—is a *glass*, in which we may see the world *above*: remove the *vail*, and see where *spirit*, and *matter* are connected. 7. The *heart-felt* prayer, only, is *available*; and to *produce* it, there must be *deep-felt want*; and the stronger it *operates*, the more *perfect*, and *acceptable* must be the *prayer*.

“Oh! tell me, step-dame Nature, tell,

Where shall thy wayward child abide?

On what fair strand his spirit dwell,

When life has spent its struggling tide?

Shall hope no more her taper burn,

Quench'd—in the tears that sorrow sends?

Nor from the feast, misfortune spurn

The wishful wretch, that o'er it bends?”

“Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion, call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice—provoke the silent dust?

Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

310. EMPHASIS—by *prolongation*, and *depressed monotone*: that is, *quantity* of voice on the *first*, *second*, or *third* note: it is sometimes used in the *grave* and *sublime*, and produces astonishing effects. *Monotony*—occurs when the voice is inflected neither *up* nor *down*, but is confined to a few words. The *figures* refer to the *notes* of the diatonic scale. The following free translation of a paragraph from one of Cicero's orations, will serve as a good illustration: but no one should *attempt* it, without committing it to memory.

311. (COMMENCE ON THE FOURTH NOTE.)
 "I appeal to *you*—O ye *hills*, and *groves* of (5) *Alba*, and your demolished (6) *altars*! I call you to (8) *WITNESS*! (4) whether your (5) *altars*, your (6) *divinities*, your (8) *pow-ers*! (5) which Clodius had polluted with all kinds of (6) *wickedness*, (5) did not (4) *avenge* themselves, when this wretch was (3) *extirpated*. (1) And *thou*, O *holy* (2) *Jupiter*! (3) from the (4) height of this (5) sacred (6) *mount*, whose *lakes*—and *groves*—he had so often (3) *contaminated*."

COLUMBIA! Columbia! to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
 While ages—on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last—and the noblest of time;
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
 Let the crimes of the east—ne'er encrimson thy name;
 Be freedom, and science, and virtue—thy fame.

312. The only way in which *children*, or *adults*, can be taught to read, or speak, *naturally*, is—to memorize *short* or *longer* sentences, and deliver them in a perfectly *intelligent*, *impressive*, and *unrestrained manner*. *Abcarians*: first teach them the sounds of the *vowels*; then of the *consonants*, interspersing the exercises with *select*, or *original* sentences. Ex. "*Time and tide*—wait for no man." Or, if it is a rainy day, "*This is a very rainy day*." If *pleasant*, "*This is a delightful day*." Which sentences, after being recited in *concert*, should be spoken by the class *individually*. In this way, even small children may be taught a great variety of things, *natural* and *spiritual*; and an immense field of usefulness opened before the mind of the real teacher: i. e. one who teaches from the *love* of teaching; and no others should *engage* in it.

Notes. 1. Remember—the figures, placed *before* words in sentences, indicate the *pitch* of voice, and have reference to the diatonic note; they are aids to break up the monotonous delivery. 2. Still continue your efforts to smooth the apparent roughness of the notations, in regard to the *dash*, (—) *pauses*, (,) (:) (?) and *Emphasis*: glide out of the *mechanical* into the *natural*.

There is, in every human heart,
 Some—not completely barren part,
 Where seeds of truth—and love might grow,
 And flowers—of generous virtue blow;
 To plant, to watch, to water there—
 This—be our duty, and our care.

Proverbs. 1. A mind conscious of its integrity,—is a most noble possession. 2. In acquiring knowledge, consider how you may render it useful to society. 3. Avoid undue excitement on trivial occasions. 4. When engaged in a good cause, never look back. 5. Poverty—is no excuse for sinning. 6. Never repeat in one company, what is said in another; for all conversation, is tacitly understood—to be confidential. 7. Let reason—go before every enterprise, and counsel—before every action. 8. Look on slanderers—as enemies to society; as persons destitute of honor, honesty, and humanity. 9. Divisions, and contentions—are upheld by pride, and self-love. 10. Patience, when subjected to trials that are too severe, is sometimes converted into rage. 11. Avoid match-makers. 12. Virtue — is often laughed at.

Anecdote. Lord Albermarle—was the lover of Mademoiselle Gaucher, (Gaw-shay.) As they were walking together one evening, he perceived her eyes fixed on a star, and said to her "Do not look at it, my dear; I cannot give it you." "Never," says Marmontel, "did love—express itself more delicately."

Law—is law—law—is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law—is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it, till they are tired. Law—is like a book of surgery; there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like *physic*; they that take the least of it, are best off. Law—is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law—is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law—is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

Varieties. 1. Are we not apt to be proud of that, which is not our own? 2. It is a less crime—to gnaw a man's fingers with your teeth, than to mangle his reputation with your tongue. 3. It is better to yield gracefully, than to be held up as a spectacle of vanquished, yet impertinent obstinacy. 4. Really learned persons—never speak of having finished their education: for they continue students, as long as they live. 5. Equivocation—is a mere expedient—to avoid telling the truth, without verbally telling a lie. 6. True philosophy and contempt of the Deity, are diametrically opposed to each other. 7. Sensual good, has sensual truth for its object; natural good has an order of natural truth, and spiritual good has spiritual truth, agreeing with the spiritual sense of the Bible.

No flocks, that range the valley free,
 To slaughter—do I condemn:
 Taught by that power, that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

313. RULES. It is impossible to give *rules*—for reading *every* sentence, or indeed *any* sentence; much more is left to the *pupil*, than can be *written*. All that is here attempted—is, a meagre *outline* of the subject; *enough*, however, for every one who is *determined* to succeed, and makes the necessary *application*; and *too much* for such as are of an opposite character. The *road* is pointed out, and all the necessities provided for the *journey*; but each must do the *traveling*, or abide the *consequences*. *Be* what ought to be, and *success* is *yours*.

- (3) No radiant *pearl*, which crested *fortune* wears,
- (4) No *gem*, that twinkling, hangs from *beauty's* ears:
- (5) Nor the bright *stars*, which *night's* blue arch adorn,
- (6) Nor rising *sun*—that gilds the eternal *morn*,—
- (7) *Shine*—with *such* lustre, as the *tear* that breaks,
- (8) For *other's* woe, down *virtue's* manly cheek.

In reading, (rather reciting) these beautiful lines, the voice commences, as indicated by the *figures*, gradually *rises*, then *yields* a little; till it comes to the word '*shine*,' which is on the 8th note; and then it gradually *descends* to the close; because such are the *thoughts*, and the *feelings*. Get the *inside*; never live *out of doors*; grasp the *thoughts*, and then let the *words* flow from *feeling*.

314. OPENING THE MOUTH. This is among the most *important* duties of the *elocutionist*, and *singer*; more fail in this particular, than in any other: *indistinctness* and *stammering* are the sad effects of not opening the *mouth* wide enough. Let it be your *first* object to obtain the proper *positions* of the vocal organs: for which purpose, practice the vocal analysis, as here, presented. The *first* effort is—*separating the lips and teeth*; which will not only enable you to inhale and exhale *freely*, through the *nose*, when speaking and singing, but avoid uneasiness in the *chest*, and an unpleasant distortion of the *features*. The *second* is, a simultaneous action of the *lips, teeth, and tongue*: let these remarks be *indelibly* stamped upon your memory; for they are of immense practical importance.

Anecdote. *Alexander* and the *Pirate*. We too often *judge* of men—by the *splendor*, and not the *merit* of their actions. *Alexander*—demanded of the *Pirate*, whom he had taken, by what *right*—he infested the *seas*? "By the *same right*," replied he boldly, "that you enslave the *world*. I—am called a *robber*, because I have only *one small vessel*; but *you*—are called a *conqueror*, because you command great *fleets and navies*."

The *best* contrived deceit—
Will hurt its own *contriver*;
And *perfidy*—doth often cheat—
Its author's *purse*—of every *stiver*.

The man, that's *resolute*, and *just*,
Firm to his *principles*—and *trust*,
Nor *hopes*, nor *fears*,—can bind.

Proverbs. 1. A great *fortune*, in the hands of a *fool*, is a great *mis-fortune*. 2. Too many *resolves*, then *re resolve*, and die the *same*. 3. Never give the tongue *full liberty*, but keep it *under control*. 4. *Character*—is the measure of *man and woman*. 5. We may die of a *surfeit*, as well as of *hunger*. 6. *Truth*—is an *ornament*, and an *instrument*. 7. If we *meet* evil company, it is no reason we should *keep it*. 8. *Provide* for the *worst*, but *hope* for the *best*. 9. Though *he is wise*, that can *teach* the most, yet *he, that learns*, and *practices* what he *learns*, is *wiser*. 10. Never be without good *books*. 11. *Time*—is the herald of *truth*. 12. *Manners* make the *man*. 13. *Dissembled* holiness, is double *iniquity*. 14. *Conscience*—is in the chamber of *justice*.

Oratory. *Eloquence*—may be considered as the *soul*, or animating *principle* of discourse; and is dependent on intellectual *energy*, and intellectual *attainments*. *Elocution*—is the embodying *form*, or representative *power*; dependent on exterior *accomplishments*, and on the cultivation of the *organs*. *Oratory*—is the complicated and vital *existence*, resulting from the perfect *harmony* and *combination* of *Eloquence* and *Elocution*.

Varieties. 1. Is there not the same *difference*—between *actual* and *hereditary* evil, as between an *inclination* to do a thing, and the *commission* of the *act*? 2. Whoever has flattered his friend *successfully*, must at once think *himself* a knave, and his *friend* a *fool*. 3. Unfriended, *indeed*, is *he*, who has no *friend* good enough—to tell him his *faults*. 4. If those, who are called good *singers*, were as sensible of their *errors* in *reading*, as they would be, if *similar* ones were made in their *singing*, they would be exceedingly *mortified*, and *chagrined*. 5. The sacred light of *Scripture*—should be shed upon the canvas of the *world's* history, as well as on that of *humanity*. 6. The *theology* of creation—was revealed to the earliest *ages*; and the *science* of creation, is *now* beginning to be revealed to *us*. 7. What is most *spiritual*—is most *rational*, if rightly *understood*; and it also admits of a perfect *illustration*—by *rational* and *natural* things: to follow *God*, and to follow *right*—and *pure reason*, is all *one*; and we never give offence to *Him*, if we *do* that, which *such* a reason requires.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With *fixen ringlets*—in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As *flower*, or *butterfly*—his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed. One summer's day I step aside,
To let him pass; his face—and manhood seeming,
And that full eye of *blue*—was fondly beaming
On a fair *maiden*, whom he called "his *Bride*!"
Once more; 'twas *autumn*, and the cheerful fire
I saw a *group*—of youthful forms surrounding,
The *room*—with harmless *pleasantry* resounding,
And, in the *midst*, I marked the smiling *Sire*.
The heavens were clouded! and I heard the tone,
Of a *stout*—moving bell—the *white haired man* was gone.

315. As *Emphasis* is the same thing as *Accent*, only more of it; so, it is inseparably connected with the *Pauses*; indeed, whatever distinguishes *one* word from the *others*, may be called *Emphasis*; which is sometimes only another name for *Expression*: it is, at least, one of the *mediums* of expression. Hence, *Emphasis* is often exhibited in connection with a *Rhetorical Pause*, placed *before*, or *after*, *emphatic words*, which may be *elevated*, or *depressed*, with *force* and *quantity*, according to *sentiment*. When this pause is made *after* the important word, or words, it causes the mind to *revert* to what was last said; and when it is made *before* such word, the mind is led to *anticipate* something worthy of particular attention. The book is full of illustrations.

316. EX. I. *BENEVOLENCE*—is one of the *brightest gems*—in the crown of christian perfection. 2. *Melody*—is an agreeable succession of sounds; *Harmony*—an agreeable concordance of sounds. 3. *Homer*—was the greater genius; *Virgil*—the better artist: in *one*, we most admire the *man*; in the *other*—the *work*; *Homer*—hurries us with commanding *impetuosity*; *Virgil*—leads us with an attractive *majesty*. *Homer*—scatters with a generous *profusion*; *Virgil*—bestows, with a careful *magnificence*. 4. What *man* could do, is done *already*; (S) *HEAVEN*—and (5) *earth*—will witness,—if—*R-o-m-e-m-u-s-l-f-a-l-l*,—that *we* are innocent.

Note. Prolong the words with the hyphens between the letters.

317. *POLITICAL ECONOMY*—teaches us to investigate the *nature, sources*, and proper *uses* of national *wealth*; it seems to bear the same relation to the *whole* country, that *Domestic Economy* does to an individual *family*: for, tho' it generally relates to the *wealth of nations*, it leads us to examine many points of *comfort* and *well-being*, that are closely connected with the *acquisition*, and *expenditure* of *property*. Its connection with *legislation* and *government* are self-evident; yet *every* one may derive important *lessons*, from a knowledge of its *facts* and *principles*.

Anecdote. *All have their Care.* Two *merchants*, conversing together about the hardness of the *times*, and observing a flock of *pigeons*, one said to the other,—“How happy those *pigeons* are! *they* have no *bills* and *acceptances* to provide for.” “Indeed,” said the other, “you are much *mistaken*; for they have *their bills* to provide for as well as *we*.”

When adverse *winds*—and *waves* arise,
And in my heart—*despondence* sighs;
When *life*—her throng of *cares* reveals,
And *weakness*—o'er my *spirit* steals,
Grateful—I hear the *kind* decree,
“That, as my *day*, my *strength*—shall be.”

Proverbs. 1. Nothing overcomes *passion*—sooner than *silence*. 2. *Precepts*—may *lead*, but *examples*—*draw*. 3. *Rebel* not against the dictates of *reason* and *conscience*. 4. *Sincerity*—is the parent of *truth*. 5. The *loquacity* of *fools*—is a *lecture* to the *wise*. 6. *Unruly passions*—destroy the peace of the *soul*. 7. *Valor*—can do but *little*, without *discretion*. 8. *Modesty*—is one of the *chief ornaments* of *youth*. 9. Never insult the *poor*; *poverty*—entitles one to our *pity*. 10. Our *reputation*, *virtue*, and *happiness*—greatly depend on the choice of our *companions*. 11. *Wisdom*—is the greatest *wealth*. 12. *Pride*—is a great *thief*.

Laconics. No more *certain* is it, that the *flower* was made to waft *perfume*, than that *woman's* destiny—is a ministry of *love*, a life of the *affections*.

Varieties. 1. *Those* authors, (says Dr. *Johnson*,) are to be read at *school*, that supply most *axioms* of *prudence*; and most *principles* of *moral truth*. 2. The *little* and *short* sayings of *wise* and *excellent* men, (saith Bishop *Tillotson*), are of great *value*; like the dust of *gold*, or, the least sparks of *diamonds*. 3. The *idle*, who are *wise* rather for *this* world than the *next*, are *fools* at *large*. 4. Let all your *precepts* be *succinct*, and *clear*, that *ready* wits may *comprehend* them. 5. None—*better* guard against a *cheat*, than *he*, who is a *knave* complete. 6. Scarcely an *ill*—to human *life*—belongs; but what our *follies* cause, or *mutual wrongs*. 7. What our Lord said to *all*, is *applicable* to *all*, at *all times*; namely, “*watch*,”—and it appears to relate to the admission of every *thought* and *desire*, into the *mind*.

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

“In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow-storm in the night-time, while traveling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.”

The cold *winds*—swept the *mountain's* height,

And *pathless*—was the dreary *wild*,
And, 'mid the cheerless *hours* of *night*,

A *mother* wander'd—with her *child*:
As through the drifting *snow* she press'd,
The *babe*—was sleeping—on her *breast*.

And *colder* still the winds did blow,

And *darker* hours of *night* came on,

And *deeper* grew the drifting *snow*:

Her *limbs*—were chill'd, her *strength*—was *gone*.

“Oh, *God*!” she cried, in accents wild,

“If I must perish, save my *child*!”

She stripp'd her *mantle* from her *breast*,

And bared her *bosom* to the *storm*,

And round the *child*—she *wrapp'd* the *vest*,

And *smiled*—to think her *babe* was *warm*.

With one *cold kiss*—one *tear* she shed,

And *sunk*—upon her snowy *bed*.

At *dawn*—a *traveler* passed by,

And *saw* her—'neath a snowy *vail*;

The frost of *death*—was in her *eye*,

Her *cheek* was *cold*, and *hard*, and *pale*;

He moved the *robe* from off the *child*,

The *babe* look'd up—and sweetly *smiled*!

318. EMPHASIS, in connection with the Rhetorical Pause. 1. A friend—cannot be known—in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden—in adversity.

Passions—are winds—to urge us o'er the wave,
Reason—the rudder—to direct—or save.

He—raised a mortal—to the skies,
She—drew an angel—down.

4. Charity—suffereth long, and is (3) kind: (4) charity—envieth not; (5) charity—vaunteth not itself; (3) is not puffed up; (4) doth not behave itself (5) unseemly; (6) seeketh not her own; (5) is not easily (4) provoked; (3) thinketh no evil; (5) rejoiceth—not in (4) iniquity, but (5) rejoiceth in the truth; (4) beareth all things; (5) believeth all things, (6) hopeth all things; (7) endureth all things; (6) CHARITY—(S) NEVER faileth.

319. THE THREE DEGREES OF SPEECH. There are three different modes in which one may read and speak; only two of which, under any circumstances, can be right. The first is—reading and speaking by word, without having any regard to the sentiment; the second is—reading or speaking only by word and thought; and the third is—reading and speaking by word, thought and feeling—all combined, and appropriately manifested. In the Greek language, we find these three modes definitely marked by specific words, such as *lalleo*, *eiyo* and *eiyo*. Children are usually taught the first, instead of the third, and then the second and third—combined: hence, very few of them ever have any conception of the meaning of the words they use, or of the subject matter about which they are reading: they seem to regard these as something foreign to the object. Here we again see the natural truth of another scripture declaration: “The letter killeth: the spirit giveth LIFE.”

And from the prayer of want, the plaint of woe;
Oh! never, NEVER—turn away thine ear:
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below, [hear.
Ah! what were man, should HEAVEN—refuse to
To others do—(the law is not severe;)
What—to thyself—thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land; nor those alone, [own.
All human woe, or woe, learn thou to make thine

Anecdote. Mahomet—made his people believe, that he would call a hill to him; and, from the top of it, offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill again and again to come to him; and the hill not moving, he was not at all abashed at it; but put it off with a jest; saying—“If the hill will not come to Mahomet, he—will go to the hill.”

When people—once are in the wrong,
Each line they add—is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest—from his way.

Proverbs. 1. Every thing—tends to educate us. 2. Always have a good object in view. 3. Actions—should be led by knowledge; and knowledge followed by actions. 4. It is better to be saved without a precedent, than damned by example. 5. There is no security among evil companions. 6. Never be unwilling to teach, if you know; nor ashamed to learn, if you can. 7. Better yourself when young; you will want rest in old age. 8. When you find yourself inclined to be angry, speak in a low tone of voice. 9. Bear—and forbear—is excellent philosophy. 10. Seek—and practice—the truth, and you are made—forever. 11. Lookers on see, more than players. 12. Wake not a sleeping lion.

Laconics. Sincerity—should be the pruning-knife of friendship, and not the monster scythe—of an unfeeling rudeness, which, for one weed that it eradicates, mows down a dozen of those tender flowers, which bloom—only on our affections.

Varieties. 1. Our Orators, (says Cicero,) are, as it were, the actors of truth itself; and the players are the imitators of truth. 2. Whence this disdain of life, in every breast, but from a notion—on their minds impress'd, that all, who, for their country die, are bless'd. 3. You'll find the friendship of the world—is show; all—outward show. 4. Errors, like straws upon the surface flow: He, who would search for pearls—must dive below. 5. What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words, once spoke, can never be recalled. 6. Let thy discourse be such, that thou mayest give profit to others, or, from them receive. 7. Beware of ever exceeding the boundaries of truth, in any form; for the mind loses strength, whenever it puts its foot beyond the circle, or passes the boundaries.

THE HARVEST MOON.

All hail! thou lovely queen of night,
Bright empress of the stary sky!
The meekness—of thy silvery light
Beams gladness—on the gazer's eye,
While, from thy peerless throne on high
Thou shinest bright—as cloudless noon,
And bidd'st the shades of darkness fly
Before thy glory—Harvest moon!
In the deep stillness of the night,
When weary labor is at rest,
How lovely is the scene!—how bright
The wood—the lawn—the mountain's breast,
When thou, fair moon of Harvest, hast
Thy radiant glory all unfurled,
And sweetly smilest in the west,
Far down—upon the silent world.
Shine on, fair orb of light!—and smile
Till autumn months—have passed away.
And labor—hath forgot the toil
He bore—in summer's sultry ray;
And when the reapers—end the day,
Tired with the burning heat of noon,
They'll come—with spirits light and gay,
And bless thee—lovely Harvest Moon!

320. EMPHASIS—by a pause just *before*, or *after*, the important word. The pause *before*—awakens *curiosity*, and excites *expectation*; *after*—carries back the mind to what was last said. How would a *tyrant*, after having ruled with a rod of *iron*, and shown compassion to none, speak of his own *death*, in allusion to the setting *sun*, in a tropical climate; where the sun is severely *hot* as long as it *shines*, and when it *sets*, it is very soon *dark*? 1. (5) "And now—my race—of *terror*—run, (6) *Mine*—be the *eve*—of tropic (6) *sun*; No pale (6) *gradations*—quench his *ray*; (5) No twilight (7) *dews*—his *wrath* alay: (4) With (5) *disk*, (like battle target)—*red*, (6) He rushes—'t' his burning *bed*, (5) Dyes the wide wave—with bloody (6) *light*; Then sinks—at once—(2) *and all is* (1) *night*." The last clause, pronounced in a deep monotone, and a pause before it, adds much to its beauty and grandeur. 2. "Will all great Neptune's *ocean*—*wash*—this *blood*—*clean*—from my hands? No: these, my hands, will rather the multitudinous *sea*—*incarnadine*: making the *green*—(1) *one red*." Macbeth's hands are so deeply stained, that, to wash them in the *ocean*, would make it red with *blood*.

SATAN, LAMENTING THE LOSS OF HEAVEN, AND INVOKING HELL.

"Is this the *region*, this the *soil*, the *clime*,"—
Said then the lost *archangel*, "this the *seat*,
That we must *change*—for *heaven*?
This the *mournful gloom*—
For that *CELESTIAL LIGHT*? Farewell, happy *fields*,
Where *joy*—forever dwells. Hail, horrors,—hail
Infernal world! And thou—profoundest *hell*,
Receive—thy *new*—possessor!"

THE DRUNKARD.

"Hand me the *bowl*—ye jocund *band*,"—
He said, "twill rouse my *mirth*,"
But *conscience*—seized his trembling *hand*,
And dashed the cup—to *earth*.
He looked *around*, he blush'd, he laugh'd,—
He sipped the sparkling *wave*;
In it, he read,—"*who drinks this draught*,
Shall fill—a *murderer's grave*."

He grasped the bowl,—to seek *relief*;—
No more—his conscience said;
His *bosom*-friend—was sunk in *grief*,
His *children*—begged for *bread*.

Thro' haunts of horror—and of *strife*,
He passed down—*life's dark tide*;
He cursed—his beggared *babes*—and *wife*;
He cursed his *God*,—and *die*!

321. CREATION. If we studied *creation* more, our minds would much sooner become *developed*; then, the *heavens*, the *earth*, the *water*, with their respective, various, and numerous *inhabitants*, the *productions*, *natures*, *sympathies*, *antipathies*; their *uses*, *benefits* and *pleasures*, would be better understood by us: and eternal *wisdom*, *power*, *majesty* and *goodness*, would be very *conspicuous*, thro'

their sensible and passing forms; the *world*, wearing the marks of its *Maker*, whose stamp is *everywhere* visible, and whose *character* is legible to *all*, who are willing to *understand*, and would become *happy*.

Proverbs. 1. An oak *tree*—is not felled with a *blow*. 2. Beware of *him*, who is obliged to guard his reputation. 3. Concealing faults—is but *adding* to them. 4. Defile not your *mouth* with *impure words*. 5. *Envy*—preys on *itself*; *flattery*—is *nauseous*—to the truly wise. 6. *Gluttony*—kills more than the *sword*. 7. *Hasty resolution*—seldom *speed well*. 8. *Inconstancy*—is the attendant of a weak *mind*. 9. Keep good *company*, and be one of the *number*. 10. While one is *base*, none can be *entirely* free and noble. 11. *Sin*—is the parent of *disease*. 12. Oftener *ask*, than *decide* questions. 13. Avoid all *superfluities*.

Anecdote. Witty Reply. A gentleman lately complimented a *lady*, on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of *flattery*," said the lady. "Not so," replied he; "for you are as *plump* as a *partridge*." "At first," said she,—"*I* thought you guilty of *flattery* only; but I *now* find you actually make *game* of me."

Mark to Hit. Never forget, that by your *advancement*, you have become an object of *envy*—to those whom you have *outstripped*—in the race of *life*, and a tacit *reproach*—to their want of *energy* or *capacity*, which they never *forgive*. You must, therefore, lay your *account*—to be made a *mark* for "*envy*, *hatred*, and *malice*, and all *uncharitableness*."

Varieties. 1. We have three *orders*, or *degrees* of faculties; the *religious*, *civil* and *scientific*; the *first*, regards the *Deity*; the *second*, *Humanity*; and the *third*, *Nature*; i. e. the *Workman* and his *works*. 2. It is the object of the *Bible*—to teach *religious*, rather than *scientific* truths. 3. Cannot our *minds*—be imbued with the spirit of *heaven*; or tainted with the breath of *Hell*? 4. In *man*, we see blended the *geological*, the *vegetable*, and *animal*: to which is superadded, the *human*; all *harmonizing*, and yet each *successive* series predominates over the *preceding* one; till at length, the *human* rises above *every* thing; *earth*—passes *away*, and *heaven*—is *all in all*. 5. Let your trust be so *implicit*—in the *Divine Providence*, that *all* things will be disposed for the *best*, after you have done the part *assigned*, that your *only* care shall be, how you may perform the greatest amount of *good*, of which your being is *capable*.

This world's a *hive*, you know, 'tis said,
Whose *bees*—are *men*, ('tis true as *funny*),
And *some*—fill cells—with bitter *bread*,
While *others* gather sweetest *honey*;
Yet *each*, alike, his *duty* does,
Each—brings what's *needful* for the *other*:
Though *divers ways*—they *hum* and *buz*,
Yet *all* obey the common *mother*.

322. EMPHASIS. On every page may be found nearly *all* the principles of elocution; and in aiming at a *compliance* with the rules given, great care must be taken to avoid a *stiff*, and formal mode of reading and speaking. We must never become enslaved to *thought* alone, which rules with a rod of *iron*: but yield to *feeling*, when it is to *predominate*: in a perfect blending of *feeling*, *thought* and *action*, there is all the *freedom* and *gracefulness* of nature; provided they are in *harmony* with nature. It is better to be *natural*, than *mechanically correct*. Every thought and feeling has its peculiar tone of *voice*, by which it is to be *expressed*, and which is exactly suited to the degree of internal feeling: in the proper use of these tones, most of the *life*, *spirit*, *beauty*, and *effect* of delivery consists. Hence, *emphasis*, or *expression*, is almost *infinite* in *variety*; yet none should be discouraged; because we cannot do *every* thing, is no reason why we should not try to do *something*.

323. MISCELLANEOUS. 1. In your conversation, be cautious *what* you speak, to *whom* you speak, *how* you speak, *when* you speak; and what you *speak*, speak *wisely*, and *truly*. 2. A *fool's heart*—is in his *tongue*; but a *wise man's tongue*—is in his *heart*. 3. Few things—engage the *attention*—and *affections* of men—more than a handsome *address*, and a graceful *conversation*. 4. For one—*great* genius, who has written a *little* book, we have a *thousand*—*little* geniuses, who have written *great* books. 5. *Words*—are but *air*; and *both*—are capable of much *condensation*. 6. *Nature*—seldom inspires a strong *desire* for any object, without furnishing the ability—to *attain* it. 7. *All*—is not *gold*—that *glitters*. 8. If I were an *AMERICAN*—as I am an *Englishman*, while a *foreign troop*—was landed in my *country*, I *never*—would lay down my arms; no,—(5) *never*! (4) *never*! (2) *never*! 9. The price of *LIBERTY*—is *eternal vigilance*. 10. The *true* disciples of *Nature*, are regardless *who* conducts them, provided *she* be the *leader*; for *Nature*, like *truth*—is *immutable*.

There is a *tide*—in the *affairs* of men,
Which, taken at the *flood*,—leads on to *FORTUNE*;
Omitted, all the *voyage* of their *life*—
Is bound in *shallows*—and in *miseries*:
On such a full sea—are *WE*—now afloat,
And we *must* take the *current*, when it *serves*,
Or lose our *ventures*.

Anecdote. *One thing at a time.* The famous pensioner of *Holland*, who was the greatest genius of his *time*, and a famous *politician*, on being asked, how he could transact such a *variety* of business, without *confusion*, replied, that he never did but *one* thing at a *time*.

Face to face—the truth comes out.

Proverbs. 1. The *foreknowledge* of an approaching *evil*, is a benefit of no small *magnitude*. 2. We may get a *world* of *false love*, for a *little honesty*. 3. The love of *mankind*—may be good while it *lasts*; but the love of *God*—is *everlasting*. 4. Too many condemn the *just*, and not a *few* justify the *wicked*. 5. Some people's *threats*—are larger than their *hearts*. 6. Discreet stages—make short *journeys*. 7. Imitate the *good*, but avoid the *evil*. 8. Rather do *good*, without a *pattern*, than *evil*, by *imitation*. 9. Prize a good character above any other good. 10. Well qualified *teachers*—are benefactors of their *race*. 11. Plain *dealing* is a *jewel*. 12. Perfect love—casteth out *fear*.

Science. *Science*, the partisan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of *all*, has liberally opened a *temple*, where *all* may meet. She never inquires about the *country*, or *secl*, of those who seek admission; she never allots a *higher*, or a *lower* place, from exaggerated national *claims*, or unfounded national *antipathies*. Her influence on the *mind*, like that of the *sun* on the chilled *earth*, has long been preparing it for higher *cultivation* and farther *improvement*. The philosopher of one country should not see an *enemy* in the philosopher of another; he should take his *seat* in the temple of *science*, and ask not who sits beside him.

Varieties. 1. Is not the *innocence* of flowers enough to make *wicked* persons *blush*—to behold it? 2. Are there not as many beautiful flowers in the *other* world, as there are in *this*? 3. Those are the *best* diversions, that relieve the *mind*, and exercise the *body*, with the least expense of *time* and *money*. 4. Give us *knowledge* of our *own*, and we will *persevere*. 5. Let us call *tyrants*—*TYRANTS*: and maintain, that *FREEDOM* comes *only*, by the *grace* of *God*.

Truth—needs no *champion*; in the infinite deep
Of *everlasting Soul*—her *strength* abides:
From *Nature's* heart—her mighty *pulses* leap,—
Through *Nature's* veins, her *strength*, undying, *tides*.
Peace—is more strong than *war*; and *gentleness*,
When *force* were *vain*, makes *conquests* o'er the
And *Love* lives on, and hath a power to *bless*, [wave;
When *they*, who *loved*, are *hidden*—by the *grave*.

'Tis not a *century*—since *they*,
The *red* men, traversed here,
And o'er these pleasant *hills* and *vales*,
Pursued the bounding *deer*;
Here, too, that *eloquence* was poured
Around the *council* light,
That made the sturdy warrior *bold*,
And ready for the *fight*!
And oft they came—*exulting* back,
The *husband*, *sire* and *son*,
To vaunt before their savage *shrines*,
The *ill*—their *hands* had done!
Yet, of their mortal *weal* or *woe*,
No trace is left to-day;
For, like the *foam* upon the *wave*,
They *all* have passed away!

324. SHOUTING, or High and Loud—implying force of utterance. The last words of Marmion afford excellent means, when memorized, for the student to try the compass of his voice upwards, as well as its power on high pitches. It is not often that these high and almost screaming notes are required in public speaking; yet, there are times, especially in the open air, when they may be introduced with great effect. And it is always well to have an inexhaustible capital of voice, as of money; indeed, there is no danger of having too much of either, provided we make a proper use of them. In giving the word of command, on occasions of fire, erecting buildings, on the field of battle, martial exercise, &c., power and compass of voice are very desirable.

325. 1. "The war, that for a space did fail, Now, trebly thundering, swell'd the gale, And (10) "Stanley!" (6) was the cry: A light on Marmion's visage spread, and fired his glazing eye: With dying hand, above his head, he shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted (8) "VICTORY!" (9) CHARGE! CHESTER, (10) CHARGE! ON, (11) STANLEY—(12) ON!" (3) Were the last words of Marmion. 2. (6) LIBERTY! (8) FREEDOM! (5) TYRANNY IS DEAD! (6) RUN! (7) HENCE! PROCLAIM it about the STREETS! 3. The combat deepens: (4) "ON! ye BRAVE! Who rush—to (6) GLO- RY,—or the (3) grave; (9) WAVE—MUNICH! all thy (10) BANNERS wave! (8) And charge—with all thy (3) CHIVALRY."

326. CONSTITUTIONAL LAW, in its extended sense, includes the study of the constitutions, or fundamental laws of the various Nations: i. e. the structure, and mechanism of their government, and the appointments, powers, and duties of their officers. The United States Constitutional Law, may be considered under five different heads; viz: Legislative Power, Executive Power, Judicial Power, State Rights Restrictions, and United States Statutes and Treaties. The Legislative power is vested in a Congress, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, elected by the people, or their State Legislatures; the Executive power, in a President, who holds his office four years; the Judicial power, in a Supreme Court, which consists of one Chief Justice, and eight Associate Justices, and in such inferior courts, as Congress may ordain, or establish. State rights and restrictions—are powers not delegated by the Constitution to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, but reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people.

Anecdote. Patience. A youth, who was a pupil of Zeno, on his return home, was asked by his father, "what he had learned?" The lad replied, "that will appear hereafter." On this, the father, being enraged, beat his son; who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "This have I learned, to endure a parent's anger."

Rather suffer wrong than do wrong.

Proverbs. 1. A bitter jest—is the poison of friendship. 2. Be ever vigilant, but never suspicious. 3. Cheerfulness—is perfectly consistent with true piety. 4. Demonstration—is the best mode of instruction. 5. Entertain not sin, lest you like its company. 6. Finesse—is unworthy of a liberal mind. 7. Good counsel—is above all price. 8. Hearts—may agree, tho' heads—differ. 9. Idleness—is the parent of want, shame, and misery. 10. Learn to live, as you would wish to die. 11. Content—is the highest bliss. 12. Vex not yourself, when ill spoken of.

Force of Habit. Habit—hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind, that there is scarcely any thing too strange, or too strong, to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea, to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion, however false, of their own abilities, excellences, and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps, endeavored to betray their neighbors.

Varieties. 1. Eternity, (wrote a deaf and dumb boy,) is the lifetime of the Deity. 2. No evil can be successfully combatted, or removed, but from the opposite good, from a desire for it, and an attachment to it; i. e. till the mind is perfectly willing to relinquish the evil. 3. A man's ruling love—governs him; because, what he loves, he continues to will. 4. Sweet harmonist, and beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay. 5. Had Cæsar genius? he was an orator! Had Cæsar judgment? he was a politician! Had Cæsar valor? he was a conqueror! Had Cæsar feeling? he was a friend! 6. Music—is one of the sweetest flowers of the intellectual garden; and, in relation to its power—to exhibit the passions, it may be called—the universal language of nature. 7. Whatever the immediate cause may be, the effect is so far good, as men cease to do evil, they learn to do well.

THE FISHERMAN.

A perilous life, and sad—as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher—on the lonely sea;
In the wild waters laboring, far from home,
For some poor pittance, e'er compelled to roam!
Few friends to cheer him—in his dangerous life,
And none to aid him—in the stormy strife.
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections—caught from thee!"
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair—are thine."

327. SPEAKING THE GAUNTLET. We have all heard of the practice, that prevails among some tribes of *Indians*, called "*running the gauntlet*;" when a *company* arrange themselves in two rows, a few yards apart, and their *prisoner* is obliged to run between them; when each throws his *hatchet* at him; and if he passes through without being *killed*, he is permitted to *live*. In the important *exercise*, here recommended, each member of the class, after making some proficiency, memorizes and recites, a *strong and powerful* sentence, and the others try to put out, or break down, the one that is *speaking*, by all sorts of *remarks, sounds, looks, and actions*; tho' without *touching* him; and the *gauntlet* speaker, girds up the *loins* of his *mind*, and endeavors to keep the *fountain of feeling* higher than the *streams*: and so long, he is *safe*; but alas for him, that shrinks into *himself*, and yields to his *opponents*.

But this,—and ills *severer*—he sustains;
As *gold*—the *fire*, and, as *unhurt* remains:
When most reviled, altho' he feels the *smart*,
It wakes—to *nobler* deeds—the wounded heart.
The *noble* mind—unconscious of a fault,
No fortune's *frown*—can *bend*, or *smiles*—*exalt*:
Like the *firm rock*—that in *mid-ocean*—braves
The *war of whirlwinds*, and the *dash of waves*:
Or, like a *tower*—he lifts his head on *high*—
And *fortune's* arrows—far below him fly.

328. MOUTHING. Some—think that words are rendered more *distinct*, to large assemblies, by dwelling longer on the syllables; others, that it *adds* to the pomp and solemnity of public declamation, in which they think every thing must be different from *private* discourse. This is one of the vices of the *stage*, and is called *theatrical*, in opposition to what is *natural*. By "*trippingly* on the tongue," Shakspeare probably means—the bounding of the voice from accent to accent; trippingly along from word to word, without resting on syllables by the way. And, by "*mouthing*," dwelling on syllables, that have no *accent*, and ought therefore to be pronounced as *quickly* as is consistent with a proper *enunciation*. Avoid an *artificial* air, and hold, as it were, the *mirror* up to *nature*. See the difference in the following, by pronouncing them with the accent, extending thro' the whole word, in a *drawling* tone, and then, giving them properly: *con-jec-ture*, *en-croach-ment*, *happi-ness*, *grat-i-tude*, *for-tu-nate-ly*; which is very far from *true* solemnity, which is in the *spirit*; not alone in the *manner*.

Anecdote. A student in college—carried a manuscript *poem*, of his own *composition*, to his *tutor*, for his *inspection*. The tutor, after looking it over, inquired the author's *reason*, for beginning every line with a capital letter, "Because it is *poetry*," said the student. "It is!" said the teacher, "I declare, I should not have *thought* it."

By frequent use—EXPERIENCE—gains its *growth*,
But *knowledge*—flies from *laziness* and *sloth*.

Proverbs. 1. Soft hands, and soft brains—generally go together. 2. Let *time* be the *judge*, and common *sense* the *jury*. 3. Cherish an ardent love of *nature* and of *art*. 4. The *region* beyond the *grave*, is not a *solitary* one. 5. Each *night*—is the *past day's funeral*: and each *morn*—its *resurrection*. 6. Better be *exalted* by *humility*, than brought *low* by *exaltation*. 7. *Tight-lacing*—is a *gradual suicide*, and tends to enkindle *impure desires*. 8. Good *manners*—are *always* becoming. 9. The *candid* man has nothing to *conceal*; he speaks nothing but *truth*. 10. *Plato* said—read *much*; but read not *many books*. 11. Marry in *haste*; repent at *leisure*. 12. If you will not *keep*, you cannot have. 13. Prune off useless *branches*.

Government. It is time that men should learn to tolerate nothing *ancient*, that *reason* does not *respect*, and to shrink from no *novelty*, to which *reason* may *conduct*. It is time that the human *powers*, so long occupied by subordinate *objects* and inferior *arts*, should mark the commencement of a *new* era in history, by giving birth to the art of improving *government*, and increasing the civil *happiness* of man. It is time, that *legislators*, instead of that *narrow* and dastardly *coasting*, which never ventures to lose sight of *usage* and *precedent*, should, guided by the *polarity* of *reason*, hazard a *bolder* navigation, and discover, in unexplored *regions*, the treasure of public *felicity*.

Varieties. 1. Did not Mr. *Pitt*, by the force of his *eloquence*, raise himself to be the prime minister of England? 2. A *rick* man's *son*—generally *begins*—where his *father* left off; and *ends*—where his father *began*—*penniless*. 3. A proneness to talk of *persons*, instead of *things*, indicates a *narrow*, and superficial *mind*.

The world—may *scorn* me, if they choose; I care
But little for their *scoffings*: I may sink
For *moments*; but I *rise* again, nor shrink
From *doing*—what the *faithful* heart *inspires*:
I will not *flatter*, *fawn*, nor *crouch*, nor *wink*
At what high mounted *wealth*, or *power* desires;
I have a *loftier* aim—to which my *soul* aspires.

Be *humble*—learn *thyself* to *scan*;

Know—*PRIDE*—was never made for *man*.

6. Where there is *emulation*—there will be *vanity*; and where there is *vanity*, there will be *folly*. 7. Each man has his proper standard to *fight* under, and his peculiar *duty* to perform: one tribe's office—is not that of another: neither is the *inheritance* the same.

I wander—by the *mountain's* side,

Whose *peaks*—reflect the parting *day*,

Or *stoop*—to view the *river* glide

In *silvery ripples*—on its *way*.

The *turf* is *green*, the *sky* is *blue*,

The *sombre trees*—in *silence* rest,

Save where a *songster*—rustles through

The *drooping foliage*—to his *nest*;

Yet one thing—wants the *pilgrim* there—

A *kindred soul*, the *scene* to share.

329. REVISION. Before entering on a consideration of the *Inflections*, and other higher modifications of voice, the pupil is again earnestly solicited—to review all the principles, that have been brought forward; especially all that relates to *Accent, Pauses, Emphasis*, and the alphabet of *music*, or the eight notes; and, in this revision, be careful not to confound *one principle with another*; as *stress with quantity*, *high sounds with loud ones*, and *low ones with feeble*. Remember, that *stress* is a quick *blow*, or *ick-tus* of the voice; *quantity*—length of sound; *high sounds*—on, or *above* the *sixth* note; *loud ones*—hallooing; *low sounds*—on, or *below* the *third* note; *feeble ones*, softly, as from *weakness*. Practice the examples, till you make them *fit* you, and produce on *yourselves* and *others*, the desired effects.

330. I came to the place of my birth, and said; "The friends of my youth—where are they?" And *echo* answered,—"*Where?*" 2. When the *Indians* were solicited to emigrate to the *West*, they replied; *What!* shall we say, to the *bones* of our fathers—*Arise!* and go with us into a *foreign land?*

The truly lovely—

Are not the *fair*, who boast but of *outward* grace,
The nought, but beautiful of *form* and *face*;
They—are the *lovely*—*THEY*, in whom unite, [*light*,
Earth's fleeting charms—with *virtue's* HEAVENLY
Who, tho' *they wither*,—yet, with *faded* bloom—
Bear their *all of sweetness*—to the *tomb*.

Notes. 1. Such is the *careless* and *ignorant* manner in which many have been permitted to *come up*, instead of being *brought up*, that it will often be found necessary to use a *variety* of means to become divested of *bad habits* and their *consequences*. 2. Probably the *lungs* suffer more than any other part of the *body*, by being cooped up in a small cavity. To enlarge the chest, side-wise, practice the elevation of the elbows to a horizontal plane nearly level with the shoulders, and commence gently tapping the breast *between* the shoulders, the ends of the fingers of both hands being nearly together; and then, during the exercise, strike back from the sternum toward each shoulder, drawing the hands farther and farther apart, till the ends of the fingers reach the armpits, and even out on the arm, without depressing the elbows: *wey* it, and you will *see* and *know*.

Anecdote. *Flying To; not From.* Some years ago, a person requested permission of the Bishop of *Salisbury*, in *England*, to fly from the spire of his *church*. The good bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's *spiritual*, as well as *temporal* safety, told him, he was very welcome to fly to the church; but he would encourage *no one* to fly from it.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest—in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of *Paradise* unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar—from their cups of gold,
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand—and shut—in silent *ecstasy*.
Yet, wert thou once a *worm*, a thing, that crept
On the bare *earth*, then wrought a *tomb*, and slept;
And such—is *man*; soon, from his cell of *clay*,
To *become* a *seraph*—in the blaze of *day*.

Proverbs. 1. *Pride*—is the greatest enemy to *reason*; and *discretion*—the great opposite of *pride*. 2. The *wise*—shape their *apparel* to the *body*; the *proud*—shape their *body* to their *apparel*. 3. A sound and vigorous *mind*, in a healthy *body*, is an *invaluable possession*. 4. *Experience*—is the *mother* of the *arts*. 5. *He*, is never tired of *listening*, who wishes to gain *knowledge*. 6. Better consider for a *day*, than repent for a *year*. 7. *Economy*—is the foundation of *liberality*, and the parent of *independence*. 8. Use no *tobacco*, if you would be *decent*, *clean*, and *healthy*. 9. The path of *literature* is more *difficult*, than that which leads to *fortune*. 10. That which is *well* done, is *twice* done. 11. *Of a little*—take a little. 12. A *hasty man*—never wants *woe*.

Providence. If a man lets his hand lie in the *ice*, it is highly probable *Providence* will ordain it to be *frozen*; or if he holds it in the *fire*, to be *burnt*. Those who go to *sea*, *Providence* will sometimes permit to be *drowned*; those, on the other hand, who never quit *dry ground*, *Providence* will hardly suffer to perish in the *sea*. It is therefore justly said, "Help *yourself*, and *Heaven* will help you." The *truth* is, that *God* has helped us from the *beginning*; the work of the *master* is completed; and, so far as it was *intended* to be so, *perfect*; it requires, therefore, no *further* extraordinary aids and corrections from above; its *further* development and improvement in this world is placed in our *own hands*. We may be *good* or *bad*, *wise* or *foolish*, not always perhaps in the *degree* which we, as *individuals*, might *choose*, were our wills perfectly *free*, but so far as the state of the *human race*, immediately *preceding* us, has formed us to *decide*.

Varieties. 1. Is *animal*, or *human magnetism*, *true*? 2. When the spirit is *determined*, it can do almost *anything*; therefore, never yield to *discouragement* in *doing*, or *getting*, what is *good* and *true*. 3. *What temptation* is *greater*, than permitting young *persons*, and especially young *men*, in this *degenerate world*, to handle much *money*, that is not their own. 4. Exhibit such an *example* in your *dress*, *conversation*, and *temper*, as will be worthy of *imitation*. 5. We often hear it said, "that *people*, and *things*, are *changed*." Is it not *ourselves* that have *changed*? The heart—makes all around, a *mirror* of *itself*.

REAL glory—

Springs from the silent conquest of *ourselves*,
And, without *that*—the *conqueror* is nought,
But the *first* slave.

7. Every word, spoken from *affection*, leaves an *everlasting* impression in the mind; every *thought*, spoken from *affection*, becomes a *living creation*; and the *same* also, if *not* spoken,—if it be fully *assented* to by the *mind*.

When the *stem* dies, the *leaf*, that grew
Out of its *heart*, must perish *too*.

331. EVERY emotion of the mind has its own external *manifestation*; so that no one emotion can be accommodated to another. Observe the native eloquence of a hungry child, when asking for a piece of bread and butter; especially, the third or fourth time; and mark its *emphasis*, and *tones*: also the *qualities* of voice, with which it expresses its grief, anger, joy, &c. The *manner* of each passion is entirely *different*; nor does it ever apply *one* for *another*; indeed, children in their *own* efforts, always make the proper *emphasis*, *inflections*, and *gestures*; and they are graceful in *all*, when under the sole influence of *nature*. Thus, from *nature*, *unso-phistocated*, may be derived the whole art of speaking. The author is free to acknowledge, that he has learned more about true *eloquence*, from *children*, and the *Indians*, and his consequent *practice*, than from all other *sources*.

332. CICERO—*copied*, and *imitated*, every body; he was the very *mocking-bird* of eloquence, which is his greatest *distinction*, and *glory*: for *who* so *various* as *he*; *who* so *sweet*, so *powerful*, so simply *eloquent*, or so magnificently *flowing*, and each, and *all*, by turns! His mind was a perfect *pan-harmonicon*. Your original *writer*,—your original *character*, has no *sympathies*; he is *heart-bound*, *brain-bound* and *lip-bound*; he is truly an *oddity*; he is like *no-body*, and *no-body* is like *him*; he feeds on *self-adoration*, or the adulation of *fools*; who mistake the oracles of *pride* and *vanity*, for the *inspirations* of *genius*.

333. There are *some*, even in *this* enlightened age, who affect to *despise* the acquisition of *eloquence*, and other important and useful accomplishments; but *such* persons are generally very awkward *themselves*, and dislike the *application* and *practice*, that are necessary to render them agreeable and impressive *speakers*. It is an old *adage*—that *many*—*despise* that, which they do not *possess*, and which they are too *indolent* to *attain*. Remember the *fox* and the *grapes*.

Anecdote. A *colonel* was once complaining, that from the *ignorance*, and *inattention* of the *officers*, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the *regiment*. Said he, "I am my own *captain*, my own *lieutenant*, my own *cornet*, and"—"Your own *trumpeter*," said a lady present.

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had, in her sober livery, all things clad.
Silence—accompanied; for beast, and bird,
They, to their grassy couch, these—to their nest
Were sunk, all, but the wakeful nightingale;
She, all night long, her amorous descant sung;
Silence—was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unvail'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Proverbs. 1. A wise governor, would rather preserve *peace*, than gain a *victory*. 2. It is sometimes a benefit, to *grant* favors, and at other times, to *deny* them. 3. An *angry* person is angry with *himself*, when he returns to *reason*. 4. Wherever you are, conform to the usual *customs* and *manners* of the *country*. 5. To encourage the *unworthy*, is to promote *vice*. 6. *Ingratitude* to the *benevolent*—generally ends in *disgrace*. 7. Esteem *virtue*, tho' in a *foe*: abhor *vice*, tho' in a *friend*. 8. The more one speaks of *himself*, the less *willing* is he, to hear another talked about. 9. *Nature*—is always content with *herself*. 10. Form your *opinions* of a person, by his *questions*, rather than by his *answers*. 11. Say—can *wisdom*—e'er reside, with *passion*, *envy*, *hate*, or *pride*? 12. In a calm sea, every man is pilot. 13. A good *life*—keeps off wrinkles.

Debt. There is nothing—*more* to be dreaded, than *debt*: when a person, whose principles are *good*, unhappily falls into *this* situation, adieu to all *peace* and *comfort*. The *reflection* imbitters every meal, and drives from the *eyelids* refreshing *sleep*. It *corrodes* and *cankers* every cheerful idea; and, like a stern Cerberus, guards each avenue to the *heart*, so that *pleasure* does not approach. *Happy! thrice happy!* are those, who are blessed with an independent *competence*, and can confine their *wants* within the *bounds* of that competence, be it what it may. To *such* alone, the bread of life is *palatable* and *nourishing*. *Sweet* is the morsel, that is acquired by an honest *industry*, the produce of which is *permanent*, or that flows from a *source* which will not fail. A subsistence, that is *precarious*, or procured by an uncertain prospect of *payment*, carries neither *wine* nor oil with it. Let me, therefore, *again* repeat, that the person, who is deeply involved in *debt*, experiences, on *earth*, all the *tortures*, the *poets* describe to be the lot of the wretched inhabitants of *Tutarus*.

Varieties. 1. Is not a want of *purity*, the cause of the *fickleness* of mankind? 2. A man's *character* is like his *shadow*; which sometimes *follows*, and at others, *precedes* him; and which is occasionally *longer*, or *shorter*, than he is. 3. *Admiration*—signifies the *reception* and *acknowledgment* of a thing, in thought, and *affection*. 4. We should have good *roads*, if all the *sinners* were set to *mend* them. 5. The world is a *hive*, that affords both *sweets*, and *poisons*, with many empty *combs*. 6. All *earthly* enjoyments are not what they *appear*; therefore, we should *discriminate*; for *some* are sweet in *hopes*, but, in *fruition*, *sour*. 7. *Order*—is the *sweetest*, most *pacific*, *regular*, and *delightful* melody: the first *motion* is *one*, and the end is *one*: the *final* end is the similitude of the *beginning*.

Self, alone, in *nature*—rooted *fast*,
Attends us *first*, and leaves us—*last*.

334. INFLECTIONS. These are the *rising* and *falling* slides of the voice, terminating on a *higher*, or *lower* pitch, than that on which it *commenced*; being *continuous* from the *radical*, or opening *fullness* of voice, to the *vanish*, or terminating point; and not *discrete*, as the seven *notes* are. In the *intonations*, the voice *steps* up or down, by *discrete* degrees; but in the *inflections*, it *glides* up or down, by *continuous* degrees. The piano, organ, &c., give *discrete* degrees; the harp, violin, &c., *continuous* degrees.

335. The following sentences may be read, with either the *falling*, or the *rising* inflection; and the pupil should determine, from the *sense*, &c., the *object* of the question. 1. Is not good *reading* and *speaking* a very rare *attainment*? 2. How are we to *recover* from the effects of the *fall*? 3. Are we naturally inclined to *evil* or *good*? 4. Is it *possible* for *man* to save *himself*? 5. *Who* is entitled to the more honor, *Columbus*, or *Washington*? 6. Which is the more *useful* member in society, the *farmer*, or the *mechanic*? 7. Ought there to be any *restrictions* to *emigration*? 8. Will *any* one, who knows his own *heart*, trust *himself*?

336. The *inflections*—may, perhaps, be better understood, by contrasting them with the *monotone*; which is nearly one continued sound, without *elevation*, or *depression*, and may be represented by a straight horizontal line, thus; ————. In the use of the *inflections*, the voice *departs* from the *monotone*, and its radical, in a continued elevation or depression, *two*, *three*, *five*, or *eight* notes, according to the intensity of the *affirmation*, *interrogation*, *command*, *petition*, or *negation*; which are the five distinctive attributes of the vital parts of speech.

337. SOME OF MAN'S CHARACTERISTICS. His position is naturally *upright*; he has free use of both hands: hence, he is called the only *two-handed* animal: the prominence of his *chin*, and the uniform length of his *teeth*, are *peculiar*: he is, physically, *defenceless*, having neither weapons of *attack* nor of *defence*: his facial angle is greater than that of any other animal; being from 70° to 90°: he has generally the largest *brains*: he is the only animal that *sleeps* on his *back*: the only one that *laughs* and *weeps*; the only one that has an articulate *language*, expressive of *ideas*: and he is the *only* one endued with *reason* and *moral sense*, and a capacity for *religion*; the *only* being capable of serving *God* intelligibly.

MILTON.

Thy *soul*—was like a *star*—and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a *voice*—whose *sound* was like the *sea*,
Pure—as the naked *heavens*, majestic, *free*.
So didst thou *travel*—on *life's* common way,
In cheerful *godliness*; and yet—thy *heart*
The *lowliest* duties—on herself did lay.

Proverbs. 1. As you *sow*, you shall *reap*. 2. Betray no *trust*, and divulge no *secret*. 3. Chide not *severely*, nor punish *hastily*. 4. *Despise* none, and *despair* of none. 5. *Envy* cannot *see*; *ignorance* cannot *judge*. 6. *Gossiping* and *lying*, generally go *hand in hand*. 7. He, who *swears*, distrusts his own *word*. 8. It is not easy to *love* those, whom we do not *esteem*. 9. *Labor* brings *pleasure*; *idleness*—*pain*. 10. Many a *true* word is spoken in *jest*. 11. He who *serves*—is not *free*. 12. *First come*, *first served*. 13. When *gold* speaks, all tongues are silent.

Anecdote. *Don't know him.* Lord Nelson, when a *boy*, being on a visit to his *aunt's*, went one day a *hunting*, and wandered so far, that he did not return, till long after *dark*. The lady, who was much *alarmed* by his absence, *scolded* him *severely*; and among other things said; I wonder *Fear* did not drive you home. "*Fear*," replied the lad, "*I don't know him*."

Progress of Society. Whoever has *attentively* meditated—on the *progress* of the human race, cannot fail to discern, that there is *now* a spirit of *inquiry* amongst men, which nothing can *stop*, or even materially *control*. *Reproach* and *obloquy*, *threats* and *persecution*, will be in *vain*. They may *in-bitter* *opposition* and engender *violence*, but they cannot abate the keenness of *research*. There is a silent march of *thought*, which *no* power can *arrest*, and which, it is not difficult to foresee, will be marked by important *events*. Mankind were never *before* in the situation in which they *now* stand. The *press* has been operating upon them for several *centuries*, with an influence scarcely *perceptible* at its *commencement*, but by daily becoming more *palpable*, and acquiring accelerated *force*, it is rousing the intellect of *nations*; and *happy* will it be for them, if there be no rash *interference* with the natural progress of *knowledge*; and if by a *judicious* and *gradual* adaptation of their *institutions* to the inevitable changes of *opinion*, they are *saved* from those convulsions, which the *pride*, *prejudices* and *obstinacy* of a *few* may occasion to the *whole*.

Varieties. 1. A *good wife*—is like a *snail*. Why? Because she keeps in her own *house*: a good wife is *not* like a *snail*. Why? Because she does not carry her *all* on her *back*: a good wife is like a *town clock*. Why? Because she keeps good *time*: a good wife is *not* like a *town clock*. Why? Because she does not speak so *loud*, that all the town can *hear* her: a good wife is like an *echo*. Why? Because she *speaks* when *spoken* to: a good wife is *not* like an *echo*. Why? Because she does not *tell*—all she *hears*.

Ye maidens fair—consider *well*,
And look both *shrewd*, and *slly*,
Ere rev'rend *lips*, make good the *knot*,
Your *teeth*—will ne'er untie

338. INFLECTIONS. An *anecdote* may serve to present this important branch of our subject, in a light easy to be understood by *all*. An *elderly* gentleman asked the *author*, if he thought it possible for him to learn to *sing*? He was answered in the *affirmative*, provided he *loved* music, and was *anxious* to learn. His voice was quite *flexible*, and varied, in conversation, and he used all the notes of the scale, except *two*. It was thought, upon the spur of the moment, to get the old man a little *angry*, (and afterwards beg his pardon,) in order to induce him to slide his voice through the *octave*: the effort was *successful*; and with much feeling, he again asked, "Do you say sir, that (1) *I*—can learn to *sing*? an old man like *me*?" carrying his voice from the *first* to the *eighth* note, on *I*, *sing*, and *me*. Just then a *friend* came in, to whom he observed, with incredulous *surprise*, mingled with a little *contempt*,—"He says *I* can learn to sing:" and his voice fell from the *eighth* to the *first* note, on *I*.

339. No one can read the following sentence of *ors*, even in the *common* manner, without any *regard* to inflections, and not give the word *before* or, the *rising* inflection, and the one *after* it, the *falling* inflection; and the reader's *ear* must be the judge. Good, or bad; true, or false; right, or wrong; this, or that; boy, or girl; man, or woman; male, or female; land, or water; over, or under; above, or below; before, or behind; within, or without; old, or young; strength, or weakness; fine, or coarse; one, or two; you, or I; well, or ill; kind, or unkind; black, or white; red, or green; rough, or smooth; hard, or soft; straight, or crooked; long, or short; round, or square; fat, or lean; swift, or slow; up, or down. If the reader does not *satisfy* himself the *first* time, let him *practice* on these phrases till he *does*.

340. READING. The purposes of reading are *three*: the acquisition of *knowledge*, assisting the *memory* in *treasuring* it up, and the *communication* of it to *others*: hence, we see the necessity of reading *aloud*. The ancient Greeks never *read* in public, but *recited* from *memory*; of course, if we wish to succeed as *they* did, we must follow in their footsteps. How much better it would be, if clergymen would *memorize* those portions of the Bible, which they wish to read in *public*! But it may be said, that the task would be a *severe* one: *true*, but how much more effect might be produced on *themselves* and *others*: and then to have a large *part*, or the *whole*, of that blessed book, stored up in the mind, for use *here* and *hereafter*!

The business that we *love*, we raise *betime*.
And go to—with *delight*.

Proverbs. 1. The *remedy* is often worse than the *disease*. 2. To him that *wills*, ways are seldom *wanting*. 3. A *well-balanced* mind—will resist the pressure of *adversity*. 4. Be always on your *guard*, against the advices of the *wicked*, when you come in *contact* with them. 5. Blessed is he, that *readeth*, and *understandeth* what he *readeth*. 6. Take it for *granted*, there can be no *excellence*, without *labor*. 7. The *rich* man is often a *stranger* to the quiet and content of the *poor* man. 8. Beware of gathering *scorpions*, for *this*, or the *future* world. 9. There is no *general* rule, without *exceptions*. 10. *Every* light—is not the *sun*. 11. Never be *angry*—at what you cannot *help*.

Anecdote. Use of *Falseness*. A *jury*, which was directed by the *Judge*, to bring in a certain prisoner *guilty*, on his own *confession* and *plea*, returned a verdict of "*Not Guilty*;" and offered, as a reason, that they knew the fellow to be so great a *liar*, they did not *believe* him.

Talent. One man, perhaps, proves miserable in the study of the *law*, who might have flourished in that of *physic*, or *divinity*; *another*—runs his head against the *pulpit*, who might have been serviceable to his country at the *plough*; and a *third*—proves a very dull and heavy *philosopher*, who possibly would have made a good *mechanic*, and have done well enough at the *useful philosophy* of the *spade* or *anvil*.

Varieties—in the Uses of Inflections. 1. Is *genuine* repentance founded in *love*, or *fear*? 2. Can we *intentionally* offend a person, *whom* we *truly* love? 3. Have not *angelic*, as well as *satanic* beings, once been *men*, and *women*, on some of the countless *earths* in the *universe*? 4. Has any one *actual* sin, till he violates the *known* will of God, and *wilfully* sins against his own *conscience*? 5. How can the *Red* man be forgotten, while so many of the *states*, *territories*, *mountains*, *rivers* and *lakes*, bear their *names*? 6. Since decision of *character* can be acquired by *discipline*, what is the *best* method to acquire it? The firm *resolve*—to obtain that *knowledge*, necessary for a *choice*, and then to do what we *know* to be right, at *any*, and *every* peril. 7. What *places* are better adapted than *theatres*, in their present *degradation*, to teach the *theory* and *practice* of fashionable *iniquity*? 8. What is a more *faithful*, or *pleasant* friend, than a *good book*?

When you mournfully rivet—your tear-laden eyes,

That have seen the last sunset of hope—pass away,
On some bright orb, that seems, through the still sapphire sky,
In beauty and splendor, to roll on its way:

Oh remember, this earth, if beheld from afar,
Would seem wrapt in a halo—as clear and as bright
As the pure silver radiance—enshrining yon star,
Where your spirit—is eagerly soaring to-night.

And at this very moment, perhaps, some poor heart,
That is aching and breaking in that distant sphere,
Gazes down on this dark world, and longs to depart
From its own diminal home, to a brighter one here.

341. THE RISING INFLECTION ('). This indicates that the voice glides *upward* continuously, on the more important words. Ex. Do you say that *I* can learn to sing? Are you going to *town* to-day? Is he a good *man*? Do you love and practice the *truth*? Is it your desire to become *useful*? Do you wish to become a good *reader, speaker, and singer*? Is there not a difference between *words, thoughts, and feelings*?

342. THREE MODES OF EXISTENCE. May we not appropriately contemplate our *bodies*, and our *minds*, as consisting of *three degrees*, each having its own legitimate *sphere*? Is not *each* like a *three story house*, with three successive suits of *apartments*, which may be called—the *lower*, the *middle* and the *upper*? Are there not three vital degrees of the *body*, the *abdominal*, the *thoracic*, and the *encephalic*? And does not the *mind* consist of as many degrees, called *scientific, rational and affectionate*? or, *natural, spiritual and heavenly*? Is there not in us, as it were, a *ladder* reaching from *earth* to *heaven*? Shall we not *ascend*, and *descend* upon it, and thus take a view of *both* the worlds in which we live? But will not the *material* part soon *die*, and the *soul*—live *forever*? Then does not *wisdom* say, attend to *each*, according to its *importance*? Are we not *wonderfully made*? Doth our *soul* know it right well? And will we *praise* our Redeemer, by *doing his will*?

343. On examining *children*, in an *unperverted* state, and all *animals*, it will invariably be found, that they use the *lower* muscles for *breathing*, and producing *sounds*. Who is not aware that children will *halloo*, all day long, without becoming *hoarse*, or *exhausted*? And how often it is the case, that *parents* wish their children to call persons at a *distance*, being aware that they have themselves *lost* the power to speak as formerly. Now all that is necessary to be *done*, by such individuals, is to retrace their steps to *truth* and *nature*. Remember, that *examples*, in *this* art especially, are better than *precepts*: *rules* are to prevent *faults*, not to introduce *beauties*; therefore, become so *familiar* with them, that they may govern your practice *involuntarily*.

Anecdote. *Gold Pills.* Dr. Goldsmith, having been requested by a *wife*, to visit her husband, who was *melancholy*, called upon the patient, and seeing that the *cause* was *poverty*, told him he would send him some *pills*, which he had no doubt would prove *efficacious*. He immediately went *home*, put *ten guineas* into a paper, and *sent* them to the sick man: the *remedy* had the desired effect.

Suspicion—overturns—what *confidence*—builds;
And he, who dares but *doubt* when there's no ground,
Is neither to *himself*, nor others—sound.

Proverbs. 1. Good *manners* are sure to procure *respect*. 2. *Self-conceit* makes opinion *obstinate*. 3. *Knowledge* is the *mind's treasure*. 4. Make the *best* of a *bad bargain*. 5. Never *speak* to *deceive*, nor *listen* to *betray*. 6. *Passion*—is ever the enemy of *truth*. 7. Prefer *loss*, to *unjust gain*; and *solid sense*, to *wit*. 8. Quit *not certainty* for *hope*. 9. *Rejoice* in the *truth*, and *maintain* it. 10. Seek *not* after the failings of *others*. 11. *Might*—does not make *right*. 12. *Divinity*—cannot be *defined*. 13. *Deride* not the *unfortunate*.

Philosophy. *Philosophy*, so far from deserving *contempt*, is the *glory* of human nature. Man approaches, by *contemplation*, to what we conceive of celestial *purity* and *excellence*. Without the aid of *philosophy*, the *mass* of mankind, all over the *terraqueous globe*, would have sunk in *slavery* and *superstition*,—the *natural consequences* of gross *ignorance*. Men, at the very *bottom* of society, have been enabled, by the *natural* talents they possessed, seconded by favorable opportunities, to reach the highest *improvements* in *philosophy*; and have thus lifted up a *torch* in the *valley*, which has exposed the *weakness* and *deformity* of the *castle* on the *mountain*, from which the *oppressors* sallied, in the night of *darkness*, and spread *desolation* with *impunity*. *Despots*: the *meanest*, the *basest*, the *most brutal* and *ignorant* of the human race, who would have trampled on the *rights* and *happiness* of men unresisted, if *philosophy* had not opened the eyes of the *sufferers*, shown them their *own power* and *dignity*, and taught them to *despise* those giants of power, as they appeared thro' the mists of *ignorance*, who ruled a vassal world with a mace of *iron*. *Liberty*—is the *daughter* of *philosophy*; and they who detest the *offspring*, do all that they can to vilify and discountenance the *mother*.

Varieties. 1. What is *humility*, and what are its *effects*? 2. *Vice*—stings us, even in our *pleasures*; but *virtue*—consols us, even in our *pains*. 3. *Cowards*—die many times; the *valiant*—never taste of death but *once*. 4. *True friendship* is like *sound health*; the *value* of it is seldom known till it is *lost*. 5. Young folks tell what they *do*; old ones, what they *have* done; and *fools*, what they *will* do. 6. Men's evil manners live in *brass*; their *virtues*, we write in *sand*. 7. The *natural* effects of (4) *fidelity*, (5) *clemency* and (6) *kindness*, in *governors*, are *peace*, *good-will*, *order* and *esteem*, on the part of the *governed*. 8. Never make yourself too *little* for the sphere of *duty*; but *stretch*, and *expand* yourself to the compass of its *objects*. 9. (4) *Friends*, (5) *Romans*, (6) *countrymen*—lend me your *ears*; I come to *bury* *Cesar*, not to *praise* him. 10. All *truths*—are but forms of heavenly *loves*; and all *falsities*—are the forms of *infernal* loves.

If you would excel in *arts*, excel in *industry*.

344. INFLECTIONS. One very encouraging feature of our interesting subject is, that all our principles are drawn from *nature*, and are therefore *inherent* in every one; the grand design is to develop our *minds* and *bodies* in accordance with these principles; which can be done, not by silently *reading* the work, or *thinking* about its *contents*; but, by *patient, persevering practice*: this, only, can enable us to overcome our bad habits, and bring our *voices, words, and mind* into harmony, so that the *externals* may perfectly correspond to the *internals*.

345. 1. Is there aught, in *eloquence*—that can warm the *heart*? She draws her *fire* from natural *imagery*. Is there aught in *poetry*—to enliven the imagination? *There*—is the secret of her power. 2. Do you love to gaze at the (3) *sun*, the (4) *moon*, and the (6) *planets*? This *affection* contains the *science* of ASTRONOMY, as the *seed*—contains the future *tree*. Would a few *pence*—*duty*, on *tea*, for raising a *revenue*, have ruined the *fortunes* of any of the *Americans*? *No!* but the payment of one penny, on the *principle* it was *demanded*, would have made them—*slaves*.

346. INVALIDS—will find the *principle*, and *practice*, here set forth, of great service to them, if they possess the *strength*, and have the *resolution*, to *adopt* them; and they will often derive special aid by *attempting* to do something: for the *mind*, by a determination of the *will*, can be brought to act upon the *nervous system*, in such a way, as to start the flow of the blood on its career of *health*, and *strength*; and, ere they are aware of it, they will be ready to mount up as with the wings of an *eagle*, and leave all *care*, and *trouble*, and *anxiety* on the earth. Let them *try* it, and they will see: *persevere*.

Anecdote. *The Cobbler.* A cobbler, at *Leyden*, who used to attend the public *disputations*, held at the academy, was once asked if he understood *Latin*. “No,” replied the mechanic, “but I know who is *wrong* in the argument.” “*How?*” replied his friend. “*Why, by seeing who is angry first.*”

Lift up thine *eyes*, afflicted soul!

From *earth*—lift up thine *eyes*,

Though dark—the *evening shadows* roll,

And *daylight beauty*—dies;

One *sun* is set—a *thousand more*

Their rounds of *glory* run,

Where *science* leads thee—to explore

In every *star*—a *sun*.

Thus, when some long-loved *comfort* ends,

And *nature* would *despair*,

Faith—to the *heaven* of heavens ascends,

And meets *ten thousand* there;

First, faint and small, then, clear and bright,

They gladden all the *gloom*,

And *stars*, that seem but *points of light*,

The rank of *suns* assume.

Proverbs. 1. The *body* contains the *working tools* of the *mind*; master your *tools*, or you will be a bad *workman*. 2. *Here*, and *there*; or, *this world*, and the *next*, is a good subject for *reflection*. 3. An *artist* lives *everywhere*. 4. The *body*—is the *image*, or *type*, of the *soul*; and the *soul* is *visible*, only *through* it. 5. Never refuse a *good offer*, in hopes of a *better one*; the *first* is *certain*; the *last* is only *hope*. 6. A *promiscuous* and *superficial* study of books, seldom yields much solid *information*. 7. Tho' *ruin* ensue, *justice* must not be *infringed*. 8. Those things become us *best*, that appertain to our *situation in life*. 9. *Prosperity*—*intoxicates* and *disturbs* the *mind*: *adversity*—*subdues* and *ameliorates* it. 10. The *strongest* symptoms of *wisdom* in us, is being sensible of our *follies*. 11. A *good man*—is not an object of *fear*. 12. *Friendship*—is stronger than *kindred*. 13. *Sin* is *sin*, whether *seen* or *not*.

Duelling. We read, in Swedish history, that *Adolphus*, king of *Sweden*, determining to *suppress* these false notions of honor, issued a severe *edict* against the *practice*. Two gentlemen, however, *generals* in his service, on a *quarrel*, agreed to solicit the king's *permission*, to *decide* their difference by the *laws of honor*. The king *consented*, and said, he would be present at the *combat*. He was attended by a body of *guards* and the public *executioner*, and before they proceeded to the *onset*, he *told* these gentlemen, that they must fight till *one* of them *died*. Then, turning to the *executioner*, he added, do you immediately strike off the head of the *survivor*. This had the intended *effect*; the difference between the two officers was *adjusted*, and no more *challenges* were heard of in the army of *Gustavus Adolphus*.

Varieties. 1. Oh! *who* can describe *woman's love*, or *woman's constancy*. 2. Can the *immortality of the soul* be proved from the *light of nature*? 3. If the *sculptor* could put *life* into his works, would he not resemble a good *orator*? 4. Can we be *too zealous* in promoting a *good cause*? 5. Are *miracles* the most convincing evidences of *truth*? 6. Is it not very *hard* to cherish unkind *feelings*, and *thoughts*, without *showing* them in unkind *words* and *actions*? 7. Are *theatres*—*beneficial* to mankind? 8. Ought any thing be received, without due *examination*? 9. Do you wish to know the *persons*, against whom you have *most reason* to *guard* yourself? your *looking-glass* will reveal him to you. 10. If a man is in *earnest*, would you therefore call him a *fanatic*.

They are *sleeping*! Who are *sleeping*?

Captives, in their gloomy *cells*;

Yet sweet *dreams* are o'er them creeping,

With their many-colored *spells*.

All they *love*—again they *clasp* them;

Feel *again*—their long-lost *joys*;

But the *haste*—with which they *grasp* them,

Every *fairly form destroys*.

347. THE FALLING INFLECTION (') indicates that the voice glides downwards, continuously, on the more important words. 1. "Where are you *going*?" 2. Of what are you *thinking*? 3. Who sendeth the *early* and the *latter* rain? 4. What things are most proper for *youth* to learn? Those that they are to *practice*, when they enter upon the stage of *action*. 5. Be always *sure* you are *right*, then go *ahead*." 6. *Begin*; be *bold*,—and venture to be *wise*: He who *defers* this work, from day to day, Does on a river's brink expecting, *stay*, Till the whole *stream*, that *stopt* him, shall be *gone*,—That *runs*, and *runs*, and ever *will* run on. 7. I do not so much *request*, as *demand* your attention. 8. Seek the *truth* for its *own* sake, and out of *love* for it; and when *found*, *embrace* it, let it *cut* where it *will*; for it is all *powerful*, and *must* prevail.

348. Never *begin*, or *end*, two successive sentences on the same pitch: neither two lines in *poetry*; nor two *members* of a sentence; nor two *words* meaning different things; if you *do*, it will be *monotonous*. The 3d, 4th, or 5th note is the proper pitch for commencing to read or speak; the force must be determined by the *occasion*, the size of the *room*, the *sense*, &c. If we are in the *middle* of the pitches, we can *rise* or *fall* according to *circumstances*; but if we begin too *high*, or too *low*, we shall be liable to *extremes*. Look at those of the audience at a *medium* distance, and you will not greatly err in *pitch*.

349. MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—treats of the faculties of the human *mind*; their *laws* and *actions*, with a general reference to their *use* and *cultivation*. It teaches, that the two constituents of *mind*—are the *WILL* and the *UNDERSTANDING*; the *former* is the receptacle of all our *affections*, *good*, or *evil*; the *latter*, of all our *thoughts*, *true* or *false*. *Phrenology*—may be considered, to a certain extent, as the *highway* to the philosophy of mind; but it is not a *sure guide*, being founded on the philosophy of *effects*, instead of that of *causes*; as is the case with *all* the sciences: hence, it cannot be *depended* on. To judge *righteously* of the subject of mind, we must have the *whole man*; which involves *phrenology*, *physiology*, and *psychology*: all of which must be seen in the light of *TRUTH*, *natural*, and *spiritual*.

Anecdote. Rhymetry. When queen Elizabeth visited the town of *Falkenstene*, the inhabitants employed their parish clerk—to *versify* their address: the mayor, on being introduced, with great gravity mounted a three legged *stool*, and commenced his poetical declamation thus:—"O mighty queen, *Welcome to Falkenstene!*" Elizabeth burst out in a loud roar of *laughter*; and, without giving his worship time to *recover* himself, she replied, "You great *fool*, Get off that *stool*."

Keep company with the *wise* and *good*.

Proverbs. 1. *Speech*—is the image of *action*. 2. *Superstition*—is the spleen of the *soul*. 3. Suspect a *tale-bearer*, and *trust* him not. 4. *Suspicion*—is the passion of true *friendship*. 5. *Sweet* are the slumbers of the *virtuous*. 6. *Safe* is he, who serves a *good conscience*. 7. Never do a *mean action*. 8. Set not too *high* a value on your own *abilities*. 9. *Simple diet* makes *healthy children*. 10. *Sneer* not at that you cannot *rival*. 11. The best answer to a *slander*—is *silence*. 12. *Vice*—is infamous in *every body*.

Compassion. *Compassion*—is an emotion, of which we ought never to be *ashamed*. *Graceful*, particularly in *youth*, is the tear of *sympathy*, and the *heart*, that melts at the tale of *wo*; we should not permit *ease* and *indulgence* to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish *enjoyment*. But we should *accustom* ourselves to think of the *distresses* of human *life*, of the solitary *cottage*, the *dying parent*, and the weeping *orphan*. Nor ought we ever to sport with *pain* and *distress*, in any of our *amusements*, or treat even the *meanest* insect with wanton *cruelty*.

Varieties. 1. *What* does the *tree of life* signify, and *what* the knowledge of *good* and *evil*, and *what* the *eating* from them? 2. *What* *heaps* of the ruins of a *former world*, are piled up to form the *stratum*, and *surface*, of the one we *inhabit*? 3. *Why* is the *Caucasian*, or *European* race, so *migratory* and *unsettled* in its habits and *propensities*, while the *African* race seems disposed to stay at *home*, *contented*, and *happy*? 4. *Where*, in the brain, is the determination of the *mind*, when we think *intensely*? Is it not where *phrenologists* locate *causality*? 5. *Why* is the *eye* used to represent *wisdom*? 6. *Who* knoweth, (says Solomon,) the spirit of *man*, that goeth *upward*, and the spirit of the *beast*, that goeth *downward*? 7. *Why* is a *circle*—used to represent *eternity*?

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.
Vital spark—of heavenly flame!

Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss—of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish—into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."

What is this—absorbs me quite; .
Steals my senses,—shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits,—draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this—be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n—opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:—

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where—'is thy victory?
O death! where—'is thy sting?

I hate to see—a shabby book,
With half the leaves—torn out,
And used, as if its owner—thought
'Twere made—to toss about.

350. INFLECTIONS. The reader sees that the *rising* inflection is used, when *questions* are asked, that may be answered by *yes*, or *no*; also, in cases of *doubt* and *uncertainty*: and that the *falling* inflection is used, when questions are asked that are *not* thus answered; and in all cases of strong *affirmation*. Some authors seem not to have noticed the distinction between a *rising inflection* of the voice, and a simple *suspension* of it, when there is a continuation of the sense. Let us not rely too much on the *inflections*, to enable us to give *variety*, but on the different *pitch*es of *voice*: the former gives *artificial* variety, and the latter, a *natural* one.

351. 1. Accustom yourself to submit, on all occasions, (even in the most *minute*, as well as the most *important* circumstances in life,) to a *small, présent evil*, to obtain a *greater, distant good*. This will give *decision, tone, and energy* to the *mind*; which, *thus disciplined*, will often reap *victory*—from *defeat*, and *honor*—from *repulse*. Having *acquired* this invaluable habit of *rational preference*, and *just appreciation*, start for the *prize* that *endureth forever*. 2. The man, whose *house* is on fire, cries—*Fire! FIRE!! FIRE!!!* with the *falling* inflection: but the *roguish boy*, who would raise a *false alarm*, cries, *Fire, fire, fire*, with the *rising* inflection. 3. This is an (5) *open*, (4) *honorable* challenge; why are you (6) *silent*? Why do you (5) *prevaricate*? I (6) *insist* upon this point; I (5) *urge* you to it: (4) *press* it; nay, I (3) *demand*—it.

352. THE END, the CAUSE and the EFFECT, are the *three* distinct things, which *follow* each other in *regular* and *successive* order; for *every* thing, in *this* world, and in the *other*, proceeds according to these *degrees*: hence, *intelligence*—*properly* consists in *knowing* and *distinguishing* them, and *seeing* them in their *order*. *Illustration*: the *end* of man is the *love* of his *will*; for what one *loves*, he *proposes* and *intends*: the *cause* with him is the *reason* or the *understanding*; for the *end*, by *means* of the *reason*, seeks for *mediates*, or *efficient* causes: and the *effect* is the *operation* of the *body* *from*, and *according* to, them. When these *three* are exhibited in *act*, the *end* is inwardly in the *cause*, and *thro'* the *cause* in the *effect*; wherefore, they *co-exist* in the *effect*. Hence, the propriety of *judging* every one—by his *works*; that is, by his *fruits*: for the *end*, or the *love* of the *will*, and the *cause*, or the *reason* of his *understanding*, are *together* in the *effects*; which *three* constitute the *whole* man.

Oh how *poor*

Seems the rich gift of *genius*, when it lies,
Like the *adventurous* *vain*, *and* *weak* *one*—*down*
His *strength*—upon the *sea*, *ambition*-wrecked—
A thing—the *thrush* might *pity*, as she sits,
Brooding in quiet, on her lowly *nest*.

Proverbs. 1. Through the *ear*, we must find access to the *heart*. 2. *Hunger* makes *every* kind of food acceptable. 3. *Death*—is the *finishing* stroke in the picture of *life*. 4. The remembrance of *labors performed*, and *difficulties overcome*, is always agreeable. 5. The labors of the student are sweeter, the farther he *proceeds*; because his *heart* is in them. 6. Always yield to the *truth*. 7. The improvement of the *mind* is of the first importance. 8. Beware of going into the way of *temptations*: many have been *ruined*, merely by looking on, to see how *others* do. 9. *Tricks* and *treachery* are the practice of *fools*. 10. The *proper* study of mankind—is *man*. 11. Promote *virtuous communication*. 12. An *ape*—is ridiculous by *nature*; *men*—by *art* and *study*. 13. *Flattery*—is a very fashionable *art*.

Anecdote. *Old Habits.* The duke de Nivernois was acquainted with the countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, it would be more convenient for him to *marry* that lady. "I have often thought so," said he, "but one thing prevents me; in that case, where should I spend my evenings?"

Promises. If *promises*—from *man* to *man* have force, why not from *man* to *woman*? Their very *weakness* is the charter of their *power*, and they should not be injured because they can't return it.

Varieties. *Educational Questions.* 1. What are the *rights* and *duties* of the *family*, and of *society* at *large*, respecting the education of children? 2. To what sort and degree of education can any human individual, as such, lay *claim*, independently of *fortune*, or any other distinction? 3. How far should the education of a child be regulated, according to his natural *capacities*, and how far should *external* circumstances be permitted to affect it? 4. What are the chief *obstacles* to a more general education of the *poor*; and what are the leading *errors* committed in this greatest of all *charities*, so far as it extends at *present*? 5. What are the chief *errors* committed in the education of the *wealthier* classes, and by what means can the education of both *poor* and *rich* be made to *produce*, in the course of time, a more harmonious state of *society*? 6. How far, hitherto, has *Christianity* been allowed to influence *education*, and by what means can the *difficulties*, arising from *discrepancies* among *Christians*, be obviated in it? 7. *Who* will satisfactorily answer these important questions?

—“From the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
Thou art in *humble*, nor in *brief* delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul—can find enjoyment; but from these
Turning, disdainful, to an *equid* god,
Thro' all th' ascent of things—enlarge her view,
Till every bound—at length—shall *disappear*,
And infinite perfection—close the scene.”

352. PRECEDING PRINCIPLES. The sooner the pupil begins to rely upon his own resources and experience, the *better*; and he should not forget, that he must make *himself* an elocutionist. Hence, the importance of his seeing, *rationaly*, and *feeling*, in his *inmost soul*, the *truth*, or *falsehood*, of the principles here unfolding. Let every example be thoroughly *mastered*; and, to *prevent* the growth of bad habits, in *reading*, *speaking* and *singing*, let him often *review*; as well as pay special attention to the varieties of illustration, that are to be found on every page.

353. 1. It is too *late*—to urge *objections*—against *universal education*; for the fountains—of the *great deep*—are broken up, and a flood of information, (4) *theological*, (5) *scientific*, (4) *civil*, and (6) *literary*, is carrying all *before it*; filling up the *valleys*, and scaling the (6) *mountain-tops*: a spirit of *inquiry* has gone forth, and sits *brooding*—on the mind of man. 2. *Music*—should be cultivated, not as a mere *sensual gratification*; but, as a means of *elevating*, and improving the *affections*; *ennobling*, *purifying*, and *exalting*, the whole man. 3. *Beware*—of a remorseless *thirst* for the acquisition of *riches*; rather—than *deliver up* yourself in execrable devotion to *Mammon*, mount the *ladder* of the most dangerous *ambition*,—even tho' it were planted on the *precipice*, and leaned against a *cloud*.

354. POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY—includes all *theories* and general *views* of government, with a description of the *forms*, and the *principles* on which they are *founded*, and the *nodes* in which they are *administered*. This study rests on the basis of *natural law*, or *justice*; and therefore, presupposes a knowledge of *ethics*; it requires *enlarged* and *elevated* views of human *nature*, and the constitution of *society*; with the means by which *virtue* may be *diffused*, *justice enforced*, and *order preserved* throughout the *community*: it is alike important to the *statesman*, the *legislator*, and the private citizen.

Anecdote. *Howard's Opinion of Swearers.* As he was standing, one day, near the door of a *printing-office*, he heard some dreadful volleys of *oaths* and *curses* from a public house opposite, and, buttoning his *pocket up* before he went in the street, he said to the *workmen* near him, "I *always* do this whenever I hear men *swear*, as I think that any one, who can take *God's name* in vain, can also *steal*, or do anything *else* that is *bad*." *Hope*, of all passions, most befriends us here: Passions of *prouder name*—befriend us less. *Joy*—has her *tears*, and *transport*—has her *death*: *Hope*, like a *cordial*, *innocent*, though *strong*, Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*—and *serenes*.

Proverbs. 1. *Persistence*—overcomes all *difficulties*. 2. *Instruction*, by *example*, is *quick* and *effectual*. 3. We are only in the morning *starlight* of the arts and sciences. 4. *Knowledge* is not obtained in a *moment*. 5. *Apollo's bow*—was not *always bent*. 6. *Reason*—is not the *test* of truth: it is only the *organ*, through which we *see* truth. 7. No one is so well qualified to *rule*, as he, who knows how to *obey*. 8. *Beauty*—is like the flower of spring: but *virtue*—is like the stars of heaven. 9. *Vain persons* are fond of *fine things*. 10. *Respect*, and *contempt*, spoil many a one. 11. *Some*—outlive their *reputation*. 12. When *sorrow* is *asleep*, *wake* it not.

Laconics. And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our *La Fayette* his spotless *fame*? The love of *liberty*. What—has consecrated his *memory*—in the hearts of good men? The love of *liberty*. What—nerved his youthful arm with *strength*, and inspired him in the morning of his days, with *sagacity* and *counsel*? The living love of *liberty*. To what—did he sacrifice *power*, and *country*, and *freedom itself*? To the horror of *licentiousness*; to the sanctity of *plighted faith*; to the love of *liberty* protected by *law*. Thus, the great principle of your revolutionary *fathers*, of your pilgrim *sires*, the great principle of the *age*, was the rule of his life: The love of *liberty*—protected by *law*.

Varieties. 1. When a lady receives the addresses of a *gentleman*, who is in the habit of *tippling*, how is she to determine, to what extent his *protestations* should be set down to *himself*; and how much passed to the credit of *ardent spirits*? In other words, how much is of *love*, and how much of *alcohol*? Suppose she *test* it, by the pledge of total *abstinence*?

'Tis not the *face*,—'tis not the *form*,—

'Tis not the *heart*—however *warm*;

It is not *these*, tho' *all combined*,

That wins *true love*:—it is the *mind*

Canst thou believe thy *prophet*,—(or, what is *more*,)

That *Power*, which made thee. (8) And thy *prophet*,

Will (with *impunity*), let pass that *breach*

Of sacred *faith*, given to the royal *Greek*?

How (3) *poor*! how (6) *rich*! how (4) *albeit*!

How (9) *august*! how (4) *complicate*! how (2) *wonderful* is man

How (6) *passing*, He, who made him such! and

Centered in his make—such strange extremes!

What can preserve my life? or what destroy?

An (6) *angel's arm*—can't snatch me from my *grave*:

Legions of *angels*—can't confine me there.

My mother's voice! how often—creeps

Its cadence—o'er my lonely hours,

Like *healing*—sent on wings of sleep,

Or *dew*—to the unconscious flowers.

I can't forget her melting *prayer*,

Even while my pulses—madly fly;

And in the still, unbroken *air*,

Her gentle tones come—stealing by;

And years, and *sin*, and *manhood* flee,

And leave me—at my mother's knee!

355. These Inflections may pass through 2, 3, 5, or 8 notes, according to the intensity of the feeling. Ex. 1. "Do you say, that [1 I'3] can learn to sing! 2. Do you say that [1 I'5] can learn to sing? 3. What! do you say that [1 I'8] can learn to sing!" Reverse the inflection; begin at the top, and go down. 4. He said [8 "I 1] can learn to sing, not you!" Thus, you see that the voice may step up or down, by *discrete* degrees, or glide up and down, by *continuous* degrees. 5. "To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied: (1) Art thou that (3) *traitor* (4) *angel*? (8) art thou he who first broke *peace* in heaven, and (6) *faith*, till then (8) *unbroken*? (9) Back to thy *punishment*—*false fugitive*, and to thy speed add *wings*; lest with a whip of *scorpions*, I pursue thy ling'ring; or with one stroke of this *dart*, strange *horror* seize thee, and *pangs* unfelt before." In speaking this sentence, use all the eight notes.

356. In reading the *first* example, the voice glides from the *first* to the *third* note; because there is no *feeling*: in reading the *second*, the voice glides from the *first* to the *fifth* note; because there is *some* feeling, and consequent *earnestness*; and in the *third* example, the voice glides from the *tonic*, to the *octave*; because there is a great *deal* of feeling: in the *fourth* example, the voice begins at the *top*, or *eighth* note, and glides down to the *first*; because there is a consequent change of *thought* and *action*. In the *fifth* example, the voice commences at 1, in a *harsh* tone, and goes on gradually ascending to *angel*; then it *recedes*, and then goes on rising still *higher* on *faith*, and *highest* on *unbroken*; when it begins to descend, in an unyielding and gradual way, to the *close*, in a manner that no words can describe.

357. Do not the *bees*, (says Quintillian) extract *honey* from very different flowers and juices? Is it any wonder that *Eloquence*, (which is one of the greatest gifts heaven has given to man,) requires many arts to *perfect* it! and tho' they do not *appear* in an oration, nor seem to be of any *use*, they nevertheless afford an inward supply of strength, and are silently felt in the mind: without all these a man may be *eloquent*, but I wish to form an *orator*; and none can be said to have *all* the requisites, while the *smallest* thing is wanting.

Anecdote. *Good Works.* The Russian ambassador at Paris, made the Abbe L'Epee a visit, and offered him a large sum of *money* through the munificence of the empress. The Abbe declined, saying, "I receive *gold* of no one; but if the empress will send me a *deaf* and *dumb* person to *educate*, I shall consider it a more *flattering* mark of *distinction*."

Proverbs. 1. An *evil heart*—can make any doctrine false, in its own view. 2. *Bad* books are fountains of *vice*. 3. Comply *cheerfully*, when necessity enjoins it. 4. *Despair*—blunts the edge of *industry*. 5. *Double-dealing*—is the index of a *base spirit*. 6. Every *vice* wars against *nature*. 7. *Friendship*—is often stronger than *kindred*. 8. *Good intentions*—will not justify *evil actions*. 9. In order to *learn*, we must pay undivided *attention*. 10. *Mental* gifts—often hide *bodily infirmities*. 11. *Lawing*—is very costly. 12. The world is *his*, who enjoys it. 13. *Poverty*—is often an *evil counsellor*.

Despotism. All despotism, whether usurped or hereditary, is our *abhorrence*. We regard it as the most grievous *wrong* and *insult* to the human race. But, towards the hereditary *despot*—we have more of *compassion* than *indignation*. Nursed and bro't up in *delusion*, *worshiped* from his *cradle*, never *spoken* to in the tone of fearless *truth*, taught to look on the great *mass* of his fellow-beings as an inferior *race*, and to regard *despotism* as a law of *nature*, and a necessary *element* of social life; such a prince, whose *education* and *condition* almost *deny* him the possibility of *acquiring* healthy moral *feeling* and manly *virtue*, must not be judged *severely*. Still, in absolving the *despot*—from much of the *guilt*, which seems at first, to attach to his unlawful and abused *power*, we do not the less account despotism a *wrong* and a *curse*. The time for its *fall*, we trust, is *coming*. It cannot fall too *soon*. It has long enough wrung from the laborer his hard *earnings*; long enough squandered a nation's *wealth* on its *parasites* and *minions*; long enough warred against the freedom of the *mind*, and arrested the progress of *truth*. It has filled dungeons *enough*—with the *brave* and *good*, and shed *enough* of the blood of *patriots*. Let its end come. It cannot come too *soon*.

Varieties. 1. What is *education*, and what are the *best* means for *obtaining* it? 2. Why are *diamonds* valuable? because of their *scarcity*? 3. Why are *professional* men in different *poets*? is it because, as the boundaries of *science* enlarge, the empire of *imagination* is *diminished*? 4. In what does true *honor* consist? 5. *Tamerlane* boasted, that he governed men by four great *arts*; viz: *bribery*, *amusement*, *diversion*, and *suspense*: are there no *Tamulanes* now, think you? 6. Is there any *alliance* between *genius* and *poverty*? 7. If we leave the path of *duty*, shall we not be liable to run into the path of *danger*? 8. Are there not *some*, who would make void the *word* of *God*, by their *own traditions*? 9. Is it not a most *important* part of a teacher's *duty*, to imbue the minds of his *pupils*, with the *love* of all *goodness* and *truth*?

358. The *Inflections* have great influence in *expressing*, or *perverting* the sense, according as they are *correctly* or *incorrectly* made. 1. In the retirement of a *COLLEGE*—I am unable to suppress *evil thoughts*; how *difficult* then, to do it, amidst the world's *temptations*! 2. The man who is in the daily use of ardent (6) *spirits*, (4) if he should not become a (3) *drunkard*, (6) is in danger of losing his (5) *health*, and (6) *character*. The *rising inflection* on *drunkard*, would imply that he must *become* one, to *preserve* his health and character.

359. Apply the principles to the following, according to the *feelings* and *thoughts*, and their *objects*. 1. But (5) *mercy*—is (6) *above*—this *sequestered* sway; (4) it is *enthroned*—in the (5) *hearts of kings*; it is an (6) *attribute*—(1) of *God himself*.

Love, hope,—and joy, fair *Pleasure's* smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of *Pain*;
These, mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make —and maintain —the balance of the mind.

He knew—

How to make *madness*—beautiful, and cast,
(O'er erring *deeds*, and *thoughts*), a heavenly hue
Of words, like *sunbeams*, dazzling (as they passed),
The eyes, which o'er them shed *tears*, feelingly, and fast.

Thy words—had such a melting flow,
And spoke of *truth*—so sweetly well,
They dropped—(like *heaven's* serenest snow,)
And all was (6) *brightness*,—where they fell.

360. INDUCING DISEASE. There is no doubt, that the seed of a large number of diseases are sown in *childhood* and *youth*; and especially in our *progress* in obtaining what is called, an *EDUCATION*. The bad habits of position *in* and out of school, and our unhealthy mode of *living*, contribute very essentially to the promotion of various diseases; particularly, *dyspepsia*, *liver* and *lung* complaints, and *headaches*. Hence, we cannot be too *watchful* against sitting in a crooked position, nor too prudent in *eating*, *drinking*, and *sleeping*, as well as in our *clothing*, and our *lodging* apartments. Let us put forth every effort in the performance of our *duties*, be they *physical*, *intellectual*, or *moral*.

Anecdote. A *Swiss Retort*. A *French officer*, quarrelling with a *Swiss*, reproached him with his *country's* vice of fighting on either side for *money*; "while we *Frenchmen*," said he, "fight for *honor*." "Yes, sir," replied the *Swiss*, "every one fights for *that* he most *wants*."

Called a *blessing* to inherit,
Bless, and *richer blessings* merit;
Give, and *more* shall yet be given;
Love, and *serve*, and look for *Heaven*.

Would *being* end—with our expiring *breath*,
How soon *misfortune* would be puffed away!
A trifling shock—shrives us to the dust;
But the existence—of the immortal *soul*,
Futurity's dark road—perplexes still.

Proverbs. 1. The best way to see *Divine* light—is to put out our *own*. 2. The *proud*—shall be *abased*; but the *humble*—shall be *exalted*. 3. As long as *you* and *truth* agree, you will do *well*. 4. *No* one is born for *himself* alone, but for the *world*. 5. Rely not too much on the torches of *others*; light one of your *own*. 6. Divest yourself of *envy*, and lay aside all unkind *feelings*. 7. If *youth* knew what *age* would crave, it would both *crave* and *save*. 8. A speaker, without *energy*, is like a lifeless *statue*. 9. *Deep*—and *intense* feeling—lie at the root of *eloquence*. 10. Condemn no one, without a candid *hearing*. 11. Think *more*, and speak *less*. 12. Follow the dictates of *reason*.

Half-Murder. That *father*, says the learned *Baudier*, who takes care to *feed* and *clothe* his *son*, but neglects to give him such *accomplishments* as befit his *capacity* and *rank* in life, is more than *half* his murderer; since he *destroys* the *better* part, and but *continues* the other to endure a life of *shame*. Of all the men we meet with, *nine* out of *ten* are what they are, *good* or *evil*, *useful* or *not*, by their *education*; it is *that*, which makes the great *difference* in mankind: the *little*, or almost *insensible*, impressions on our tender infancy, have very *important* and *lasting* consequences.

Varieties. 1. Send your son into the world with good *principles*, good *habits*, and a good *education*, and he will *work* his way. 2. How absurd to be *passionate* yourself, and expect *others* to be *placid*. 3. Why is *swearing*—like a ragged *coat*? because it is a very bad *habit*. 4. Can there be any *virtue*, without true *piety*? 5. Why is *rebellion*—like *drum-drinking*? because it is inimical to the *constitution*. 6. Why do *white* sheep—furnish more wool than *black* ones? because there are *more* of them. 7. Why is one who is led *astray*, like one who is governed by a *girl*? Do you give it up? because he is *misled*, (*Miss-led*.) 8. Ought there not to be *duties* on imported *goods*, to encourage domestic *manufactures*? 9. Are not *physics* and *metaphysics* inseparably joined? if so, what is the connecting *link*? 10. Is it *right*, under *any* circumstance, to marry for *money*? 11. Is it *right* to imprison for *debt*?

I can find *comfort*—in the *words* and *looks*
Of simple *hearts* and gentle *souls*; and I
Can find *companionship*—in ancient *books*,
When, lonely, on the grassy *hills* I lie,
Under the shadow—of the tranquil *sky*;
I can find *music*—in the rushing *brooks*,
Or in the *songs*, which dwell among the *trees*,
And come in *snatches*—on the summer breeze.
I can find *treasure*—in the leafy *showers*,
Which, in the merry *autumn*-time, will fall;
And I can find strong *love*—in *buds* and *flowers*,
And *beauty*—in the *moonlight's* silent hours.
There's *nothing*, *nature* gives, can fail to *please*,
For there's a *common joy*—pervading *all*.

361. A *speaker*—may calculate, beforehand, (so far as *human* agency is concerned, and other things being equal) the effect of a certain effort, by adapting the manner to the matter, as well as a farmer can in raising a crop, by using the proper means. As a stringed instrument, when touched at given points, infallibly produces certain tunes; so, the human mind, when touched by certain modulations, and corresponding sentiments, as infallibly receives certain impressions. But a *speaker, singer, or writer*, who thinks much of himself, is in danger of being forgotten by others. If he takes no sincere and heartfelt delight in what he is doing, but as it is admired and applauded by his audience, disappointment will be his portion; for he cannot long succeed. He who would be great in the eyes of others, must first learn to be made nothing in his own.

362. Exs. of the ' and \. 1. Did you say *yés, or nò*? Shall we crown the author of the public calamities? or shall we destroy him? 2. Beware of *ignorance and slòth*, and be guided by *wisdom*. 3. (2) Are they *Hebrews*? Are they *all Hebrews*? (4) Are they Hebrews from *Palestine*? 4. What does the word *person* mean? That which consists in one's own self, and not any part or quality in another. 5. Is not water the best and safest of all kinds of drink? 6. NATURE—and (4) REASON—answer—*yés*. 7. The mind—is its own place; and, in itself, can make a heaven—of hell; or hell of heaven.

Good name—in man, or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me—poor indeed.

Where is the true man's father-land?
Is it—where he, by chance, is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit—scorn—
In such scant borders to be spann'd?
O, yes! his father-land must be—
As the blue heaven—wide—and free.

Anecdote. A Quaker, who had a great horror of soldiers, on seeing one jump into the Thames, and save a person who was drowning, said on the occasion, "I shall always be a Quaker; but soldiers are good creatures."

What is it, Man, prevents thy God,
From making thee his blest abode?
He says—he loves thee, wills thee heaven,
And for thy good—has blessings given.
I'll tell thee—"Tis thy love of self,
Thy love of rule—thy love of self,
Bind thee to earth—and all her toys,
And robs thee—of substantial joys.

Heaven's gates—are not so highly arch'd—
As prince's palaces; they who enter there,
Must go—upon their knees.

Proverbs. 1. New times, demand new measures, and new men. 2. Pride—either finds a desert, or makes one. 3. Want of feeling, is one of the worst faults of elocution. 4. He, that catches at more than belongs to him, deserves to lose what he has. 5. Books—associate us with the thinking, and give us the material of thought. 6. Either be silent, or speak what is better than silence. 7. He, who resolves to amend, has God, and all good beings, on his side. 8. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it; and if you would not have any thing told of you, never do it. 9. The shortest answer—is doing a thing. 10. Friends—got without desert, will be lost without a cause. 11. Never speak what is not true. 12. If it is not decent, never do it.

Selfishness. The selfish—look upon themselves, as if they were all the world, and no man beside concerned therein; that the good state of things is to be measured by their condition; that all is well, if they do prosper and thrive; all is ill, if they be disappointed in their desires and projects. The good of no man, not of their brethren, not of their friends, not of their country, doth come under their consideration.

Varieties. 1. If we feel well, shall we not try to make others feel so? 2. May not the constitution be injured by over-nursing, and the mind unnerved, by being prevented from relying upon its own resources? 3. Is it expedient to wear mourning apparel? 4. Does curiosity, or love of truth and goodness, induce you to study history? 5. Has the study of the classics, an immoral tendency? 6. Who would be an old maid, or an old bachelor? 7. What is Botany? The science of Plants. 8. Can friendship—exist without sympathy? 9. Is a free or despotic government, more conducive to human happiness? 10. Ought not human nature—to be a chief study of mankind? 11. Are gold and silver mines, on the whole, beneficial to a nation? 12. Is it right, to oblige a jury to give a unanimous verdict?

THE BIBLE—WORTHY OF ALL ACCEPTION.

This little book—I'd rather own,

Than all the gold and gems,

That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,

Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas—one chrysolite,

The earth—a golden ball,

And diamonds all the stars of night,

This book—were worth them all.

Here, He who died on Calvary's tree,

Hath made that promise—blest;

"Ye heavy-laden, come to me,

And I will give you rest.

A bruised reed—I will not break,

A contrite heart—despise;

My burden's light, and all, who take

My yoke, shall win the skies!"

The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge—to whom it doth belong.

363. INFLECTIONS. Although there are given rules, for making these inflections, or slides of the voice, either up or down, yet it should be borne in mind, that every sentence, which has been read with the *upward* slide, can, under *other* circumstances, be read correctly with the *downward* slide: the *sense* governs *everything* here, as in *emphasis*.
 Ex. 1. Are you going to town? 2. Are you going to town? 3. *Why* did you speak to her? 4. *Why* did you speak to her? 5. Do you *hear* me? 6. Do you *hear* me? In the *first* example, we have a simple, direct question; in the *second*, the same form of words, but so spoken, as if one said, I wish to know, *positively*, whether you go to town; so of the rest. Thus you see, the *sense*, the *object*, the *intention* determines the manner.

364. 1. Some poets may be compared to *others*; but Milton and Shakspeare are incomparable. 2. He, who considers himself *wise*, while his *wisdom* does not teach him to acknowledge the *Lord*, is in the profoundest *ignorance*. 3. We see the *effects* of many things, the *causes* of but few; *experience*, therefore, is a surer guide than *imagination*, and *inquiry* than *conjecture*. 4. It is the indispensable *duty*, and the inalienable *right*, of every rational being, to *prove* all things, and *hold fast* that which is good.

Get but the *truth*—once uttered, and 'tis like
 A star, new-born, that drops into its place,
 And which, once circling its placid round,
 Not all the tumult of the earth—can shake.

365. The nearer your delivery agrees with the *freedom* and *ease* of common discourse, (if you keep up the *dignity* and *life* of your subject, and preserve propriety of *expression*;) the more *just*, *natural* and *agreeable* it will be. Study *nature*; avoid *affectation*, and never use *art*, if you have not the art to *conceal* it: for, whatever does not appear *natural*, is neither *agreeable* nor *persuasive*.

Anecdote. A brutal teacher, whipped a little boy, for pressing the hand of a little girl, who sat next to him at school. After which, he asked the child, "*Why* he squeezed the girl's hand?" "*Because*," said the little fellow, "*it looked so pretty*, I could not help it." *What* punishment did the teacher deserve?

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head—upon the lap of earth,
 A youth—to fortune, and to fame—unknown:
 Fair Science—frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy—mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven—did a recompense—as largely send.
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear; [friend.
 He gain'd from heav'n (twas all he wish'd)—a
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There, they, alike, in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father, and his God.

Proverbs. 1. It is much easier to defend the *innocent*, than the *guilty*. 2. Let the *press* and *speech*, be *free*; no good government has anything to fear from *paper* shot, or *airy* words. 3. Three things are necessary to make an able man,—*nature*, *study*, and *practice*. 4. Cultivate a spirit of love toward all. 5. Always distinguish between *apparent* truths, and *real* truths; between *effects* and *causes*. 6. God—is best known and honored, when his *word* and *works* are best understood and *appreciated*. 7. *Industry*—is essential to *usefulness*, and *happiness*. 8. Every one ought to do *something*. 9. Nothing is *stationary*; and the human *family*—the least of all. 10. Mankind are tending to a better *condition*, or, to actual *extinction*. 11. *Trade*—knows neither *friends* nor *kindred*. 12. *Physicians*—rarely take *medicine*.

Wisdom of our Ancestors. If the "*wisdom of our ancestors*"—had not taught them to recognize newly discovered *truths*, and to discard those *errors*, to which *ignorance* had given birth, we should not have been *indebted* to them for the *improvements*, which, however *well* they may have served their *purpose* for a time, are destined to be *superseded* by still more *important* discoveries. In the year 1615, a Florentine had the *presumption* and *audacity* to assert, contrary to the prevailing opinions of the *learned*, "*the great, the good, and the wise among men*," and contrary to the conclusions of all *preceding* ages, "*that the earth revolved round the sun*;" and, although he was threatened with *death* for his heresy, *Galileo* was *right*.

Varieties. 1. What is the *image* of God, and what the *likeness* of God, into which man was created? 2. What grace is more *valuable*, than *humility*? 3. Is hereditary *depravity* an actual *sin*, or a *calamity*? 4. Was not the *genius* of *Archimedes*—the *parent* of the *mechanical arts*? 5. Did not the first single *pair* of mankind—possess the type of all the distinct *races* of men,—their innate *tendency* and *genius*, which *has*, or *will*, reappear in their *offspring*? 6. What is the *meaning* of the command to *Moses*, "*See that thou make all things after the pattern, which I have shewn thee in the Mount*?" 7. If we are *hardened* under affliction, does it not indicate a very bad state of mind? 8. Are *miracles*—violations of the laws of *Nature*? 9. Does not the *state* and *character* of *parents*—affect their *offspring*? 10. What is the *conclusion* of the whole matter? Fear God, and keep his *commandments*.

When Summer's heats—the verdure sear,
 Through yonder shady grove I tread,
 Or throw me listless—down to hear
 The winds—make music over head;
 A thousand flowers—are blooming round,
 The "*wilding bee*" goes droning by,
 And springs gush out—with lulling sound,
 And painted warblers—linger nigh;
 Yet one thing—wants the dreamer there—
 A kindred soul—the scene to share.

365. WAVES, OR CIRCUMFLEXES OF THE VOICE: of these, there are *two*; which are called the *rising* circumflex [v] and the *falling* circumflex [^]: they are formed by the ^ and the ^, and are generally connected with the accented vowels of the emphatic words. *Doubt, pity, contrast, grief, supposition, comparison, irony, implication, sneering, railing, scorn, reproach, and contempt*, are expressed by them. Be sure and get the right *feeling* and *thought*, and you will find no difficulty in *expressing* them properly, if you have mastered the *voice*.

366. Exs. of the rising v. 1. I may go to town *to-morrow*, though I cannot go *to-day*. 2. The sun sets in the *west*, not in the *east*. 3. He lives in *London*, not in *New York*. 4. The desire of *praise*—produces excellent *effects*, in men of *sense*. 5. He is more a *knave*, than a *fool*. 6. I see thou hast learn'd to *raïl*, if thou hast learned nothing *else*. 7. Better to do well *late*, than *never*. 8. A *prêtty fellow* you are, to be *sure*! 9. In *some* countries—*poverty*—is considered a *misfortune*; in *others*—a *crime*. 10. The *yöung*—are slaves to *novelty*; the *öld*—to *custom*.

367. PROMISCUOUS EXAMPLES. 1. A just appreciation of our *duties*—is worth *any* sacrifice, that its attainments may *cost*. 2. *Dearly* do we sometimes pay for our *wisdom*, but never *too* *dearly*. 3. Is not the life of *animals* dissipated at *death*? 4. The *ancients*—had the art of *singing*, before that of *writing*; and their *laws* and *histories* were *sung*, before they were *written*. 5. This heavenly Benefactor *claims*—not the homage of our *lips*, but of our *hearts*; and who can doubt that he is *entitled* to the homage of our *hearts*? 6. If we have no regard to our *own* character, we ought to have some regard to the character of *others*. 7. *Tell* your invaders this; and tell them, *too*, we *seek* no change; and least of *all*—*such* change as *they* would bring us.

368. We must avoid a *mechanical* variety, and adopt a *natural* one: this may be seen in *children*, when relating anything that comes from *themselves*; then, their *intonations, melody, and variety*, are perfectly natural, and true to the object in view: let us go and sit at their feet and *learn*, and not be *offended*. Let us turn our *eye* and *ear*, to *TRUTH* and *NATURE*; for they will guide their votaries right. Give us the *soul* of elocution and music, and that will aid in forming the *body*.

CONFIDENCE, NOT TO BE PLACED IN MAN.

O *momentary* grace of mortal men,
Which we more *hunt* for—than the *grace* of God!
Who builds his *hope*—in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor—on a *mast*;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down—
Into the fatal bowels—of the deep.

Maxims. 1. The love of *sensual* pleasure, is temporary *madness*. 2. *Sacrifice*—can be made on *bad* principles; *obedience*—only on *good* ones. 3. Great *cry* and little *wool*; applies to those who *promise much*, but *practice little*. 4. Do what you think is right, whatever *others* may think. 5. Learn to disregard alike, the *praise* and the *censure* of bad men. 6. Covet that popularity that *follows*; not that which must be *run after*. 7. What *sculpture* is—to a block of *marble*, education is to the human *mind*. 8. He, who is *unwilling* to amend, has the *devil* on his side. 9. *Extensive*, *various* reading, without *reflection*, tends to the injury of the *mind*. 10. *Proverbs* bear age, and are full of various *instruction*.

Anecdote. John Randolph's Mother. The late John Randolph, some years before his death, wrote to a friend as follows: "I used to be called a *Frenchman*, because I took the *French* side in *politics*; and though that was *unjust*, yet the *truth* is, I should have been a *French atheist*, if it had not been for *one recollection*, and that was—the *memory* of the *time*, when my departed *mother*—used to take my little hands in *hers*, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father who art in *heaven*.'"

School Teachers. It is important, that teachers of youth, should not only be *respected*, but *respectable* persons. They, who are intrusted with the responsible office of developing the *mind*, and directing the *affections* of the young, ought to be worthy of sharing in *all* the social enjoyments of the most refined *society*; and they ought never to be *excluded* from such participation. Yet it is *scandalously* true, in *some* parts of our country, that teachers, however *worthy*, are excluded from the houses of the very *parents*, who send their *children* to their *schools*. This is not only contrary to all republican *principles*, but is in direct opposition to the dictates of common *sense*. Wherever *such* a state of things exists, the *people* are but *half civilized*, whatever pretensions *wealth*, and other circumstances afford them.

Varieties. 1. Enter on the performance of your *duties*, with *willing* hearts, and never seek to *avoid* them. 2. The *heart*—is *woman's* world; it is *there*—her ambition strives for the *mastery*. 3. The object of *recreation* is—to *soften* and *refine*, not to render *ferocious*; as is the case with *amusements* that *brutalize*. 4. Is *capital* punishment *right*? 5. Who has done the more *injury*—*Mahomet*, or *Constantine*? 6. Is *tobacco*—*necessary*? 7. Why is the figure of a *viper*—used to express *ingratitude*? 8. Is it right to go to *war*—on *any* occasion? 9. What is the usual quantity of *blood*—in a common sized *body*? About *twenty-five* or *thirty pounds*. 10. Is it not *singular* that Pope's *translations* should be very *profuse*, and his *original* compositions very *concise*?

369. Exs. of the falling ^. 1. Who cares for *you*? 2. He is *your* friend, is he? 3. *You* tell me so, *do* you? 4. If *I* were to do so, what would *you* say? 5. It is not *prudence*, when *I* trust my secrets to a man who cannot keep his *own*. 6. You are a very *wise* man, *strong*, *brave*, *peaceable*. 7. If *you* had told me so, *perhaps*, *I* should have *believed* you. 8. Sir, *you* are a *fool*, and *I* fear *you* will *remain* so.

370. MANNER. What we *mean*, does not so much depend on *what* we say, as *how* we say it; not so much on our *words*, as on our manner of *speaking* them: accordingly, in *elocution*, great attention must *necessarily* be given to *this*, as expressive of what our *words* do not always indicate: thus, *nature*—fixes the *outward* expression of every *intention* and *sentiment*. *Art* only adds *ease* and *gracefulness* to the promptings of *nature*: as *nature* has ordained, that man shall walk on his *feet*, and not on his *hands*, *art*—teaches him to walk *gracefully*.

371. COMBINATION OF THE WAVES. 1. But *you* forsooth, are very *wise* men, *deeply* *learned* in the *truth*; *we*, *weak*, *contemptible*, *mean* persons; but *you*, *strong*, *gallant*. 2. Mere *hirelings*, and *time-servers*—are always opposed to (5) *improvements*, and (6) *originality*: so are *tyrants*—to *liberty*, and *republicanism*. 3. *Wisdom* alone is *truly* *fair*; *vice*, only *appears* so. 4. How like a fawning *publican* he looks! 5. How *green* you are, and *fresh* in this old world! 6. What! can so *young* a thorn begin to prick! 7. *Money*—is your suit? What should *I* say to you! Should *I* not say, Hath a *dog* *money*? Is it *possible*—a *cur* can lend *three thousand* *ducats*? 7. They tell us to be moderate; but *they*, *they*—are to revel in *profusion*!

Miscellaneous. 1. Can *one* phenomenon of mind be presented, without being connected with *another*? if so,—*how*? 2. *Reputation*—often effects *that*, which did not belong to one's *character*. Make a *child*—believe that he is considered *aimable*, by his *friends*, and he will generally become so. 3. *Affection*—is the continuous principle of *love*,—which is *spiritual* *heat*; and hence the very *vital* principle of man. 4. Must not the first possible *idea*—of *any* individual, have been the *product* of the relation—between two states of the *mind*, in reference to external *objects*?

Anecdote. *Danger of Bad Company.* St. Austin compares the danger of bad *company*—to a nail driven into a *post*; which, after the *first*, and *second* stroke, may be drawn out with little *difficulty*; but being *once* driven up to the *head*, the pincers can take no *hold* to *draw* it out; which can be done only by the destruction of the *wood*.

Maxims. 1. A *wounded* reputation is seldom *cured*. 2. *Conciliatory* manners always command *esteem*. 3. Never deride any one's *infirmities*. 4. *Detraction*—is a sin against *justice*. 5. *Modesty*—has more charms than *beauty*. 6. No *fear* should deter us from doing *good*. 7. Put not your *faith* to another one's *sleeve*. 8. *Reckless* youth—makes *revel* age. 9. The example of the *good* is visible *philosophy*. 10. *Truth*—never fears *rigid* examination. 11. *Sickness* is felt, but not *health*.

Reason. As the field of true science *enlarges*, as thought becomes more *free*, an inquiry upon all subjects becomes more *bold* and *searching*; a voice *tender* and *still* *louder* comes up from the *honest* and *thinking* men in Christendom, calling for *rationality* in *religion*, as well as in every thing *else*; calling for such *principles* of biblical interpretation, as shall show the scriptures to be *indeed*, and in *truth*, the *Word* of God. Every ray of *truth*, which has been sent from *heaven*—to *enlighten* and *bless* mankind, has gained *admittance* into the world by patient *struggling* and persevering *contest*.

Varieties. 1. The words of *Seneca*, the virtuous *Pagan*, put to the *blush*—many a *pagan* *christian*. 2. When *Socrates* was informed, that the *judges* had sentenced him to *death*, he replied,—“And hath not *Nature* passed the *same* sentence on *them*?” 4. There is more *eloquence*, in the tone of *voice*, in the *looks*, and in the *gestures* of a speaker, than in the choice of his *words*.

Dear *Patience*—too, is born of *woe*,
Patience, that opens the gate
 Wherethrough the soul of man must go—
 Up to each nobler state.

High natures—must be *thunder-scarred*,
 With many a searing *wrong*.

Law, that shocks *equity*, is reason's *murder*.

I would not waste my spring of youth,
 In idle *dalliance*; *I* would plant rich seeds,
 To blossom in my manhood, and bear *fruit*,
 When *I* am old.

Full many a *gem*—of *purest* ray serene,
 The dark *unfathomed* caves of ocean bear,
 Full many a *flower* is born—to blush *unseen*,
 And waste its *sweetness* on the desert air.

Beautiful cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
 Swimming—in the pure—quiet air!
 Thy *fleeces*, bathed in *sunlight*, while below,
 Thy shadow—o'er the vale moves slow:
 Where, 'midst their *labor*, pause the *reaper* train,
 As cool it comes—along the *grain*.

Beautiful cloud! *I* would *I* were with thee
 In thy calm way—o'er land and sea:
 To rest—on thy unrolling *skirts*, and look
 On *Earth*—as on an open book;
 On *streams*, that tie her realms, with silver *bands*,
 And the long *reys*, that seam her *lands*;
 And hear her humming *cities*, and the sound
 Of the great ocean—breaking round

372. Remember, that Nature abhors *monotony*, or sameness of sound, as much as she does a *vacuum*. Hence, give *variety* in *emphasis, inflections, and waves*, if they often occur. 1. (3) *Happy*, (5) *happy*, (6) *happy* páir! none but the (2) *brave*! (6) *none* but the (5) *brave*; none (8) *BUT* the brave deserve the *fáir*! 2. (6) What a piece of *work*—is *mán*! how noble in (5) *reason*! how *infinite* in (6) *FACULTIES*! in (4) *form*, and (5) *moving*, how *express* and (6) *admirable*! in *action*, how like an *angel*! in *apprehension*, (4) how like a *God*! 3. My *JUDGMENT*—approves this *measure*, and my whole *HEART*—is in it: all that I *have*; (4) all that I *am*; and all that I *HOPE*, in *this* life, I am *now* ready here to *stake* upon it; and I *leave off* as I *began*; th't (4) *sink* or *swim*; (5) *live* or *die*; *survive* or (6) *PERISH*.—I am for the *DECLARATION*. It is my *living* sentiment, and (2) by the *blessing* of *God*, it shall be my *dying* sentiment: (5) *Independence*—(6) *nóiv* and *Independence* (9) *FOREVER*!

373. *EFFECT.* What is the *use* of reading, speaking, and singing, if the proper *effect* is not produced? If the singing in our church *choirs*, and the reading and speaking in the *desk* and *pulpit*, were what they *ought* to be, and what they *may* be, the house of *God* would be more thronged than *theatres* ever have been. Oh! when will the *best of truths* be delivered in the *best of manners*? May the stars of *elocution* and *music*, be more numerous than the *stars of heaven*!

Because I cannot *flatter*, and speak *fair*,
Smile in man's face, smooth, deceive and coy,
Deck with French words, and apish courtesies,
I must be held—a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth—must be abused,
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks!

Tho' plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet, never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers, and beset by foes,
Heaven its timely succour doth interpose, [grief.]
And, (when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with
By unforeseen expedients—brings relief.

If there's a sin—more deeply black than others,
Distinguished from the list of common crimes,
And legion—in itself, and doubly dear
To the dark prince of hell—it is *hypocrisy*.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me—on the waves below.

Wisdom—took up her harp, and stood in place
Of frequent *concourse*—stood in every gate,
By every way, and walked in every street,
And, lifting up her voice, proclaimed: Be wise,
Ye fools! be of an understanding heart.
Forsake the wicked: come not near his house:
Pass by: make haste: depart, and turn away.
Me follow—me, whose ways are pleasantness,
Whose paths are peace, whose end is perfect joy.

Maxims. 1. A faithful friend—is a strong defence. 2. Avoid that which you blame in others. 3. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill. 4. Confession of a fault, makes half amends for it. 5. Dependence and obedience, necessarily belong to youth. 6. Every art—is best taught by example. 7. Great designs require great consideration. 8. Misfortune is a touchstone of friendship. 9. Never sport with pain, or poverty. 10. Put no faith in tale-bearers.

Anecdote. *Point of Law.* Blackstone, speaking of the right of a wife to dower, asserts, that if land abide in the husband a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof; and he adds, that the doctrine was extended very far, by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were hanged at the same time; but the son was supposed to survive the father, by appearing to struggle the longer; whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship; in consequence of which seizure, his wife—obtained a verdict for her dower.

Riches and Talent. Nothing is more common than to see station and riches—preferred to talent and goodness; and yet few things are more absurd. The peculiar superiority of talent and goodness—over station and riches, may be seen from hence;—that the influence of the former—will always be the greatest, in that government, which is the purest; while that of the latter—will always be the greatest—in the government that is the most corrupt: so that from the preponderance of the one, we may infer the soundness and vigor of the commonwealth; but from the other, its dotage and degeneracy.

Varieties. 1. Indolence and indecision, tho' not vices in themselves, generally prepare the way for much sin and misery. 2. If the mind be properly cultivated, it will produce a storehouse of precious fruits; but if neglected, it will be overrun with noxious weeds and poisonous plants. 3. A kind benefactor—makes one happy—as soon as he can, and as much as he can. 4. The only sure basis of every government, is in the affection of a people, rendered contented, and happy, by the justness and mildness, with which they are ruled. 5. As moisture is required to the formation of every seed, so natural truth—to the formation of first principles.

They whom

Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse! grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan,
And form to His—the relish of their souls.

Our present acts, tho' slightly we pass them by,
Are so much seed—sown for Eternity.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose—
An evil soul, producing holy rottenness;
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside—falsehood hath!

374. As the principles of elocution are few and simple, and as practice alone makes perfect, there are all kinds of examples provided for those, who are determined to develop their minds through their bodies, and become all that God and nature—intended them to be. As the ear is most intimately connected with the affections—the motive-power of the intellect, it is absolutely necessary that the student should exercise aloud, that the voice and ear, as well as the thoughts and feelings, may be cultivated in harmony and correspondence. If, then, he finds the task severe, let him persevere, and never mind it.

375. EXAMPLES. 1. The queen of Denmark, in reproving her son, Hamlet, on account of his conduct towards his step-father, whom she married, shortly after the murder of the king, her husband, says to him, "Hamlet, you have your father much offended." To which he replies, with a circumflex on you, "Madam, (3) you—have my father much offended." He meant his own father: she—his step-father; he would also intimate, that she was accessory to his father's murder; and his peculiar reply, was like daggers in her soul. 2. In the following reply of Death to Satan, there is a frequent occurrence of circumflexes, mingled with contempt: "And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven, hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn, where I reign king? and, to enrage thee more,—thy king, and lord?" The voice is circumflected on heaven, hell-doomed, king and thy, nearly an octave. 3. Come, show me what thoult do; wouldst weep? wouldst fight? wouldst fast? wouldst tear thyself? I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? to outface me, with leaping in her grave? be buried quick with her, and so will I; and if thou prate of mountains, let them throw millions of acres on us, till our ground, singeing her pate against the burning zone, make Ossa—like a wart. Nay, an thoult mouthe, I'll rant as well as thou.

Anecdote. A clergyman, once traveling in a stage-coach, was abruptly asked by one of the passengers, if any of the heathens would go to heaven. "Sir," answered the clergyman, "I am not appointed judge of the world, and, consequently, cannot tell; but, if ever you get to heaven, you shall either find some of them there, or a good reason why they are not there."

Too High or too Low. In pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty is to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves. The christian minister cannot think too highly of his Master, or too humbly of himself. This is the secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see, will fancy they could imitate; while many who say, will not succeed, because they are not influenced by proper notions, and do not use the right means.

Proverbs. 1. Forbearance—is requisite in youth, in middle age, and in old age. 2. Peculiarities—are easily acquired; but it is very difficult to eradicate them. 3. Good principles are of no use to us, unless we are governed by them. 4. Coquetry—is the vice of a small mind. 5. Pure metals—shine brighter, the more they are rubbed. 6. Pride—lives on very costly food,—its keeper's happiness. 7. Extremes—are generally hurtful; for they often expose us to damage, or render us ridiculous. 8. In the days of affluence, always think of poverty. 9. Never let want come upon you, and make you remember the days of plenty. 10. No one can become a good reader or speaker, in a few weeks, or a few months.

Woman. I have always observed, says Ledyard, that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest, and that they do not, like man, hesitate to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, or supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been often otherwise. In wandering through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; thro' honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women—have ever been friendly to me and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy to be called benevolence,) their actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I were dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish.

Varieties. 1. When Baron, the actor, came from hearing one of Massillon's sermons, he said to one of his comrades of the stage; here is an orator; we—are only actors. 2. Some people—wash themselves for the sake of being clean; others, for the sake of appearing so. 3. Of all the pursuits, by which property is acquired, none is preferable to agriculture,—none more productive, and none more worthy of a gentleman. 4. It is a maxim with unprincipled politicians, to destroy, where they cannot intimidate, nor persuade. 5. Good humor, and mental charms, are as much superior to external beauty, as mind is superior to matter. 6. Be wise, be prudent, be discreet, and temperate, in all things

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve, Receive loud recompense. We give in charge Their names—to the sweet lyre. The historic muse, Proud of her treasure, marches with it—down To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn, Gives bond, in stone—and ever-during brass, To guard them—and immortalize her trust.

376. INTONATIONS. The *intonations* are opposite to *monotones*, and mean the *rise and fall* of the voice, in its natural movements through a sentence: they are demonstrated in *music*, and here, in *elocution*. In all *common* kinds of reading and speaking, the voice should not generally rise and fall more than *one note*, in its passage from syllable to syllable, and from word to word: its movement will then be gentle, easy and flowing. But when the passion, or sentiment to be exhibited, is powerfully *awakening* or *exciting*, it may rise or fall *several notes*, according to the predominance of feeling.

377. Our (6) *sight*—is the most (4) *perfect*, and most (5) *delightful*—of all our senses. (4) It fills the mind with the largest variety of (3) *ideas*; (5) converses with its *objects* at the greatest (6) *distance*; and continues the longest in (5) *action*, without being (4) *tired*—or (3) *satiated*, with its proper *enjoyments*. The (6) sense of (8) *feeling*, can, indeed, give us the idea of (5) *extension*, (6) *shape*, and all *other* properties of matter, th't are perceived by the (5) *eye*, except (4) *colors*. (3) At the same time—it is very much (5) *straightened*—and (4) *confined* in its operations, to the (3) *number*, (4) *bulk*, and (5) *distance*, of its peculiar objects.

378. When we read, or speak, without any *feeling*, the voice ranges between our *first* and *fourth* notes; when there is a moderate *degree* of feeling, and the subject somewhat *interesting*, it ranges between our *second* and *sixth* notes; when there is a *high* degree of feeling and interest, it ranges between our *fourth* and *eighth* notes; descending, however, to the *third* and *first*, in a *cadence*, or *close* of the *effort*. It is highly necessary to keep the voice *afloat*, and never let it run *aground*; that is, let the *feeling* and *thought* keep it on the proper pitches, and do not let it descend to the first, or ground-note, till the piece is completed; except in depressed monotony. Memorize the preceding, and *talk* it off in an easy, graceful and appropriate manner.

Abstract Question. Which is more *probable*, that our *judgment*, in respect to *external* phenomena, has been *warped*, by comparing their operations with those of the *mind*; or, that our metaphysical *mistakes* have been occasioned, by forming a *false* analogy between its internal *operations*, and outward *appearances*?

The midnight moon—serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No towering cloud obscures the sky,
No ruffling tempest blows.

Now, every passion—sinks to rest;
The throbbing heart lies still;
And varying schemes of life—no more
Distract the laboring will.

Proverbs. 1. A clear conscience fears no accusation. 2. An open door will tempt a saint. 3. Confidence — is the companion of success. 4. Cruelty to a woman is—the crime of a monster. 5. A smart reproof is better than smooth deceit. 6. Add not trouble to the grief-worn heart. 7. Affection —is at best a deformity. 8. Bear misfortunes with patience and fortitude. 9. A good maxim is never out of season. 10. Ambition—never looks behind. 11. A wise man wants but little. 12. Knowledge —makes no one happy.

Anecdote. A tragedy of *Æschylus* was once represented before the *Athenians*, in which it was said of *one* of the characters, "that he cared more to be just, than to appear so." At these words, all eyes were instantly turned upon *Aristides*, as the man who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character: and ever after he received, by universal consent, the surname of—"The Just."

Courtesy. St. Paul, addressing himself to christians of all grades and classes, even down to menial servants, exhorts them to be *courteous*. *Courteousness*—must mean, therefore, a *something*, which is within the reach of all sorts of people; and, in its *primary* and *best* sense, is exactly *such* a behavior, as spontaneously springs from a heart, warm with *benevolence*, and unwilling to give needless pain, or *uneasiness* to a fellow-being. We have no more right, *wantonly* or *carelessly* to wound the *mind*, than to wound the *body* of a fellow-being; and, in *many* instances, the *former*—is the more *cruel* of the *two*.

Varieties. 1. Some start in life, without any leading object at all; *some*, with a *low* aim, and *some*, with a *high* one; and just in proportion to the *elevation* at which they aim, will generally be their success. 2. Guard against *fraud*, and imposition; and *forego* some advantages, rather than *gain* them at a risk, that cannot be ascertained. 3. In the determination of *doubtful* and *intricate* cases, the nicest *discrimination*, and great solidity of *judgment*, are required. 4. We have an instinctive expectation of finding nature everywhere the *same*,—always *consistent*, and *true* to *herself*; but *whence* this *expectation*? 5. Is there not something in the native air of *true freedom*, to *alter*, *expand*, and *improve* the *external* form, as well as the *internal*? 6. Is not *affluence*—a *snare*, and *poverty*,—a *temptation*? 7. Man is a *true epitome* of the *spiritual world*, or world of mind; and to *know himself*, is the perfection of *wisdom*.

CURIOSITY.

It came from Heaven,—it reign'd in Eden's shades,
It roves on earth—and every walk invades;
Childhood—and age—alike its influence own;
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower,—and lingers here.

379. INTONATIONS AND MELODY OF SPEECH. By the *first*—is meant the movement of the voice through the different notes of the scale, *as-cending* and *de-scending*, with an appropriate and agreeable variety of sounds; by the *second*, an agreeable succession of sounds, either in *speech* or *song*. A dull repetition of words or sounds, on nearly the same pitch, is very grating to the ear, and disgusting to correct taste; and yet it is one of the most common faults of the *bar*, the *senate* and *pulpit*; indeed, in every place where there is public speaking: which is the melancholy result of the usual course of teaching children to read.

380. EXAMPLES PARTIALLY EXHIBITED. 1. (5) Seest thou a man (5) diligent in his (6) *business*? (5) He shall stand before (4) *kings*, (3) he shall (4) stand before (5) *mean* men. 2. (3) O swear not by the (6) *moon*, the (5) inconstant (4) *moon*, (3) that monthly (5) *changes* in its circled (3) orb. 3. Said Mr. *Pitt*, to his aged *accuser*, in debate, (4) "But (6) *youth*, it seems, is not my (5) *only* (3) *crime*," (4) I have been *accused*—of (5) acting (6) a (8) *theatrical* part." 4. (5) Standing on the ascent of the (6) *past*, we survey the (5) *present*, and (4) extend our views into (3) *futurity*. 5. (5) *No one*—will ever be the (4) *happier*, for (5) *talents*, or (4) *riches*, (3) unless he makes a right (3) *use* of them. 6. (5) *Truths*—have (4) *life* in them; and the (6) *effect* of that life is (3) *unceasing expansion*. 7. (6) He, who loves the (5) *Lord*, with all his (4) *heart*, and his *neighbor* as (4) *himself*, needs no (5) *compass*, or (4) *helm* to steer his (3) *course*; because (5) *truth* and (4) *love* are his (3) *wind* and (2) *tide*. N. B. The inflections, circumflexes, &c., commence with the accented vowel, which is supposed to be on the note indicated by the preceding figure.

381. PROMISCUOUS EXAMPLES WITHOUT NOTATION. The predominant characteristics of the *female* mind is *affection*: and that of the *male* mind is *thought*: tho' both have *affection* and *thought*; but *disparity*—does not imply *inferiority*. The sexes are intended for different *spheres of life*, and are created in *conformity* to their destination, by *Him*, who bids the *oak*—brave the fury of the *tempest*, and the *Alpine flower*—lean its *check* on the *bosom* of *eternal snow*.

Abstract Question. Is not that *propriety* of the human mind, which seeks for a medium of *communication*, between two physical *phenomena*, to be traced to the fact, that every admitted *truth*, is derived from a medium of *knowledge*; and that there is a connection among all intellectual phenomena; so much so, that we cannot conceive a new *idea*, without a medium of *communication*?

Laconics. 1. By minding our *own business*, we shall be more *useful*, more *benevolent*, more *respected*, and ten times *happier*. 2. That student will live *miserably*, who lies down, like a *camel*, under his *burden*. 3. Remember, while you *live*, it is by *looks*—that men *deceive*. 4. A *foolish* friend may cause more *woe*, Than could indeed the *wisest foe*. 5. He, who confides in a person of no *honor*, may consider himself very *lucky*, if he is not a *sufferer* by it. 6. The *condition* of mankind is *such*, that we must not believe every *smooth speech*—the cover of a kind *intention*. 7. Who is wise? He who *learns* from every one. 8. Who is *rich*? He, who is *contented*. 9. Nothing is so dumb—as deep *emotion*. 10. Where there is much *mystery*, there is generally much *ignorance*. 11. Catch not soon at offence. 12. Whoso loatheth his *spirits*, loatheth all.

Anecdote. *Choice of a Husband.* An *Athenian*, who was hesitating, whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of *worth* with a *small fortune*, or to a *rich* man, who had no *other recommendation*, went to consult *Themistocles* on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said *Themistocles*, "upon a *man* without *money*, rather than upon *money* without a *man*."

True Philosophy—consists in *doing* all the good that we can, in *learning* all the good we can, in teaching to *others* all the good we can, in bearing, to the best of our *ability*, the various ills of *life*, and in *enjoying*, with *gratitude*, every *honest pleasure*—that comes in our *way*.

Varieties. 1. Should not our *intentions*, as well as our *actions*—be *good*? 2. True love—is of *slow growth*, *mutual* and *reciprocal*, and founded on *esteem*. 3. *Graces*, and *accomplishments*—are too often designed for *beaux-caching*, and *coquetry*. 4. There is time for *all* things. 5. An *individual*—inclined to *magnify* every *good*, and *minify* every *evil*—must be a *pleasing companion*, or *partner*—for *life*,—whether *male* or *female*. 6. *Knowledge*—is not *wisdom*; it is only the raw *material*, from which the beautiful fabric of *wisdom* is *produced*; therefore, let us not spend our days in gathering *materials*, and *live*, and *die*, without a *shelter*. 7. Every *evil*—has its *limit*; which, when *passed*, plunges the *wicked* into *misery*. 8. One thief in the *house*, is more to be dreaded than *ten*—in the *street*. 9. The more *haste*, generally the worst *speed*. 10. The moral *government*, under which we live, is a kingdom of *uses*; and whatever we *possess*, is given us for *use*; and with it, the *opportunity* and *power* of using it.

Thou art, O God, the *life* and *light*

Of all this wondrous *world* we see,
Its glow by *day*, its *smile* by *night*.

Are but *reflections*—caught from *thee*;
Where'er we turn, thy *glories* shine,
And all things *fair* and *bright* are *thine*.

382. INTONATIONS CONTINUED. Listen attentively, to a person under the influence of nature, of his own feelings and thoughts: he relates *stories*, supports *arguments*, commands those under his *authority*, speaks to persons at a *distance*, utters exclamations of *anger* and *rage*, *joy* and *rapture*, pours forth lamentations of *sorrow* and *grief*, breathes *affection*, *love*, &c. in different *pitch- es*, *tunes*, *qualities*, *emphasis*, *inflection*, and *circumflexes*, elevations and depressions of voice. The only possibility of success, therefore, is—to get perfect control of the vocal organs, by practicing these principles, and conforming the whole manner to the *sense* and *objects* of the composition.

383. INTONATION AND MELODY. These examples are given as *general* guides; the figures refer to the notes in the Diatonic Scale. 1. (4) But, (5) from the (4) *tomb*, (5) the (4) voice of (5) *nature* (6) cries, (6) And, (5) in our (4) *ashes*, (5) live (4) their won-(3) ted (2) *fires*. 2. But (5) yonder comes, (4) rejoicing in the (6) *EAST*, (5) The (4) powerful (3) king of (2) day. 3. (6) *AWAKE!* (5) *ARISE!* (6) or (5) be (3) forever (2) *fallen*. 4. (3) He expired in a (5) *victim's*-house, (4) which I hope (5) *I* (3) shall (2) not. 7. (5) Fair (6) *angel*, thy (5) *deare*, which tends to (6) *KNOW* The *works* of (5) *God*, doth (4) merit (3) *praise*. 8. (5) Such (4) honors *Ilion* to (6) *HER* *lover* paid, And (5) peaceful slept (4) the mighty (3) *Hector's* (2) shade. *Note.* Construct a scale on faint ruled paper, and place the words on it as indicated; the same as *notes* are on the musical staff.

Miscellaneous. 1. *Beauty*—is the outward form of *goodness*: and *this* is the reason, we *love* it instinctively, without thinking *why* we love: but we *cease* to love, when we find it unaccompanied with *truth* and *goodness*. 2. Make not your *opinions*, the criterion of *right* and *wrong*: but make *right* and *wrong*—the criterion of your *actions* and *principles*.

Few—bring back at *eve*,
Immaculate, the manners of the *morn*;
Something we *thought*—is *blotted*, we *resolved*—
Is *shaken*, we *renounced*—returns again.
There is no greater punishment of vice—
Than that it have its own *will*;
Hence, *guilty*—in *fernal* love becomes the
Most *deadly* hate.

The *intent*, and not the deed,
Is in our *power*; and therefore, who *DARES* greatly,
Does greatly.

6. *Words*—are *things*; a small drop of *ink*, (falling like *dew*) upon *thought*, produces *that*, which makes *thousands*, perhaps *millions* think. 7. *Something*—is at *all* times—flowing *into* us.

Too much the *beautiful*—we prize,
The *useful*—often we *despise*.

Proverbs. 1. The remedy for *injuries* is—not to *remember* them. 2. To *read*, and not *understand*, is to *pursue*, and not *overtake*. 3. *Truth* *refines*, but does not *obscure*. 4. He who *teaches*, often learns himself. 5. *Worth*—has been *underrated*, ever since *wealth*—has been *overrated*. 6. *Antiquity*—cannot sanction an *error*, nor *novelty* injure a *truth*. 7. A man in a *passion*, rides a horse that runs *away* with him. 8. A small *leak* will sink a *great ship*. 9. Never forget a *good turn*. 10. *Lying*—is the vice of a *slave*. 11. *Self-conceit*—is the attendant of *ignorance*. 12. The love of *society* is natural.

Anecdote. The emperor of *China*—inquired of Sir George *Staunton*, about the manner in which *physicians* were paid in *England*. When he was *made* to understand what the *practice* was, he exclaimed,—“Can any man in *England* afford to be ill? Now, I have *four* physicians, and pay *all* of them a weekly *salary*; but the moment I am *sick*, that salary is *stopped*, till I am *well* again; therefore, my *indisposition* is never of long duration.”

Woman. The prevailing *manners* of an age depend, more than we are *aware* of, or are willing to *allow*, on the conduct of the *women*: this is one of the *principal* things on which the great machine of human society turns. Those, who allow the influence which *female* *graces* have in contributing to polish the *manners* of *men*, would do well to reflect, how great an influence *female* *morals* must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be *regretted*, that *women*—should ever sit down, contented, to *polish*, when they are able to *reform*—to *entertain*, when they might *instruct*. Nothing delights men more than their strength of *understanding*, when true *gentleness* of *manners* is its associate; *united*, they become irresistible *orators*, bless'd with the power of *persuasion*, fraught with the sweetness of *instruction*, making *woman* the highest ornament of human nature.

Varieties. 1. *Fear*—is a bad preserver of anything intended to *endure*; but *love*—will generally ensure *fidelity*, even to the end. 2. He, who *knowingly* defends the *wrong* side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to his *hearers*: as much as to say; *Falsehood*, supported by *my* talents, is stronger than *truth*, supported by *yours*. 3. Before a man should be convicted of a *libel*, the jury must be satisfied, that it was his *intention* to libel; not to state *facts*, which he believed to be *true*, or, *reasonings*, which he thought *just*. 4. The difference between the word of *God*, and the *compositions* of *man*, is as great, as between *real* flame and *painted* flame. 5. *Disimulation*, even the most *innocent*, is ever productive of *embarrassments*; whether the *design* is *evil*, or *not*, *artifice* is always *dangerous*, and almost inevitably *disgraceful*.

384. REVISIONS. Let all the preceding principles be reviewed, with an illustration of each, and endeavor to fix them, permanently, in the mind, by seeing their *truth*, and feeling their *power* in practice; so that you can *write* a work yourself on the philosophy of *mind* and *voice*. Remember, that nothing is *yours*, till you make it your *own*, by understanding it *scientifically*, *rationality* and *affectuously*, and then by applying it to its proper object: do not forget *effects*, *causes*, *ends*, their successive *order*, and simultaneous *development*.

EVE'S LAMENT ON LEAVING PARADISE.

(*Plaintive, with quantity.*)

O, *unexpected* stroke, *worse* than of *Death*!
Must I thus *leave* thee, *Paradise*? thus *leave*
Thee, native *soil*, these happy *walks* and *shades*,
Fit haunt of *gods*? where I had hoped to spend,
(*Quiet, tho' sad.*) the respite of *that day*,
That must be *mortal* to us both;
O *flowers*, (that will never in other climate grow,) *My early visitation*, and my *last*
At ev'n, which I bred up, with tender hand,
From the first opening *bud*, and gave ye *names*;
Who, now, shall rear you to the *sun*, and rank
Your *tribes*, and water from the ambrosial *fount*?
Thee, (lastly,) nuptial *bower*, by me adorned
With what to *sight*, or *smell*, was *sweet*, from THEE
How shall I part, and *whither* wander—down
Into a lower *world*, to this—*obscure*
And wild? How shall we breathe in *other air*,
Less *pure*, accustomed to *immortal fruits*!

385. How *mean*,—how *timid*,—how *abject*, must that spirit be, which can sit down,—contented with *mediocrity*. As for *myself*—all that is *within* me is on *fire*. I had rather be torn into a thousand *pieces*, than relax my *resolution*, of reaching the *sublimest* heights of *virtue*—and *knowledge*, of *goodness*—and *truth*, of *LOVE*—and *WISDOM*. Nothing is so *arduous*,—nothing so *ADMIRABLE*, in *human* affairs, but may be attained by the industry of *man*. We are descended from *heaven*; *thither* let us *go*, whence we derive our *origin*. Let nothing *satisfy* us,—lower than the summit of *all excellence*.

Nominalists and Realists. The *Nominalists*—were a sect, the followers of *Roscelinus* and *Abelard*: according to these philosophers, there are no existences in nature corresponding to general terms, and the objects of our attention in all our general speculations, are not *ideas*, but *words*. The *Realists*—were their *opponents*, and adhered to the principles of *Aristotle*.

Of—may the *spirits of the dead*—descend
To watch—the silent *slumbers* of a *friend*;
To hover—round his evening walk—*unseen*,
And hold sweet *converse*—on the dusky *green*;
To *hail* the spot—where *first* their friendship grew,
And *heaven*—and *nature*—opened to their view.
Of, when he trims his cheerful *hearth*, and sees
A *smiling circle*—emulous to please,
There—may these gentle guests—delight to dwell,
And bless the scene—they loved in *life* so well.

Laconics. 1. The great *battle* and *contest* among politicians is—not *how* the government shall be administered, but *who* shall administer it. 2. They who go to church out of *vanity*, or *curiosity*, and not for *worship* and *instruction*, should not *value* themselves on account of their *religion*; for it is not worth a *straw*. 3. Allow time for *consideration*; everything is *badly* executed, that is done by *force* or *violence*. 4. *Occasional* mirth, is not incompatible with *wisdom*; and the man of reserved habits, may *sometimes* be *gay*. 5. *Happy* are they, who draw lessons of *prudence*—from the *dangers*, in which *others* are involved. 6. *Eloquence*—can pierce the reluctant wonder of the *world*, and make even *monarchs* tremble on their *thrones*.

Anecdote. *Spinola*. “Pray, of what did your brother *die*?” said the Marquis *Spinola*, one day to Sir *Horace Vere*. “He died, sir,” replied he, “of having *nothing to do*.” “Alas! sir,” said *Spinola*, “*that* is enough to kill *any* general of us *all*.” *Motesquieu* says, “We, in general, place *idleness* among the beatitudes of *heaven*; it should rather, I think, be put amid the tortures of *hell*. *Austin* calls it—the *burying* a man *alive*.”

Female Education. How *greatly* is it to be regretted, that for the benefit of *both* sexes, *women* are not generally so educated, that their *conversations* might be still much more *useful* to us, as well as *beneficial* to *themselves*! If, instead of filling their heads with *trifles*, or *worse* than trifles, they were early taught what might be really *useful*, they would not then be so continually in pursuit of *silly*, *ridiculous*, *expensive*, and many times *criminal* amusement; neither would their conversation be so *insipid* and *impertinent*, as it too often is. On the *contrary*, were their *minds* properly improved with *knowledge*, which it is certain they are *exceedingly* capable of, how much more *agreeable* would they be to *themselves*, and how much more *improving* and *delightful* to *us*? How *truly* charming does *beauty* appear, when adorned by good *nature*, good *sense*, and *knowledge*? And when *beauty fades*, as soon it *must*, there will *then* be those qualities and accomplishments *remaining*, which cannot fail to command great *regard*, *esteem*, and *affection*.

VARIETIES.

But—shall we wear these glories for a *day*,
Or shall they *last*, and we *rejoice* in them?
While there is *hope*, do not *distrust* the *gods*,
But wait, at least, till *Cesar's* near *approach*,
Force us to yield. 'Twill *never* be too late—
To sue for *chains*, and own a *conqueror*.
In *faith*, and *hope*, the *world* will disagree,
But *all* mankind's concern—is *charity*.
'Tis *education*—forms the common *mind*,
Just as the *twig* is bent, the *tree's* inclined.
The *mind*, that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
Great in its *wishes*, great in its *surveys*;
Extended *views*, a narrow *mind* extend.

386. As so much depends upon the proper *movement* of the voice, through the different notes of the scale, and as our primary instruction in reading is often diametrically opposed to what is natural, it is deemed necessary to be more explicit in *directions*, as well as in *examples*. Imitate, with the *voice*, accompanied by corresponding motions of the *hand*, the gentle undulations of the waters, when the waves run moderately high; letting the movement of your *voice* resemble that of a small *boat*. Observe the various movements of different kinds of *birds* through the air, some bobbing up and down, others moving more gracefully; some flapping their wings, others sailing, soaring: but the movements of the voice are *infinitely* more various than all *other* external motions; for it contains them all.

THE EIGHT NOTES OF THE SCALE.

8.
7.
6. cries, and
5. from the the nature in our es live
4. But tomb voice of ash- their won-
3. ted
2. fires.
1

Blessed—we *sometimes* are! and I am *now*
Happy in quiet *feelings*; for the tones—
Of a pleasant company of *friends*—
Were in my ear, just now, and gentler *thoughts*
From *spirits*, whose high character I *know*;
And I retain their *influence*, as the air—
Retains the *softness*—of departed day.

There is a *spell*—in every *flower*,
A *sweetness*—in each *spray*,
And every simple *bird*—has *power*—
To *please* us—with its *lay*.
And there is *music*—on the breeze,
That sports along the *glade*,
And crystal *dew*-drops—on the *trees*,
The *gems*—by *fancy* made.
O, there is joy—and *happiness*,
In every thing I see,
Which bids my *soul* rise up—and bless
The *God*, that blesses *me*.

Method. In speaking *extempore*, or in *writing*, **METHOD**, or the proper arrangement of the *thoughts*, is of the first *importance*; to *attain* which, you must *fix*, in your *mind*, the precise *object* you have in view, and never lose *sight* of it; then, determine the grand *divisions*; which should be *natural*, and *distinct*; not an unnecessary *thought*, or *illustration*—should be admitted: and even in the *amplification* of the subject, every *part* should have its proper *place*, and all—present a *whole*.

Anecdote. Mr. Summerfield. It is said, of the late Mr. Summerfield, that being asked by a *bishop*, where he was *born*, he replied, "I was born in *England*, and born *again* in *Ireland*." "What do you *mean*?" inquired the *bishop*. "Art thou a *master* in *Israel*, and knowest not these things?" was the reply.

Laconics. 1. The *antidote*, to the baneful influence of *flattery* is, for every one to *examine* himself, and *truly* estimate his own *qualities*, and character. 2. Let us make ourselves *steatfast* in what is certainly *true*, and we shall be able to *answer objections*, or *reject* them as *unworthy* of an answer. 3. *Argument*—cannot disprove *fact*; no two opposing *facts* can be produced; all objections to a *fact* must therefore be *negative*. 4. *Elocution*—includes all the *influences*, that serve to unfold the *faculties*,—and determine the *character*; thus involving the *mental*, and *physical*. 5. To render *good* for *evil*, is *God-like*; to render *good* for *good*, is *man-like*; to render *evil* for *evil*, is *beast-like*; to render *evil* for *good*—is *devil-like*.

Varieties. Has a *wise* and *good* God—furnished us with *desires*, which have no correspondent *objects*, and raised *expectations* in our breasts, with no other view but to *disappoint* them? Are we to be forever in *search* of happiness, without *arriving* at it, either in *this* world or in the *next*? Are we formed with a passionate longing for *immortality*, and yet destined to *perish*, after this short period of *existence*? Are we prompted to the noblest *actions*, and supported through life, under the severest *hardships* and most delicate *temptations*, by the hopes of a *reward*, which is *visionary* and *chimerical*,—by the expectation of *praises*, of which it is utterly impossible for us, ever to have the least *knowledge* or *enjoyment*?

Effects of Knowledge. The more *widely* knowledge is spread, the more will *they* be prized, whose happy *lot* it is—to *extend* its bounds, by discovering *new truths*, to multiply its *uses*—by inventing *new modes* of applying it in *practice*. *Real* knowledge—never prompted either *turbulence*, or *unbelief*; but its *progress* is the forerunner of *liberality* and enlightened *toleration*. Who-so *dreads* these, let him *tremble*; for he may be *well* assured, that their *day* is at length *come*, and must put to sudden *flight* the evil spirits of *tyranny* and *persecution*, which haunted the long *night*, now gone down the *sky*.

VARIETIES.

Soft *peace* she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our *quiet*, as she forms our *lives*;
Lays the rough *path* of peevish *nature* even,
And opens, in each breast, a little *heaven*

Man—is the rugged lofty *pine*,

That frowns o'er many a *wave*-beat shore;
Woman's the slender—graceful *vine*,
Whose curling tendrils—round it twine,
And deck its rough *bark*—sweetly o'er.

Teach me to soothe the helpless *orphan's* grief,
With lively *aid*—the widow's woes assuage;
To *mis'ry's* moving cries—to yield *relief*,
And be the *sure* resource of drooping *age*.

Our doubts—are *traitors*,
And make us *lose* the good—we oft might *win*,
By fearing to *attempt*.

387. Cadence—means a *descent*, or *fall* of the voice: here, it means the proper manner of closing a sentence. In the preceding examples, the pupil sees how it is made. The *best* cadence, that which rests most pleasantly on the ear, is the fall of a *trial*; i. e. a regular gradation of three notes from the prevalent pitch of voice; which is generally the fourth or fifth: tho' different *voices* are keyed on different *itches*: hence, each must be governed by his own peculiarities in this respect. Beware of confounding *cadence* with *inflections*; and never end a sentence with a *feeble* and *depressed* utterance.

Tho' nature—weigh our talents, and dispense,
To every man, his modicum of sense,
Yet—*much*—depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.

The brave man—is not *he*, who feels no fear,
For *that*—were stupid—and irrational;—
But *he*, whose noble soul his fear subdues, [from.
And bravely dares the danger, which he shrinks
He holds no party with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

What is life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw in fresh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be FREE.

388. WORD-PAINTING. There is nothing in any of the *other* fine arts, but what is involved in oratory. The *letters* are analogous to uncompounded *paints*; *words*—to paints prepared for use; and, when arranged into appropriate and significant *sentences*, they form *pictures* of the *ideas* on the canvas of the *imagination*: hence, *composition*, whether written or spoken, is like a *picture*, exhibiting a great variety of *features*, not only with *prominence*, but with *degrees* of prominence: to do which, the painter, speaker, or writer, applies *shades* of the same *color* to *features* of the same *class*, and *opposing* colors to those of *different* classes.

Government. The *ordinary* division of governments into *republican*, *monarchical*, and *despotic*, appears essentially *erroneous*; for there are but *two* kinds of government, *good* and *bad*: governments are *national* and *special*. The essence of the *former*—consists in the will of the *nation* constitutionally expressed; that of the *latter*, where there are *other* sources of power, or right, than the will of the nation.

Anecdote. Punctual Hearer. A woman, who always used to attend public worship with great *punctuality*, and took care to be always in *time*, was asked how it was—she could always come so *early*; she answered very wisely, "that it was *part* of her religion—not to disturb the religion of *others*."

I hate to see a scholar *gape*,
And yawn upon his seat,
Or lay his head upon his desk,
As if almost asleep.

Laconics. 1. No change in *external* appearance, can alter that which is radically *wrong*. 2. Seize an opportunity, when it *presents* itself; if once lost, it may never be *regained*. 3. *Vicious* men, endeavor to *impose* on the world, by assuming a *semblance* of virtue, to conceal their bad *habits*, and evil *propensities*. 4. Beware of *self-love*, for it hardens the *heart*, and shuts the mind to all that is *good* and *true*. 5. The excessive *pleasure* one feels—in talking of *himself*, ought to make him apprehensive, that he affords little to his *auditor*. 6. In our intercourse with the *world*, we should often ask ourselves this *question*—How would *I* like to be treated thus? 7. In all *ages* and *countries*, *unprincipled* men may be found, who will slander the most *upright* character, and find *others* as base as *themselves*, to join in the propagation of their *falsehoods*.

Confinement of Debtors. The *prosperity* of a people is proportionate to the number of *hands* and *minds* usefully employed. To the *community*, *sedition* is a *fever*, *corruption* is a *gangrene*, and *idleness* is an *atrophy*. Whatever *body*, and whatever *society*—wastes more than it *acquires*, must gradually *decay*: and every being, that continues to be *fed*, and ceases to *labor*, takes away *something* from the public *stock*. The *confinement*, therefore, of any man in the *sloth* and *darkness* of a *prison*, is a *loss* to the *nation*, and no *gain* to the *creditor*. For, of the *multitudes*, who are pining in those cells of *misery*, a very *small* part is suspected of any *fraudulent act*, by which they retain, what belongs to *others*. The *rest* are imprisoned by the wantonness of *pride*, the malignity of *revenge*, or the *acrimony* of disappointed *expectation*.

VARIETIES.

'Tis slander:

Whose edge—is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath—
Rides on the sporting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maidens and matrons, the secrets of the grave—
This viperous slander enters.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule,
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heaven moves, in pardoning guilty man.
And he, that shows none, (being ripe in years,
And conscious—of the outrage he commits,)
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.
His words—are bonds; his oaths—are oracles;
His love—sincere; his thoughts—immaculate;
His tears—pure messengers, sent from his heart;
His heart—is as far from fraud,—as heaven—from earth.

Be earnest!—why shouldst thou for custom's sake,
Lay a cold hand upon thy heart's warm pulse,
And crush those feelings back, which, uttered, make
Links in the chain of love? Why thus convulse
A soul, that overflows with sympathy
For kindred souls, when thou art called to be
The Heart's Apostle, loving, pure, and true?
The smooth *hypocrisies*, the polished lies,
The cold dead forms—and hollow mockeries
Current among the many, by the few,
Who know their manhood, should be held in scorn!
Speak freely thy free thought—and other souls
To thine shall answer—as from living coals
Together kindled, light and heat are born!

389. DYNAMICS. This, in mechanical philosophy, means the science of moving-powers; in *elocution* and *singing*, it relates to the *force, loudness, harshness, strength, roughness, softness, swell, diminish, smoothness, abruptness, gentleness* of voice: that is, its *qualities*, which are as various as those of the human mind; of which, indeed, they are the representatives. Observe—that the *names* of these qualities, when spoken naturally, express, or echo, their natures. The *Loud, Rough, Soft, Smooth, Harsh, forcible, Full, Strong, Tremulous, Slender, &c.* all of which are comprehended in *force, pitch, time, quantity, and abruptness* of voice.

390. Let the following examples be rendered perfectly familiar—the feelings, tho'ts, words and appropriate voice: nothing, however, can be done, as it *should* be, without having the most important examples memorized, here and elsewhere. (*Loud*) "But when loud *surges*—lash the sounding shore; (*Rough*) The hoarse rough voice, should like the torrent roar." (*Soft*) "Soft is the strain, when Zephyr gently blows; (*Smooth*) And the smooth stream, in smoother numbers flows." (*Harsh*) "On a sudden, open fly, with impetuous recoil and jarring sound, the infernal doors, and on their hinges grate harsh thunder." (*Soft*) "Heaven opened wide her ever-during gates (harmonious sound) on golden hinges turning." (*Soft*) "How charming—is divine philosophy! (*Harsh*) Not harsh, and rugged, as dull fools suppose. (*Soft*) But musical—as is Apollo's lute." (*Harsh, Strong and forcible*.) "Blow wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow your cataracts, and hurricane spout, till you have drenched our sleeples. You sulphurous and thought-executing fires, vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts; and thou, all shaking thunder, strike flat the thick roundity of the world."

(*Soft and Smooth.*)

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music,
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

(*Quick and Joyous.*)

Let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck sound,
To many a youth—and many a maid,
Dancing—in the checkered shade.

A want of occupation—is not rest,
A mind quite vacant—is a mind distressed.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,

So—human feelings—ebb—and flow :—
And who could in a breast confide,

Where stormy passions—ever glow!

Remote from cities—lived a swain,
Unvexed—with all the cares of gain;
His head—was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience—made him sage.

Maxims. 1. The credit that is got by a *lie*,—only lasts till the truth comes out. 2. Zeal, mixed with love, is harmless—as the dove. 3. A covetous man is, as he always fancies, in want. 4. Hypocrites—first cheat the world, and at last, themselves. 5. The borrower is slave to the lender, and the security—to both. 6. Some are too stiff to bend, and too old to mend. 7. Truth has always a sure foundation. 8. He, who draws others into evil courses—is the devil's agent. 9. To do good, is the right way to find good. 10. A spur in the head—is worth two in the heel. 11. Better spared, than ill spent. 12. Years teach more than books.

Anecdote. Love and Liberty. When an Armenian prince—had been taken captive with his princess, by Cyrus, and was asked, what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty, he replied: "As for my kingdom and liberty, I value them not; but if my blood—would redeem my princess, I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked, what she thought of Cyrus? To which she replied, "I did not observe him; my whole attention was fixed upon the generous man, who would have purchased my liberty with his life."

Prejudice—may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things; for prejudiced persons—not only never speak well, but also, never think well, of those whom they dislike, and the whole character and conduct is considered—with an eye to that particular thing which offends them.

Varieties. 1. Every thing that is an object of taste, sculpture, painting, architecture, gardening, husbandry, poetry, and music—come within the scope of the orator. 2. In a government, maintained by the arm of power, there is no certainty of duration; but one cemented by mutual kindness, all the best feelings of the heart are enlisted in its support. 3. Who was the greater tyrant, Dionysius or the bloody Mary? 4. Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is like a flower, without perfume; its brilliancy may remain, but its sweetness is gone; all that was precious in it, has evaporated. 5. We might as well throw oil on a burning house to put out the fire, as to take ardent spirits into the stomach, to lessen the effects of a hot sun, or severe exercise. 6. The understanding must be elevated above the will, to control its desires; but it must be enlightened by the truth, that it may not err.

The pathway—to the grave—may be the same,
And the proud man—shall tread it,—and the low,
With his bowed head, shall bear him company.
But the temper—of the invisible mind,
The god-like—and undying intellect,
These are distinctions, that will live in heaven,
When time,—is a forgotten circumstance.

391. DYNAMICS CONTINUED. These *contrasts* produce great effects, when properly exhibited, both in *elocution* and *music*. The *rushing* loud, indicates *dread*, *alarm*, *warning*, &c.; the *soft*, their *opposites*: the tendency of *indistinctness* is, to remove objects to a *distance*, throwing them into the *background* of the picture; and of *fullness*, to bring them into the *fore-ground*, making them very *prominent*; thus—the *polyphonist* *deceives*, or *imposes* upon the ear, making his sounds correspond to those he would represent, near by, and at a distance.

392. FOUCIBLE. Now storming *fury* rose, and *clamor*; such as heard in *heaven*, till *now*, was *never*: arms on armor, *clashing*, brayed horrible *discord*; and the maddening wheels of *brazen chariots* raged. *Full: high* on a throne—of *royal state*, which far outshone the wealth of *Ormus*, and of *Inde*; or where the gorgeous *East*, with richest *hand*, showers on her kings *barbaric*, *pearl* and *gold*, *Satan*, *EXALTED*, *sat*. *Strong: him*, the Almighty Power hurled *headlong*, flaming from the ethereal skies with hideous *ruin* and *combustion*, down to bottomless *perdition*—there to dwell in adamant *chains*, and penal *fire*,—who durst defy the *Onnipotent* to arms.

So *MILLIONS*—are smit—with the glare of a *toy*: They grasp at a *pebble*—and call it—a *gem*, And *insel*—is gold, (if it *glitters*,) to them; Hence, dazzled with *beauty*, the *lover* is smit, The *hero*—with *honor*, the *poet*—with *wit*; The *fop*—with his *feather*, his *snuff-box* and *cane*, The *nymph* with her *novel*, the merchant with *gain*: Each *finical priest*, and *polite pulpitier*, Who dazzles the *fancy*, and tickles the *ear*, With exquisite *tropes*, and musical *style*, As gay as a *tulip*—as polished as *oil*, Sell *truth*—at the shrine of *polite eloquence*, To please the *soft taste*, and allure the *gay sense*.

Miscellaneous. 1. Fair sir, you *spit* on me—on *Wednesday* last; you *spurned* me—such a day; *another time*—you called me *dog*; and for these *courtesies*, I'll *lend* thee *thus much moneys*. 2. I stand—in the presence—of Almighty *God*, and of the *world*; and I *declare* to you, that if you lose this charter, *never*, no *NEVER*—will you get *another*. We are now, perhaps, arrived at the *warting* point. *Here*, even *HERE*, we stand—on the brink of *fate*! *Pause!* for *HEAVEN'S* sake, *pause*. 3. Can you raise the *dead*? Pursue and overtake the wings of *time*? And can you bring about *again*, the *hours*, the *DAYS*, the *YEARS*, that made me *happy*? 4. But grant—that *others* can, with *equal* glory, look down on *pleasure*, and the bait of *sense*, *where*—shall we find a man, that bears *afflictions*, great and majestic in his ills, like *Cato*?

Oh then, how blind—to all that *truth* requires, Who think it *freedom*, where a *part*—aspire.

Maxims. 1. All is soon ready in an *orderly* house. 2. *Bacchus* has drowned more than *Nep-tune*. 3. *Despair*—has ruined some, but *presumption*—multitudes. 4. *Flattery*—sits in the *parlor*, while *plain-dealing* is kicked out of *doors*. 5. *He* is not drunk for *nothing*, who pays his *reckoning* with his *reason*. 6. If the *world* knew what passes in my mind, what would it *think* of me. 7. Give neither *counsel* nor *salt*, till you are asked for it. 8. Close not a *letter*—without *reading* it, nor drink *water*—without *seeing* it. 9. A *fool*, and his *money*, are soon *parted*. 10. If *few* words—will not make you *wise*, many will not.

Anecdote. *Charity Sermon.* Dean *Swift*—was requested to preach a *charity* sermon; but was cautioned about having it too *long*: he replied, that they should have nothing to fear on *that score*. He chose for his text these words—“He that hath *pity* on the *poor*, lendeth unto the *Lord*; and that which he hath *given*—will he *pay* him again.” The *Dean*, after looking around, and *repeating* his text in a still more emphatic manner, added—“My beloved *friends*, you hear the *terms* of the *loan*; and now, if you like the *security*,—down with your *dust*.” The result was, as might be *expected*,—a very large *collection*.

Precept and Example. *Example*—works more *cures* than *precept*; for *words*, without *practice*, are but *councils* without *effect*. When we *do* as we *say*, it is a confirmation of the *rule*; but when our *lives* and *doctrines* do not agree, it looks as if the *lesson* were either too *hard* for us, or the *advice* not worth *following*. If a *priest*—design to *edify* by his *sermons*, concerning the punishment of the *other world*, let him renounce his *lust*, *pride*, *avarice*, and *contentiousness*; for whoever would make *another* believe a danger, must *first* show that *he* is apprehensive of it *himself*.

Varieties. 1. The *first* book *read*, and the *last* one laid *aside*, in the *child's* library, is the *mother*: every *look*, *word*, *tone*, and *gesture*, nay, even *dress* *itself*—makes an everlasting *impression*. 2. One who is *conscious* of qualities, deserving of *respect*, and *attention*, is seldom *solicitous* about them; but a *contemptible* spirit—wishes to *hide* itself from its *own* view, and that of *others*, by *show*, *bluster* and arrogant *pretensions*. 3. The blood of a *coward*, would stain the *character* of an *honorable* man; hence, when we *chastise* such wretches, we should do it with the utmost *calmness* of *temper*. 4. Cultivate the *habit*—of directing the *mind*, *intently*, to whatever is *presented* to it; *this*—is the foundation of a *sound intellectual character*. 5. We are too apt, when a *jest* is turned upon *ourselves*, to think that *insufferable*, in *another*, which we looked upon as very *pretty* and *facetious*, when the humor was our *own*.

Never purchase *friendship* by *gifts*.

393. *Words*—are *paints*, the *voice*—the *brush*, the *mind*—the *painter*; but *science*, *practice*, *genius*, *taste*, *judgment* and *emotion*—are necessary—in order to paint *well*: and there is as much difference between a *good* and *bad* reader, as there is between a *good painter* and a *mere dauber*. What gives expression to painting? **EMPHASIS**. We look upon some pictures and remark, “that is a *strong outline*;” “a very expressive *countenance*;” this is *emphasis*: again, we look upon *others*, and there is a *softness*, *delicacy*, and *tenderness*, that *melts* the soul, as she *contemplates* them; this is *emotion*.

394. Throw the following lines on the canvas of your imagination; i. e. picture them out there.

BEAUTY, WIT AND GOLD.

In her *bower*—a *widow* dwelt;
At her *feet*—three *suitors* knelt:
Each—adored the *widow* much,
Each—essay’d her *heart* to touch;
One—had *wit*, and *one*—had *gold*,
And *one*—was cast in *beauty’s* mould;
Guess—which was it—won the prize,
Purse, or *tongue*, or *handsome eyes*?
First, appeared the *handsome* man,
Proudly peeping o’er her *fan*;
Red his *lips*, and *white* his *skin*;
Could *such* beauty—fail to *won*?
Then—stepped forth—the man of *gold*,
Cash he counted, *coin* he told,
Wealth—the burden of his *tale*;
Could *such* *golden* projects fail?
Then, the man of *wit*, and *sense*,
Moved her—with his *eloquence*;
Now, she heard him—with a *sigh*;
Now—she *blushed*, she knew not *why*:
Then, she *smiled*—to hear him *speak*,
Then, the *tear*—was on her *cheek*:
Beauty, *vanish*! *gold*, *depart*!
WIT, has won the *widow’s* heart.

IN **POLITENESS**, as in everything *else*, connected with the formation of *character*, we are too apt to begin on the *outside*, instead of the *inside*: instead of beginning with the *heart*, and trusting to *that* to form the *manners*, many begin with the *manners*, and leave the *heart* to *chance* and *influences*. The *golden rule*—contains the very *life* and *soul* of politeness: “Do unto *others*—as you would they should do unto *you*.” Unless *children* and *youth* are taught—by *precept* and *example*, to abhor what is *selfish*, and prefer another’s pleasure and comfort to their *own*, their politeness will be entirely *artificial*, and used only when *interest* and *policy* dictate. *True* politeness—is perfect *freedom* and *ease*, treating *others*—just as *you* love to be treated. *Nature*—is *always* graceful: *affection*, with *all* her art, can never produce anything *half* so *pleasing*. The very *perfection* of elegance—is to imitate *nature*; how much better—to have the *reality*, than the

imitation! *Anxiety* about the opinions of *others*—fetter’s the freedom of nature, and tends to *awkwardness*; *all* would appear well, if they never tried to assume—what they do not *possess*. Every one is *respectable* and *pleasing*, so long as he or she, is perfectly *natural* and *truthful*, and *speaks* and *acts* from the impulses of an *honest* and *affectionate* heart, without any *anxiety* as to what *others* think.

Laconics. 1. *Modesty*—in your discourse, will give a *lustre*—to *truth*,—and *excuse*—to your *errors*. 2. *Some*—are *silent*, for want of *matter*, or *assurance*; *others*—are *talkative*, for want of *sense*. 3. To *judge* of men—by their *actions*, one would suppose that a great proportion was *mad*, and that the *world*—was one immense *mad-house*. 4. *Prodigals*—are *rich*, for a *moment*—*economists*, *forever*. 5. To do unto *others*, as we would they should do to *us*, is a *golden maxim*, that cannot be too deeply impressed on our minds. 6. Continue to add a little—to what was *originally* a little, and you will make it a *great deal*. 7. The *value*—of *sound*, correct *principles*, early implanted in the human mind, is *incalculable*.

Those who are *talentless*, themselves, are the *first* to talk about the conceit of *others*; for *mediocrity*—bears but *one flower*—**ENVY**.

Anecdote. *Too Hard*. About one hundred years ago, *Mahogany*—was introduced in England as *ballast* for a *ship*, that sailed from the West *Indies*; and one Dr. *Gibbons* wished some *furniture* made of it: but the *workmen*, finding it too *hard* for their *tools*, laid it aside. Another effort was made; but the cabinet-maker said it was *too hard* for his *tools*. The Doctor told him, he must get *stronger* tools then: he *did* so, and his effort was crowned with *success*. Remember this, ye who think the subject of *elocution*, as here treated, too *difficult*: and if you cannot find a way, *make one*. **Press on!**

Varieties. 1. A good reader may become a good *speaker*, *singer*, *painter* and *sculptor*: for there is nothing in *any* of these arts, that may not be seen in *true delivery*. 2. Old *Parr*, who died at the advanced age of 152, gave this *advice* to his friends; “Keep your *head cool* by *temperance*, your *feet warm* by *exercise*: *rise early*, and go *early* to *bed*; and if you are inclined to grow *fat*, keep your *eyes open*, and your *mouth shut*.” Are not these excellent *life-pills*? 3. As the *lark*—sings at the dawn of *day*, and the *nightingale* at *even*, so, should we show forth the *loving kindness* of the *Lord*—every *morning*, and his *faithfulness*—every *night*. 4. Is not the science of *salvation*—the greatest of *all* the sciences?

Without a *star*, or *angel*—for their guide,
Who *worship* God, shall find him: *humble Love*,
(And not proud *Reason*,) keeps the *door of heaven*:
Love—finds *admission*, where *Science*—*fails*.

395. MODULATION—signifies the accommodation of the voice, (in its diversifications of *all* these principles,) to every *variety* and *shade of thought and feeling*. The *upper* pitches of voice, we know, are used in calling persons at a *distance*, for impassioned *emphasis* of certain kinds, and for very earnest *arguments*; the *middle* pitches—for general *conversation*, and easy familiar speaking, of a descriptive and didactic character; and the *lower* ones, for *cadences*, and the exhibition of emphasis in *grave and solemn* reading and speaking.

396. Who—can describe, who delineate—the cheering, the enlivening *ray*? who—the looks of *love*? who—the soft benignant vibrations of the benevolent *eye*? who—the *twilight*, the day of *hope*? who—the internal efforts of the *mind*, wrapt in *gentleness and humility*, to effect *good*, to diminish *evil*, and increase *present and eternal* happiness? who—all the secret *impulses and powers*, collected in the aspect of the *defender*, or *energy of truth*? of the bold *friend*, or subtle *foe*—of *wisdom*? who—the *poet's* eye, in a fine *phrenzy* rolling, glancing from *heaven*—to *earth*, from *earth*—to *heaven*, while *imagination*—bodies forth the *form* of things unknown.

Notes. The *pitch* of the voice is exceedingly important in every branch of our subject, and particularly, in the *higher* parts; and *this*—among the rest. You must not often raise your voice to the *eight* note; for it will be harsh and unpleasant to the ear, and very apt to break: nor drop it to the *first* note; for then your articulation will be difficult and indistinct, and you cannot impart any life and spirit to your manner and matter; as there is little or no compass below this pitch: both these extremes must be carefully avoided.

Patrick Henry's Treason. When this worthy *patriot*, (who gave the first *impulse* to the ball of the *revolution*,) introduced his celebrated resolution on the *stamp* act, in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in 1765, as he descanted on the *tyranny* of that obnoxious act, exclaimed—"Cesar—had his *Brutus*; Charles the *First*, his *Cromwell*; and George the *Third*—"Treason!" cried the *speaker*; "*treason*; *treason*; TREASON;" re-echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those *trying* moments, which are decisive of *character*; but Henry *faltered* not for an *instant*; and rising to a *loftier* attitude, and fixing on the *speaker*—an eye, flashing with fire, continued—"may *PROFIT*—by these *examples*: if *this* be *treason*, make the most of it."

The hills,

Rock-ribb'd—and ancient as the *sun*; the *vales*—
Stretching in pensive quietness—between;
The venerable *woods*; *rivers*, that move
In *majesty*, and the complaining *brooks*, [all,
That make the meadows *green*; and, pour'd round
Old *ocean's* gray and melancholy *waste*;
Are but the solemn *decorations* all—
Of the *great tomb* of man.

Maxims. 1. The follies of *youth*—are food for *repentance*—in old age. 2. *Truth*—may *languish*, but it can never *die*. 3. When a *vain* man hears another praised, he thinks *himself* injured. 4. *Antiquity*—is not always a mark of *truth*. 5. *That* trial is not *fair*—where *affection* is judge. 6. *Business*—is the salt of life. 7. *Dependence*—is a poor trade. 8. He, who lives upon *hope*, has but a slender *diet*. 9. Always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the *bottom*. 10. He, who thinks to deceive *God*, deceives *himself*.

Anecdote. An *ill* thing. *Xenophanus*, an old *sage*, was far from letting a false modesty lead him into *crime* and *indiscretion*, when he was upbraided, and called *timorous*, because he would not venture his *money* at any of the *games*. "I confess," said he, "that I am *exceedingly* *timorous*, for I *dare* not do an *ill* thing."

Education. It is the duty of the instructors of youth to be *patient* with the *dull*, and *steady* with the *froward*,—to encourage the *timid*, and repress the *insolent*,—fully to employ the minds of their pupils, without *overburdening* them,—to awaken their *fear*, without exciting their *distike*,—to communicate the stores of *knowledge*, according to the capacity of the *learner*, and to enforce *obedience* by the strictness of *discipline*. Above all, it is their bounden *duty*, to be ever on the *watch*, and to check the *first* beginnings of *vice*. For, valuable as *knowledge* may be, *virtue* is infinitely *more* valuable; and *worse* than useless are these *mental* accomplishments, which are accompanied by depravity of *heart*.

Varieties. 1. Can *charcoal*—paint *fire*; *chalk*—*light*, or *colors*—*live* and *breathe*? 2. *Tattlers*—are among the most *despicable* of bad things; yet even *they*—have their *use*; for they serve to check the *licentiousness*—of the tongues of *those*, who, *without* the fear of being called to account, through the instrumentality of these *babbling* knaves, would run *riot* in *backbiting* and *slander*.

'Tis the *mind*, that makes the *body* rich;
And, as the *sun*—breaks the darkest cloud,
So, *honor*—'peareth—in the meanest habit.

No: let the *eagle*—change his *plume*,
The *leaf*—its *hue*, the *flow'r*—its *bloom*;
But *ties*—around the *heart* were spun,
That could not, would not, be *undone*.

Oh, *who*—the exquisite *delights* can tell.
The *joy*, which mutual *confidence* imparts?
Or *who*—can paint the *charm* unspeakable,
Which *links*, in tender *bands*, two *faithful hearts*?

6. Many things— are easier *felt*, than *told*.
7. It is no proof of a man's *understanding*, to be able to *affirm*—whatever he *pleases*; but, to be able to *discern*, that what is *true*, is *true*, and that what is *false*, is *false*—is the mark and character of *intelligence*.

Nature—sells everything for *labor*.

397. MODULATION CONTINUED. The situation of the public reader and speaker, calls for the employment of the most *refined* art in the management of his voice: he should address a whole *assembly* with as much apparent *ease* and *pleasure* to himself and audience, as tho' there were but a single *person* present. In addressing an auditory, which meets for *information*, or amusement, or *both*, the *judicious* speaker—will adopt his *ordinary* and most *familiar* voice; to show that he rises without *bias*, or *prejudice*, that he wishes *reason*, not *passion*, should guide them all. He will endeavor to be heard by the most *distant* hearers, without offending the ear of the *nearest* one, by making *all* his tones *audible*, *distinct* and *natural*.

Friendship! thou soft, propitious power,
Sweet regent of the social hour,
Sublime thy joys, nor understood,
But by the virtuous, and the good.

Ambition is, at a distance,

A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis near to heaven;
But we never think how sandy's the foundation; [it.
What storms will batter, and what tempests shake

O be a man; and let proud reason—tread
In triumph, on each rebel passion's head.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose—to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves and re-resolves—then, dies the same.

398. Some tell us, that when *commencing* an address, the voice should be directed to those most *distant*; but this is evidently *wrong*. At the *beginning*, the mind is naturally *clear* and *serene*, the passions *unawakened*; if the speaker adopt this *high* pitch, how can it be *elevated*, afterwards, agreeably to those emotions and sentiments, which require still *higher* pitches? To *strain* the voice thus, destroys all *solemnity*, *weight* and *dignity*, and gives, to what one says, a squeaking *effeminacy*, unbecoming a manly and impressive speaker; it makes the voice *harsh* and *unmusical*, and also produces *hoarseness*.

Anecdote. *Speculation.* A capitalist, and shrewd observer of men and things, being asked, what he thought of the *speculations* now afloat, replied—"They are like a cold bath,—to derive any benefit from which, it is necessary to be very quick in, and very soon out."
Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valor limited: she sits—serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

Maxims. 1. A broad hat—does not always cover a wise head. 2. Burn not your house—to frighten away the mice. 3. Drinking water, neither makes a man sick, nor his wife a widow. 4. He has riches enough, who need neither borrow or flatter. 5. True wisdom—is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing. 6. Many things appear too bad to keep, and too good to throw away. 7. Keep a thing seven years, and you will find use for it. 8. We cannot pluck thorns from another's bosom, without placing roses in our own. 9. Better a half loaf than no bread. 10. Draw not thy bow before the arrow be fixed.

Experience. By what strange fatality is it, that having examples before our eyes, we do not profit by them? Why is our experience, with regard to the misfortunes of others, of so little use? In a word, why is it, that we are to learn wisdom and prudence at our own expense? Yet such is the fate of man! Surrounded by misfortunes, we are supplied with means to escape them; but, blinded by caprice, prejudice and pride, we neglect the proffered aid, and it is only by the tears we shed, in consequence of our own errors, that we learn to detest them.

Varieties. 1. Give to all persons, whom you respect, (with whom you walk, or whom you may meet), especially ladies, the wall side of the walk or street. 2. If we think our evil allowable, tho' we do it not, it is appropriated to us. 3. Why does the pendulum of a clock—continue to move! Because of the uniform operation of gravitation. What is gravitation? 4. Humility—is the child of wisdom: therefore, beware of self-conceit, and an unteachable disposition. 5. Psychology—is the science, that treats of the essence—and nature of the human soul, and of the mode—by which it flows into the actions of the body. 6. The true way to store the memory is—to develop the affections. 7. The only way to shun evils, or sins, is to fight against them. 8. Reading and observation—are the food of the young intellect, and indispensable to its growth. 9. Is it possible, that heart-friends will ever separate? 10. All effects are produced by life, and nature.

Now vivid stars shine out, in brightening files,
And boundless ether glows, till the fair moon
Shows her broad visage—in the crimson'd east;
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing cloud,
Now, o'er the pure cerulean—rides sublime.
Nature, great parent! whose directing hand
Rolls round the seasons—of the changing year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasant dread—they swell the soul,
That sees, astonish'd, and astonish'd, sings!
You too, ye winds, that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, you viewless beings, say,
Where your aerial magazines—reserved
Against the day of tempest perilous?

399. STRENGTH OF VOICE. The voice is *weak*, or *strong*, in proportion to the *less*, or *greater*, number of organs and muscles. that are brought into action. If one uses only the upper part of the chest, his voice will be weak: if he uses the whole body, as he should do, (not in the most powerful manner, of course, on common occasions,) his voice will be strong. Hence, to *strengthen* a weak voice, the student must practice expelling the vowel sounds, using all the *abdominal* and *dorsal* nerves and muscles: in addition to which, he should read and recite when *standing* or *sitting*, and walking on a level *plain*, and up *hill*: *success* will be the result of faithful *practice*.

So *soft*, so *elegant*, so *fair*,

Sure, something more than *human*'s there.

Upon my *lute*—there is one *string*

Broken; the *chords*—were drawn too *fast*:

My *heart*—is like that *string*; it tried

Too *much*, and snapt in *twain* at last.

She *will*, and she will *not*, she *grants* and she *de-*
Consents, *retracts*, *advances*, and then *flies*. [*ries*;

Mental fragrance—still will last,

When our youthful *charms* are *past*.

If little *labor*, little are our *gains*;

Man's *fortunes*—are according to his *pains*.

Delightful task—to rear the tender *thought*,

To teach the young *idea*—how to *shoot*,

To pour the fresh *instruction* o'er the *mind*,

To breathe th' enliv'ning *spirit*, and to fix

The generous *purpose* in the glowing *breast*.

400. Demosthenes—had three particular defects; *first*, weakness of the voice; which he strengthened by declaiming on the seashore, amid the roar of waters; which effort would tend directly to bring into use the lower parts of the body; *second*, shortness of breath; which he remedied by repeating his orations as he walked up hill; which act serves to bring into use the appropriate organs, and fully inflate the lungs; and *third*, a thick, mumbling way of speaking; which he overcame by reading and reciting with pebbles in his mouth; which required him to make a greater effort from below, and open his mouth wider. Examine yourself and act accordingly.

Inconsistency. Montaigne—condemns *crudelty*, as the most odious of all vices; yet he confesses, that *hunting*—was his favorite *diversion*. He acknowledges the *inconsistency* of man's conduct, but he does not ascribe it to the right *cause*; which is the pre-dominance, at the time, of those *associations* it awakens, conducing to *pleasure*. If he had not been *accustomed* to it, the *associations* of hunting, would have been *painful*, and his aversion to cruelty in the *abstract*, would have been realized in the *concrete* and *particulars*.

Then, *pilgrim*, turn, thy cares *forego*;

All earth-born cares—are *wrong*;

Man—wants but *little*—here below,

Nor wants that *little*—*long*.

Proverbs. 1. To subdue a *trifling* error, do not incur a *greater*. 2. *Anger* and *haste*—hinder good *counsel*. 3. All complain of want of *memory*, but none of want of *judgment*. 4. *Good men* are a public *good*, and *bad men*—a public *calamity*. 5. *Human* laws reach not our *thoughts*. 6. *Rulers*—have no power over *souls*. 7. No one ever suffered—by not speaking ill of others. 8. *Silly* people are generally pleased with *silly* things. 9. *Zeal*, without *knowledge*, is religious *wildfire*. 10. The example of a *good man*—is visible *philosophy*.

Anecdote. *Clients' Bones.* A certain *mechanic*, having occasion to boil some cattle's *feet*, emptied the bones near the court house. A *lawyer*, observing them, inquired of a bystander, what they were. "I believe they are *clients' bones*," replied the wit, "as they appear to be well *picked*."

The Deceiver. *A Base Character.* Must not that man be abandoned, even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a *woman* with *appearances* of affection and kindness, for no other end, but to torment her with more *ease* and *authority*? Is anything more unlike a *gentleman*, than, when his *honor* is engaged for the performing his *promises*, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards *false* to his word, and be *alone*, the occasion of *misery* to one, whose *happiness* he but lately pretended was *dearer* to him than his *own*? Ought such a one to be *trusted* in his common *affairs*? or treated, but as one whose *honesty*—consisted only in his *capacity* of being *otherwise*.

Varieties. 1. Is it *strange*, that beautiful *flowers* should *wither* and *die*? 2. *Trust thyself*; every heart vibrates to that iron *string*. 3. Our *American* character is marked by a more than average *delight*—in accurate *perception*; which is shown by the currency of the *by-word*—"no *mistake*." 4. In *sickness*, and *languor*, give us a strain of *poetry*, or a profound *sentence*, and we are *refreshed*; when the great *Herder* was dying, he said to his *friends*, who were *weeping* around him: "Give me some *great thought*." *Blessed* are they, who minister to the cry of the *soul*. 5. The *christian* sees, in all that befalls the human race, whether it be *good* or *evil*, only the manifestations of *Divine Love*, as exercised in training and preparing *souls*, for the approach of that *perfection*, which they are one day destined to *realize*. 6. For every friend, that we lose for *truth*, God gives us a *better* one.

The love of *praise*, however concealed by *art*,

Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart:

The proud—to gain it—tolls on toils endure,

The modest—shun it, but to make it *sure*;

O'er globes and *scriptures*, now on thrones it swells,

Now trims the midnight lamp—in college cells,

'Tis *tory*, *whig*; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,

Harangues in *senates*, speaks in *masquerades*.

It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,

And heaps the *plain*—with mountains of the *dead*;

Nor ends with *life*; but nods—in sable *plumes*,

Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters—on our *tombs*.

401. TRANSITION—means, in *speech*, the changes of pitch, from *one note to another*; as from the *right* to the *third*; or from the *sixth* to the *first*; and vice versa; to correspond in variety and character, to the sentiment and emotion. In *singing*, it means changing the place of the key-note, so as to keep the tune within the scale of twenty-two degrees. In transition—the *pitch*es of voice are not only changed, but its *qualities*, agreeably to the nature and object of the composition; however, there must never be any sacrifice of *other principles*—all the proportions must be preserved. Example:

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke,
That (6) bright dream—(3) was his last.
He (5) woke—to hear his sentry's shriek, [Greek!]
(8) "To arms! they (6) come! the (8) Greek! the (10)
He woke—to die—midst (5) flame, and (5) smoke,
And (6) shout, and (8) groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings—from the mountain-cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Borzaris—cheer his band.
(8) Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
(9) Strike! for your (6) altars and your (8) fires;
(10) Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
(8) God—and your native land.

402. To succeed in these *higher* parts of oratory, one must throw himself into the *condition*, and *shape*, he wishes to *fill*, or *be*, and bring the body into perfect subjection: by assuming the appropriate *language* of action and earnestness, he may work himself into *any* frame of mind, that the subject demands. He must be sure to keep up the *life*, *spirit*, and *energy* of the composition; and let there be a *light* and *glow* in his style. He must also cultivate a *bold* and *determined* manner; for if he takes no special interest in what he is reading or speaking, he may rest assured *others* will not.

Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours,
(6) Rolls along the trembling earth,
(6) Fastens on the Olynthian towers; [brave?
(8) Where rests the sword? Where sleep the
(9) Awake! (8) Cætopia's ally save
(6) From the fury of the blast;
(8) Burst the storm—on Phœi's walls;
(10) Rise, or Greece (8) forever falls;
(12) Up! or (10) freedom—breathes her (6) last.
(4) The jarring states—obsequious now,
(5) View the patriot's hand on high;
(2) Thunder—gathering on his brow,
(6) Lightning—flashing from his eye:—
(8) Grasp the shield—and draw the (6) sword;
(9) Lead us to (8) Philippi's lord;
(6) Let us (10) conquer him,—(5) or (2) die.

THE BIBLE.

Behold the Book, whose leaves display
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way;
Read it with diligence and prayer,
Search it, and you shall find him there.

Proverbs. 1. Be just to *others*, that you may be just to *yourself*. 2. The mind of the *idler*—never knows what it *wishes* for. 3. Every *rose* has its *thorn*. 4. There is nothing *good*, that may not be converted to evil *purposes*. 5. *Free* persons are aware—of the importance of rigid *economy*. 6. Do not suffer yourself to be *deceived*—by outward *appearances*. 7. Never take *advantage* of another man's *ignorance*. 8. The *word*, that has gone *forth*—can never be *recalled*. 9. A bird in the *hand*, is worth *two* in the *bush*. 10. That toad appears *light*, which is borne with *cheerfulness*. 11. *Virtue* is the forerunner of *happiness*. 12. *Foresight*—is the eye of *prudence*.

Anecdote. *Ober Orders.* A brave veteran officer, reconnoitering a *battery*, which was considered *impregnable*, and which it was necessary to *storm*, laconically answered the *engineers*, who were endeavoring to *dissuade* him from the attempt;—"Gentlemen, you may *think* and *say* what you *please*: all I know, is,—that the American flag—must be hoisted on the *ramparts* to-morrow morning; for I have the order in my pocket."

Effects of Perseverance. All the performances of human art, at which we look with *praise* or *wonder*, are instances of the resistless force of *perseverance*; it is by *this* that the *quarry* becomes a *pyramid*, and that distant *countries* are united with *canals* and *rail-roads*. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a *pickaxe*, or of one impression of the *spade*, with the general *design* and last *result*, he would be *overwhelmed* by the sense of their *disproportion*; yet those petty *operations*, incessantly continued, in time, surmount the *greatest* difficulties, and *mountains* are levelled, and *oceans* bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

Varieties. 1. Can *Omnipotence* do things *incompatible* and *contradictory*? 2. *St. Augustine* described the nature of *God*, as a *circle*, whose *centre* was *everywhere*, and his *circumference* nowhere. 3. The walls of *rude* minds are scrawled all over with *facts* and with *thoughts*; then shall one bring a *lantern*, and read the inscriptions! 4. "My children," said an old man to his boys, scared by a figure in the dark *entry*, "you will never see anything worse than *yourselves*." 5. Some one says, "There are no *prodigies*, but the first death, and the first *night*, that deserve *astonishment* and *sadness*!" 6. When we have broken our god of *Tradition*, and ceased from our god of *Persuasion*, then, *God* may fire our *hearts*, with his own *presence*; but not *before*. 7. No love can be bound by *oath*, or *covenant*, to secure it against a *higher* love.

God—scatters love—on every side,
Freely—among his children all;
And always—*hearts* are open wide.
Wherein some grains may fall.

To know and love God, is everything.

403. MALE AND FEMALE VOICES. The voices of *men*--are generally an octave lower than those of *women*; or, comparatively, *men's* voices are like the *bass viol*, and *women's* voices like the *violin*. The voice is made *grave*, that is, to run on *lower* pitches, by *elongating*, and *enlarging* the vocal chords; and it is made *acute*, that is, to run on *higher* pitches, by *shortening* and *diminishing* them; in connection, however, with the size of the *chest*, which always has its *influence*. Few are aware of the extent to which the voice is capable of being *cultivated*; and hence, we should beware of setting *limits* to it.

If every one's internal care

Were written on his brow,

How many would our pity share

Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret, when revealed,

Of every aching breast,

Would fully prove, that while concealed,

Their lot appears the best.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on

The stilly hours, when storms are gone;

When warring winds have died away,

And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,

Melt off, and leave the land and sea,

Sleeping--in bright tranquillity.

404. To acquire the ability to change, at will, your pitch of voice, so as to be able to adapt the *manner* to the *matter*, practice throwing the voice on different *pitches*, varying from *one* to *five*, *five* to *eight*, *eight* to *one*, and in *other* ways; also, recite such pieces as have a number and variety of *speakers*, as found in *dialogues*; and imitate the *voice* and *manner* of *each*, as far as possible. But remember, no one can accomplish much, without committing the examples to *memory*; thus, after long *practice* in this way, you may make the *book* talk and speak. All developments are from *within*--out, not from *without*--in.

Miscellaneous. 1. Two things are incumbent on the *historian*; to avoid stating what is *false*, and fully and fairly to place before us the *truth*. 2. One of the *greatest* blunders an orator can commit is, to deviate into abstruse *expressions*, and out of the beaten *track*. 3. *Man*--was created for a state of *order*, and he was in *order*, till he *fell*, or became *depraved*; or, what is the same thing, *disordered*--i. e. the *reverse* of *order*. 4. *Man* is in *order*, when he acts from supreme *love* to the *Lord*, and *charity* towards his *neighbor*, in obedience to the *Divine Will*; but he is *depraved*, and *disordered*, in the degree he acts from the love of *self*, and the love of the *world*. 5. No man is *compelled* to evil; his *consent* only makes it his.

A diamond,

Tho' set in horn, is still a diamond,

And sparkles--as in purest gold.

Maxims. 1. Bad counsel confounds the *adviser*. 2. No one can do *wrong*, without suffering wrong. 3. He is *greatest*, who is most *useful*. 4. *Love*--and you shall be loved. 5. A *great* man--is willing to be *little*. 6. *Blame*--is safer than *praise*. 7. All the devils respect *virtue*. 8. A *sincere* word was never *lost*. 9. *Curses*--always recoil upon the head of him, who *imprecates* them. 10. *God*--will not make himself manifest to cowards. 11. The love of *society* is natural.

Anecdote. An old *alderman*, after having lived for fifty years on the fat of the land, and losing his *great toe* with a *mortification*, insisted, to his dying *day*, that he owed it to two *grapes*, which he ate one day, after *dinner*; he said, he felt them lie *cold* at his *stomach* the moment they were *eaten*.

Education. The time, which we usually bestow on the instruction of our *children*--in *principles*, the *reasons* of which they do not *understand*, is worse than *lost*; it is teaching them to resign their *faculties* to *authority*; it is improving their *memories*, instead of their *understandings*; it is giving them *credulity* instead of *knowledge*, and it is preparing them for any kind of slavery which can be *imposed* on them. Whereas, if we assisted them in making *experiments* on *themselves*, induced them to attend to the *consequence* of every action, to adjust their little *deviations*, and *fairly* and *freely* to exercise their *powers*, they would collect facts which *nothing* could controvert. These *facts* they would deposit in their *memories*, as secure and eternal *treasures*; they would be *materials* for *reflection*, and, in time, be formed into principles of *conduct*, which no *circumstances* or *temptations* could remove. This would be a method of forming a *man*, who would answer the *end* of his *being*, and make *himself* and *others* happy.

Varities. 1. Did not the Greek *philosophy*--corrupt the simplicity of the christian religion? 2. There are two *sorts* of popular corruption; *one*, when the *people* do not observe the *laws*; the *other*, when they are *corrupted* by the laws. 3. *Cesar*--added the punishment of *confiscation*, for this *reason*; lest the *rich*, by *preserving* their estates, should become *bolder* in the perpetration of *crime*. 4. No *localities* can bound the *dominion*, or the *superiority* of man. 5. What constitutes a *church*? Divine *godness* and *truth*, conjoined by *love*, and exemplified in the *life*. 6. Madame de Stael's idea, that *architecture*--is like frozen *music*, must have been suggested on a cold *day*. 7. We are *often* made to feel, that there is *another* youth and age, than that which is measured from the year of our *natural* birth; some thoughts always find us young, and keep us so; such a thought is the love of the *Universal* and *Eternal* Beauty.

405. STYLE—comprehends *all* the principles of elocution, and denotes the *manner* in which different kinds of composition should be read, or spoken: of course, there are as many *kinds* of style, as there are of *composition*; and unless a person has command of body and mind, he cannot harmonize his *manner* and *matter*. If in writing, *style*—means proper *words*, in proper *places*; in *speaking*, it must signify, proper *sounds* in proper places. *Ex.*

What is *it*? a *meteor*, bright and rare,
Th't comes and goes, we know not whence, or where;
A brilliant *nothing*—out of *something* wrought,
A mental *vacuum*—by condensing thought.

O the eye's eloquence,
(*Twin-born* with thought,) *outstrips* the tardy voice;
Far *swifter*—than the nimble lightning's flash,
The sluggish *thunder*-peal, that follows it.
True courage—but from *opposition* grows,
And what are *fifty*—what—a *thousand* slaves,
Matched to the *sinew*—of a single arm,
That strikes for LIBERTY?

406. What causeth the *earth* to bring forth and yield her *increase*? Is it not the *light* and *heat* of the *sun*, that unlocks her native energies and gives them their power? In an *analogous* manner should the *light* of the *thought*, and the *heat* of its accompanying *affection*, act upon the *mind*, which will communicate the influence received to the whole *body*, and the *body* to the *voice* and *actions*. This is what is meant by imbibing the author's *feelings*, and bringing before you all the *circumstances*, and plunging amid the living *scenes*, and feeling that whatever you *describe*, is actually *present*, and passing before your *mind*.

407. *Lyceums* and *Debating* societies, are admirable associations for the improvement of *mind*, and cultivation of *talent*, for *public* or *private* speaking. *Franklin* and *Roger Sherman*, (the *one* a *printer*, and the *other* a *shoe-maker*,) rose from *obscurity* to great *eminence*, and *usefulness*, by their own *efforts*: so may *we*, by using the proper *means*. It was in a *debating* society, that Lord *Brougham* first displayed his superior *talents* and unrivaled *eloquence*; and there, also, *HENRY CLAY*, the greatest *American* orator, commenced his brilliant career. A *word* to those who would be *wise* is enough.

Anecdote. An appropriate *Sign*. A man who had established a *tippling-house*, being about to erect his *sign*, requested his neighbor's *advice*—what *inscription* to put upon it. His friend replied, "I advise you to write on it—*Drunkards and Beggars made here*."

Honor's—a sacred tie, the law of *kings*,
The noble mind's—distinguishing *perfection*,
That aids and *strengthens* virtue, when it meets her,
And imitates her *actions*, where she is not:
It ought not to be *sported* with.

Proverbs. 1. A good word for a bad one—is worth *much*, and costs *little*. 2. He, who knows not when to be *silent*, knows not when to *speak*. 3. *Oppression*—causes *rebellion*. 4. Where *content* is, there is a *feast*. 5. The *drunkard* continually assaults his own *life*. 6. Show me a *liar*, and I will show you a *thief*. 7. That which *helps* one man, may *hinder* another. 8. A good *education* is the foundation of *happiness*. 9. Most *follies* owe their origin to *self-love*. 10. No *tree*—takes so deep a root as *prejudice*. 11. Inform *yourself*, and instruct *others*. 12. *Truth*—is the only bond of *friendship*.

Learning. We have been often told, that "a *little learning* is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as *well* assured, that a *little bread* is not the *safest* of all things; it would be far better to have *plenty* of *both*: but the *sophism*—of those who use this argument, is, that they represent the choice between *little* and *much*; whereas our election must be made between *little*—and *none* at *all*; if the choice is to be—between a small portion of *information*, or of *food*, and absolute *ignorance*, or *starvation*, common *sense* gives its decision in the homely proverb—"half a loaf is better than no bread."

Varieties. 1. The *best* and *surest* course is—never to have recourse to *deception*, but *prove* ourselves, in *every* circumstance of life, equally *upright* and *sincere*. 2. The most *consummate* hypocrite—cannot, at *all* times, *conceal* the workings of his mind. 3. When we employ *money*—to *good* purposes, it is a great *blessing*; but when we use it for *evil* and *wicked* ends, or become so *devoted* to it, as to endeavor to acquire it by *dishonest* means, it is a great *curse*. 4. None are so fond of *secrets*, as those who do not mean to *keep* them: *such* persons *covet* them, as *spendthrifts* do *money*, for the purpose of *circulation*. 5. *Burke*—called the French *revolutionists*, "the ablest architects of *ruin*, that the world ever saw." 6. *Trifles*—always require exuberance of *ornament*; the *building* that has no *strength*, can be *valued* only for the grace of its *decorations*. 7. We cannot part with our *heart-friends*: we cannot let our *angels* go.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But, if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
And if the muse—must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or, if no basis—bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
Unblest sh'd let me live, or die—unknown:
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

'Tis sweet—to hear
The song and oar—of *Adria's* gondolier,
(By distance mellowed,) o'er the waters sweep,

408. Public speakers ought to live longer, and enjoy better health, than other persons; and if they conform to the principles here taught, and the laws of life and health generally, this will be the result. Pulmonary diseases may be thrown off by these exercises; the author being a living witness, having been given over at three different times with consumption. The celebrated Cuvier and Dr. Brown, the metaphysician, and many others that might be mentioned, are also witnesses of this truth. One reason is, that natural speaking induces one to use a very large quantity of air, whereby the capacity of the lungs is much enlarged, the quantity of air increased, and the blood more perfectly purified; the use of the whole body insures a free circulation, and, of course, contributes to universal health.

Think'st thou—there are no serpents in the world,
But those, which slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot, that presses them?
There are, who, in the path of social life,
Do bask their spotted skins, in fortune's sun,
And sting the soul, aye, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease;
So deadly—is its wound.

The brave, 'tis sure, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Still are they found—in the fair face of day,
And heaven, and men—are judges of their actions.

409. DISEASES OF THE THROAT—are connected, particularly, with those parts of the body, which are involved in breathing, and relate to the understanding, or reasoning faculties of the mind: thus, thinking and breathing are inseparably connected together; as are feeling and acting; hence, the predominance of thought, in the exercise of the voice, or in any kind of action, and zeal without knowledge, tend directly to such perversions of mind and body, as induce, not only diseases of the throat, but even pulmonary diseases: if, then, we will to be free, in any respect, we must return to truth and nature; for they will guide the obedient in the right way.

Miscellaneous. 1. Whatever one possesses, becomes doubly valuable, by having the happiness of dividing it with a friend. 2. He who loves riches more than his friend, does not deserve to be loved. 3. He who would pass the latter part of his life with honor, and usefulness, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and when he is old, remember that he has once been young. 4. The rolling planets, and the glorious sun, Still keep that order, which they first begun; But wretched man, alone, has gone astray, Swerved from his God, and walks another way. 5. The old—live in the past, as the young do—in the future. 6. Fix upon a high standard of character: to be thought well of—is not sufficient.

the point you are to aim at, is, the greatest possible degree of usefulness. 7. He who only aims at little, will accomplish but little.

Anecdote. A silly, but very pretty woman, complained to the celebrated and beautiful Sophia Arnold, of the number of her admirers, and wished to know how she should get rid of them. "Oh, my dear," (was the satiric reply,) "it is very easy for you to do it: you have only to speak."

Proverbs. 1. Those, who possess any real excellence, think and say, the least about it. 2. The active only, have the true relish of life. 3. Many there are, who are everything by turns, and nothing—long. 4. To treat trifles—as matters of importance, is to show our own unimportance. 5. Grief, cherished unseen, is genuine; while that, which has witnesses, may be affected. 6. Error—does not so often arise from our ignorance of the truth, as an unwillingness to receive it. 7. Some—mistake the love—for the practice of virtue, and are not so much good themselves, as they are the friends of goodness. 8. To love any one, and not do him good, when there is ability and opportunity, is a contradiction. 9. Pity—will always be his portion in adversity, who acted with kindness in prosperity. 10. The best mode of proving any science, is by exhibiting it.

A Good Example. Mr. Clay, in a debate upon the Loan Bill, remarked, that, for twenty or thirty years, neither he nor his wife, had owed any man a dollar. Both of them, many years gone by, had come to the conclusion, that the best principle of economy was this,—“never to go in debt. To indulge your wants when you were able to do so, and to repress them when you are not able to indulge them.” The example is not only an excellent one for itself, but comes from a high source. To repress a want—is one of the wisest, safest, and most necessary principles of political economy. It prevents, not only the dangerous practice of living beyond our means, but encourages the safe precedent of living within them. If all who could, would live within their means, the world would be much happier and much better than it is. Henry Clay and his noble housewife—give us an example worthy of all imitation.

Varieties. 1. Is pride—a mark of talent? 2. Byron says, of Jack Bunting, “He knew not what to do, and so he swore:” so we may say of many a one's preposterous use of books,—He knew not what to do, and so he read.

Wit's—a feather—Pope has said,

And ladies—do not doubt it:

For those, who've least—within the head,

Display the most—about it.

They sin, who tell us love can die;

Its holy flame forever burneth;

From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Forgiveness—to the injured does belong;

But they ne'er pardon, who have done the wrong.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,

Thou shalt not escape calumny.

410. DELIVERY—addresses itself to the mind through two *mediums*, the *eye* and the *ear*: hence, it naturally divides itself into two parts, *voice* and *gesture*; both of which must be sedulously cultivated, under the guidance of proper *feeling*, and correct *thought*. That style is the *best*, which is the most *transparent*; hence the grand aim of the elocutionist should be—perfect *transparency*; and when this part is *attained*, he will be listened to with *pleasure*, be perfectly *understood*, and do justice to his *subject*, his *powers*, and his *audience*.

411. YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—(said William Wirt,) you do not, I hope, *expect* from me, an oration for *display*. At my time of life, and worn down, as I am, by the toils of a laborious *profession*, you can no longer look for the spirit and buoyancy of *youth*. *Spring*—is the season for *flowers*; but I—am in the *autumn* of life, and you will, I hope, *accept* from me, the fruits of my *experience*, in lieu of the more *showy*, but less *substantial blossoms* of *spring*. I could not have been *tempted* hitherto, for the *puerile* purpose of *display*. My visit has a much *graver* motive and *object*. It is the hope of making some *suggestions*, that may be *serviceable* in the journey of *life*, that is *before* you; of calling into action some dormant *energy*; of pointing your exertions to some attainable *end* of practical *utility*; in *short*, the hope of *contributing*, in some small degree, towards making you *happier* in *yourselves*, and more *useful* to your country.

412. The *conversational*—must be delivered in the most *natural*, *easy*, *familiar*, *distinct*, and agreeable *manner*; the *narrative* and *didactic*, with a clear and distinct *articulation*, correct *emphasis*, proper *inflections*, and appropriate *modulations*; because, it is not so much your object to excite the *affections*, as to inform the *understanding*: the *argumentative*, and *reasoning*, demand great *deliberation*, *slowness*, *distinctness*, frequent *pauses*, *candor*, strong *emphasis* and occasional *vehemence*. No one can become a good reader and speaker, without much *practice* and many *failures*.

Pioneers. The "*eccentric*" man—is generally the *pioneer* of mankind, cutting his way the *first*—into the gloomy depths of unexplored *science*, overcoming *difficulties*, that would check *meaner* spirits, and *then*—holding up the light of his *knowledge*—to guide *thousands*, who, but for *him*, would be wandering about in all the uncertainty of *ignorance*, or be held in the fetters of some selfish *policy*, which they had not, of *themselves*—the energy to throw off.

'Tis not in *folly*—not to scorn a *fool*,
And scarce in human *wisdom*—to do *more*.

Proverbs. 1. Constant *occupation*—shuts out *temptation*. 2. A *flatterer*—is a most dangerous *enemy*. 3. Unless we *aim* at perfection, we shall never *attain* it. 4. They who love the *longest*, love the *best*. 5. *Pleasure*—is not the rule for *rest*, but for *health*. 6. The *President* is but the *head-servant* of the *people*. 7. *Knowledge*—is not *truly* ours, till we have given it *away*. 8. Our *debts*, and our *sins*, are generally *greater* than we *suppose*. 9. Some folks—are like *snakes* in the *grass*. 10. *He*—injuries the *good*, who spares the *bad*. 11. Beauty will neither feed or clothe us. 12. *Woman's* work is never *done*.

Anecdote. *What for?* After the close of the Revolutionary war, the king of Great Britain—ordered a *thanksgiving* to be kept throughout the kingdom. A minister of the gospel *inquired* of him, "For *what* are we to give *thanks*? that your majesty has lost *thirteen* of your best *provinces*?" The king answered, "*No*." "Is it then, that your majesty has lost one hundred thousand *lives* of your best *subjects*?" "*No, no!*" said the king. "Is it then, that we have *expended*, and *lost*, a hundred millions of *money*, and for the defeat and *tarnishing* of your majesty's *arms*?" "No such thing,"—said the king pleasantly. "What then, is the *object* of the *thanksgiving*?" "*Oh, give thanks that it is no worse*."

Varieties. 1. *Who* does not see, in Cesar's *Commentaries*, the radical elements of the present *French* character? 2. "A man," says Oliver Cromwell, "never rises so *high*, as when he knows not whither he is going." 3. The *virtue*, that *vain* persons affect to *despise*, might have *saved* them; while the *beauty*, they so highly *prized*, is the cause of their *ruin*. 4. He, who *flatters*, without designing to *benefit* by it, is a *fool*; and whoever *encourages* that flattery, that has *sense* enough to *see* through, is a *vain coxcomb*. 5. The business of the teacher—is not so much to communicate *knowledge* to the pupil, as to set him to *thinking*, and show him how to educate *himself*; that is, he must rather teach him the *way* to the fountain, than *carry* him to the water. 6. Many buy *cheap*, and sell *dear*; i. e. make as good bargains as they can; which is a trial of *skill*, between two *knaves*, to see *which* shall overreach the *other*; but *honest* men set their *price* and *adhere* to it. 7. If you put a *chain* round the neck of a *slave*, the *other* end fastens itself around your *own*.

Would you then learn to *dissipate* the band

Of these huge threatening *difficulties* dire,
That, in the *weak* man's way—like *lions* stand,
His *soul* appal, and damp his rising *fire*?

Resolve, resolve, and to be *men* aspire.

Exert that *noblest* privilege, alone.

Here to mankind indulged: control *desire*;
Let godlike *reason*, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word—I *will*, and it is *done*!

413. EARNESTNESS OF MANNER—is of vital importance in sustaining a transparent style; and this must be imbibed internally, and felt with all the truth and certainty of nature. By proper exercises on these principles, a person may acquire the power of passing, at will, from *grave to gay*, and from *tively to severe*, without confounding one with the other: there are times, however, when they may be united; as in the *humorous and pathetic*, together.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never, to himself hath said,
"This—is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart—hath ne'er within him burned,
As home—his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him, no minstrel raptures swell;
High tho' his titles, powers, or pelf,
The wretch—concentrated all in self,
Living—shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept'd, unhonored, and unsung.

414. The following are the terms usually applied to style, in *writing*, and also in *speaking*; each of which has its distinctive characteristics; though all of them have something in common. *Bombastic, dry, elegant, epistolary, flowing, harsh, laconic, lofty, loose, terse, tumid, verbose.* There are also styles of *occasion, time, place, &c.*: such as the style of the bar, of the legislature, and of the pulpit; also the *dramatic style, comedy, (high and low,) farce and tragedy.*

Illiterate and selfish people, are often opposed to persons traveling through the country, to lecture on *any subject whatever*; and especially, on such as the *grumblers* are ignorant of. But are not *books and newspapers, itinerants* too? In olden time, the worshippers of the goddess *Diana*, were violently opposed to the *Apostles*; because, thro' their preaching of the *cross*, their *craft* was in danger. The *liberally educated*, and those who are in favor of a *universal spread of knowledge*, are ready to bid them "God speed," if *they* and their subject are *praiseworthy*.

Anecdote. *A Kingly Dinner in Nature's Palace.* Cyrus, king of *Persia*, was to dine with one of his *friends*; and, on being asked to name the *place*, and the *vintands* with which he would have his table spread, he replied, "Prepare the banquet at the side of the river, and let one loaf of bread be the only dish."

Bright, as the pillar, rose at Heaven's command:
When *Israel*—marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night—on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star;
So, heavenly *Genius*, in thy course divine,
Hope—is thy star, her light—is ever thine.

Proverbs. 1. People generally love *truth* more than *goodness*; *knowledge* more than *holiness*. 2. Never *magnanimity*—fell to the ground. 3. He, who would gather *immortal palms*, must not be hindered by the *name* of goodness, but must *explore*—if it be goodness. 4. No author was ever *written down*, by any but himself. 5. Better be a *nettle* in the side of your friend, than his *echo*. 6. *Surmise* is the *gossamer*, that malice blows on fair *reputation*; the *corroding dew*, that destroys the choicest blossoms. 7. A general prostration of *morals*—must be the inevitable result of the diffusion of *bad principles*. 8. To *know*—is one thing; and to *do*—is another. 9. *Candor*—lends an open ear to all men. 10. *Art*—is never so *beautiful*, as when it reflects the philosophy of religion and of man.

We cannot honor our *country*—with too deep a *reverence*; we cannot love her—with an affection too *pure and fervent*; we cannot serve her—with an energy of *purpose*, or a faithfulness of *zeal*—too *steadfast and ardent*. And what is our country? It is not the *East*, with her *hills* and her *valleys*, with her countless *sails*, and the rocky *ramparts* of her *shores*. It is not the *North*, with her thousand *villages*, and her *harvest-home*, with her frontiers of the *lake*, and the *ocean*. It is not the *West*, with her *forest-sea*, and her inland *isles*, with her *luxuriant expanses*, clothed in the verdant *corn*; with her beautiful *Ohio*, and her majestic *Missouri*. Nor is it yet the *South*, opulent in the mimic snow of the *cotton*, in the rich plantations of the rustling *cane*, and in the golden robes of the *rice-field*. What are *these*, but the *sister families* of one *greater, better, holier family, our country*!

VARIETIES.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought thy act.
Be thou *familiar*; but by no means *vulgar*.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul, with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm—with entertainment
Of ev'ry new hatch'd, *unfledg'd* comrade. Beware
Of entrance into quarrel! but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer—may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice, [ment.
Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judg-
Costly thy habit—as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy.
For the apparel—oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan—oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing—dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day.
Thou canst not, then—be false to any man.

Dare to be true—nothing—can need a lie;
The fault that needs it—grows two—thereby.

What do you think of marriage?
I take it, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There is no third place in it.

415. Beware of a slavish attention to *rules*; for nothing should supercede *Nature*, who knows more than *Art*; therefore, let her stand in the *foreground*, with *art* for her *servant*. *Emotion*—is the *soul* of oratory: one flash of *passion* on the *cheek*, one beam of *feeling* from the *eye*, one thrilling note of *sensibility* from the *tongue*, one stroke of hearty *emphasis* from the *arm*, have *infinitely* more value, than all the rhetorical *rules* and *flourishes* of *ancient* or *modern* times. The great rule is—**BE IN EARNEST.** This is what *Demosthenes* more than intimated, in *his* declaring, that the *most* important *thing* in eloquence, was *action*. There will be no *execution* without *fire*.

Whoever *thinks*, must see, that *man*—was made To face the *storm*, not languish in the *shade*; To action—his sphere, and, for that sphere *designed*, Eternal *pleasures*—open on his mind. For this—fair *hope*—leads on th' *impassioned soul*, Through *life's* wild labyrinth—to her distant *goal*: Paints, in each dream, to *fan* the genial flame, The pomp of *riches*, and the pride of *fame*; Or, fondly gives *reflection's* cooler eye, ▲ *glance*, an *image*, of a future *sky*.

Notes. The standard for propriety, and force, in public speaking is—to speak just as one would naturally express himself in earnest conversation in private company. Such should we all do, if left to ourselves, and early pains were not taken to substitute an *artificial* method, for that which is *natural*. Beware of imagining that you must read in a different way, with different *tones* and *cadences*, from that of common speaking.

Anecdote. The severity of the laws of *Draco*, is *proverbial*; he punished *all sorts* of crime, and even *idleness*, with *death*; hence, *De-ma-des* said—“He writes his *laws*, not with *ink*—but with *blood*.” On being asked *why* he did so, he replied,—that the *smallest* crime deserved *death*, and that there was not a *greater punishment* he could find out, for *greater crimes*.

Miscellaneous. 1. *Envy*—is the daughter of *pride*, the author of *revenge* and *murder*, the beginning of secret *sedition* and the perpetual tormentor of *virtue*; it is the filthy slime of the *soul*, a *venom*, a *poison*, that consumeth the *flesh*, and drieth up the marrow of the *bones*. 2. What a *pity* it is, that there are so many *quarter* and *half* men and women, who can take delight in *gossip*, because they are not *great* enough for any thing *else*.

Were I so *tall*—as to reach the *pole*,
And grasp the *ocean*—with a *span*,
I would be measured—by my *soul*,
The *mind's*—the standard of the *man*.

4. What is the difference between loving the *minds*, and the *persons* of our friends?
5. How different is the *affection*, the *thought*, *action*, *form* and *manners* of the *male*, from the *affection*, *thought*, *action*, *form* and *manners* of the *female*.

Then *farewell*,—I'd rather make
My bed—upon some icy *lake*,
When thawing *suns*—begin to shine,
Than trust a *love*—as *false* as *thine*.

The *stomach*—hath no *ears*.

Laconics. 1. God has given us vocal *organs*, and *reason* to use them. 2. *True* gesture—is the language of *nature*, and makes its way to the *heart*, without the utterance of a single word. 3. *Coarseness* and *vulgarity*—are the effects of a bad education; they cannot be chargeable to *nature*. 4. Close observation, and an extensive knowledge of human *nature* alone, will enable one to adapt himself to all sorts of character. 5. *Painting*—describes what the object is in *itself*: *poetry*—what it *inspires* or *suggests*: *one*—represents the *visible*, the *other*—both the *visible* and the *invisible*. 6. It is uncanonid *self-will*, that condemns without a *hearing*. 7. The *mind*—wills to be *free*; and the signs of the times—proclaim the approach of its restoration.

Woman. The *right* education of this sex is of the *utmost* importance to human life. There is *nothing*, that is *more* desirable for the common good of all the *world*; since, as they are *mothers* and *mistresses of families*, they have for some time the care of the education of their children of *both* sorts; they are intrusted with that, which is of the *greatest* consequence to human life. As the *health* and *strength*, or *weakness* of our *bodies*, is very much owing to their methods of *treating* us when we were *young*; so—the *soundness* or *folly* of our *minds* is not less owing to their first *temper*s and ways of *thinking*, which we eagerly received from the *love*, *tenderness*, *authority*, and constant conversation of our *mothers*. As we call our *first language* our *mother-tongue*, so—we may as justly call our *first temper*s our *mother-temper*s; and perhaps it may be found more easy to forget the *language*, than to part entirely with those *temper*s we learned in the *nursery*. It is, therefore, to be lamented, that the *sex*, on whom so much depends, who have the *first* forming both of our *bodies* and our *minds*, are not only educated in *pride*, but in the *silliest* and most contemptible *part* of it. *Girls* are indulged in great *vanity*; and mankind seem to consider them in no other view than as so many painted *idols*, who are to *allure* and *gratify* their *passions*.

Varieties. 1. Was England—justified in her late warlike proceeding against *China*? 2. *Fit* language there is none, for the heart's *deepest* things. 3. The honor of a *maid*—is her *name*; and no legacy is so rich as *honesty*. 4. O, how bitter a thing it is—to look into *happiness*—thro' another's eyes.

Ungrateful *man*, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it—all consideration slips.

To persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

He cannot be a *perfect* man,
Not being *tried* or *tutored* in the world:
Experience is by *industry* achieved,
And *perfected*—by the swift course of *time*

A confused *report*—passed thro' my *ears*;
But, full of *hurry*, like a morning *dream*,
It vanished—in the *business* of the *day*.

416. THE DECLAMATORY AND HORTATORY—indicate a deep *interest* for the persons addressed, a *horror* of the evil they are entreated to *avoid*, and an exalted *estimate* of the *good*, they are exhorted to pursue. The exhibition of the strongest feeling, requires such a degree of self-control, as, in the very *torrent, tempest and whirlwind* of passion, possesses a temperance to give it smoothness. The **DRAMATIC**—sometimes calls for the exercise of all the vocal and mental powers: hence, one must consider the character *represented*, the circumstances under which he *acted*, the state of *feeling* he possessed, and every thing pertaining to the scene with which he was connected.

417. ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS. My *brave associates*—*partners*—of my *toil*, my *feelings*, and my *fime*! Can Rolla's *words*—add vigor—to the virtuous *energies*, which inspire your *hearts*? *Nö*; you have judged as I have, the *foulness* of the crafty *plea*, by which these bold *invaders* would *delude* you. Your generous spirit has compared, as *mine* has, the *motives*, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and *ours*. They, by a strange *frenzy* driven, fight for *power*, for *plunder*, and extended *rule*; *we*, for our *country*, our *altars*, and our *homes*. They—follow an *adventurer*, whom they *fear*, and obey a *power*, which they *hate*; *we*—serve a *monarch* whom we *love*,—a *God*, whom we *adore*. Whene'er they move in *anger*, *desolation*—tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in *amity*, *affliction*—mourns their *friendship*. They boast, they come but to improve our *state*, enlarge our *thoughts*, and free us from the yoke of *error*! *Yes*—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are *themselves* the *slaves* of *passion*, *avarice*, and *pride*. They offer us their *protection*. *Yes*, such protection—as *vultures*—give to *lambs*—*covering*, and *devouring* them. They call on us to barter all of *good*, we have *inherited* and *proved*, for the desperate chance of something *better*, which they promise. Be our plain answer *this*: The throne—*we honor*—is the *people's choice*; the *laws* we *revere*—are our *brave fathers'* legacy; the *faith* we follow—teaches us to live in bonds of *charity* with *all mankind*, and *die*—with hope of *bliss*—beyond the *grave*. Tell your *invaders* this, and tell them *too*, we *seek* no change; and, least of *all*, *such* change as they would bring us.

GAMBLING.

Oh! *vice accursed*, that lurst thy victim on
With *specious smiles*, and *false deluding hopes*—
Smiles—that *destroy*, and *hopes*—that bring *despair*,
Infatuation—*dangerous* and *destructive*,
Pleasure most *visionary*, if *delight*, how *transient*!
Prelude of *horror*, *anguish*, and *dismay*!

Proverbs. 1. The *more*—women look into their *glasses*, the *less*—they attend to their *houses*. 2. *Works*, and not *words*, are the proof of *love*. 3. There is no *better* looking-glass, than a *true friend*. 4. When we obey our *superiors*, we instruct our *inferiors*. 5. There is more trouble in having *nothing* to do, than in having *much* to do. 6. The *best* throw of the *dice*—is to throw them *away*. 7. *Virtue*, that *parleys*, is near the *surrender*. 8. The spirit of *truth*—dwelleth in *meekness*. 9. *Resist* a temptation, till you *conquer* it. 10. *Plain dealing* is a *jewel*.

Anecdote. *Faithful unto Death.* When the venerable *Polycarp*—was tempted by *Herod*, the proconsul, to *deny*, and *blaspheme* the *LORD JESUS CHRIST*, he answered,—“*Eighty and six years*—have I served my *LORD* and *SAVIOR*,—and in *all* that time—he never did me any *injury*, but always *good*; and therefore, I *cannot*, in *conscience*, reproach my *KING* and my *REDEEMER*.”

A Wife; not an Artist. When a man of *sense* comes to marry, it is a *companion* he wants, and not an *artist*. It is not merely a creature who can *paint*, and *play*, and *sing*, and *dance*. It is a being who can *comfort* and *counsel* him; one who can *reason* and *reflect*, and *feel* and *judge*, and *discourse* and *discriminate*; one who can *assist* him in his affairs, lighten his *sorrows*, purify his *joys*, strengthen his *principles* and educate his *children*. Such is the woman who is fit for a *mother*, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the *former* description may occasionally figure in a *drawing-room*, and excite the *admiration* of the company; but is entirely unfit for a *helpmate* to man, and to train up a *child* in the *way* he should go.

Varieties. 1. He, who is *cautious* and *prudent*, is generally *secure* from many dangers, to which many *others* are *exposed*. 2. A *fool* may ask more questions in an *hour*, than a *wise* man may answer in *seven years*. 3. The *manner* in which words are delivered, contribute mainly to the *effects* they are to produce, and the *importance* which is *attached* to them. 4. Shall this *greatest* of free nations be the *best*? 5. One of the *greatest* obstacles to knowledge and excellence, is *indolence*. 6. One hour's sleep before midnight, is worth *two* afterward. 7. *Science*, or *learning*, is of *little* use, unless guided by good *sense*.

Men—use a different *speech*—in different *climes*,
But *Nature* hath one voice, and only one.
Her wandering *moon*, her *stars*, her golden *sun*,
Her *woods* and *waters*, in all *lands* and *times*,
In one deep *song* proclaim the wondrous *story*.
They tell it to each other—in the *sky*,
Upon the *winds* they send it—sounding high,
Jehovah's wisdom, goodness, power, and glory.
I hear it come from *mountain*, *cliff*, and *tree*,
Ten thousand voices—in one voice united;
On every *side*—the song *envelops* me,
The whole round *world* reveres—and is delighted.
Ah! why, when *heaven*—and *earth*—lift up their *voices*,
Ah! why should man alone, nor *worship*, nor *rejoice*?

418. The merging of the *Diatonic Scale* in the *Musical Staff*, as some have done in elocution, is evidently incorrect; for then, the exact pitch of voice is *fixed*, and all must *take* that pitch, whether it be in *accordance* with the voice, or not. But in the simple diatonic scale, as here presented, each one takes his lowest natural note for his *tonic*, or *key-note*, and then, passes to the *medium* range of pitches. Different *voices* are often keyed on different *pitch*es; and to bring them *all* to the *same* pitch, is as arbitrary as *Procrustes's bedstead*, according to Hudibras:

"This iron *bedstead*, they do fetch,

To try our *hopes* upon;

If we're too *short*, we must be *stretch'd*,

Cut *off*—if we're too *long*."

Beware of all *racks*; be *natural*, or *nothing*.

What the weak *head*—with *strongest* bias rules,
Is (6) *PRIDE*; the *never-failing* vice of *fools*.

A soul, without *reflection*, like a *pile*,
Without *inhabitant*—to *ruin* runs.

Wit—is fine language—to *advantage* dressed;
Better often *thought*, but ne'er so well *expressed*.

Our needful *knowledge*, like our needful *food*,
Unhedged, lies open—in life's common *field*,
And bids *ALL*—*welcome*—to the vital *feast*.

Let *sense*—be ever in your *view*;
Nothing is *lovely*, that is not *true*.

419. SUGGESTIONS. Let the pupils memorize any of the *proverbs*, *laconics*, *maxims*, or *questions*, and *recite* them on occasions like the following: when they first assemble in the *school-room*; or, meet together in a *social circle*: let them also carry on a kind of *conversation*, or *dialogue* with them, and each strive to get one appropriate to the supposed *state*, *character*, &c. of another: or use them in a *variety* of ways, that their ingenuity may suggest.

Pride. There is no passion so *universal*, or that steals into the heart more *imperceptibly*, and covers itself under more *disguises*, than *pride*; and yet, there is not a single *view* of human nature, which is not sufficient to *extinguish* in us all the secret *seeds* of pride, and sink the conscious soul—to the lowest depths of *humility*.

Anecdote. *Sterling Integrity.* In 1778, while congress was sitting in Philadelphia, frequent *attempts* were made, by the British *officers*, and *agents*, to bribe several of the *members*. Governor *Johnstone*—authorized the following *proposal*, to be made to Col. *Joseph Reed*: "That if he would engage his *interest* to promote the objects of the *British*, he should receive *THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS*, and any office in the colonies, in his majesty's *gift*. Col. Reed—*indignantly* replied,—"I am not *worth* purchasing; but such as I *am*, the king of Great Britain is not *rich* enough to *buy* me."

Laconics. 1. Any violation of *law*—is a breach of *morality*. 2. *Music*, in all its variety, is essentially *one*: and so is *speech*, tho' infinitely *diversified*. 3. *Literary* people—are often unpleasant *companions* in mixed society; because they have not always the power of adapting themselves to *others*. 4. It is *pedantry*—to introduce *foreign* words into our language, when we have pure *English* words to express all that the *exotics* contain; with the advantage of being intelligible to *every* one. 5. Whatever is merely *artificial*, is *unnatural*; which is opposed to general *eloquence*. 6. There can be no great *advances* made, in genuine scientific *truth*, without well regulated *affections*. 7. We can be almost *anything* we choose; if we *will* a thing to be done, no matter how *high* the aim, *success* is nearly *certain*.

Anger. Of all passions—there is not one so *extravagant* and *outrageous* as this; *other* passions *solicit* and *mislead* us: but this—runs away with us by *force*, *hurries* us as well to our *own*, as to *another's* ruin: it often falls upon the wrong *person*, and discharges its wrath on the *innocent* instead of the *guilty*. It spares neither *friend* nor *foe*; but tears *all* to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual *warfare*.

VARIETIES.

All the *world's*—a *stage*,
And all the *men* and *women*—merely *players*:
They have their *exits*, and their *entrances*;
And one man, in his *time*, plays many *parts*,
His *acts*—being *seven* ages. At first, the *infant*,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining *school-boy*, with his *satchel*,
And shining morning *face*, creeping like *snail*,
Unwillingly, to *school*. And then, the *lover*;
Sighing like a *furnace*, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' *eyebrow*: Then, a *soldier*,
Full of strange *oaths*, and bearded like the *pard*,
Jealous in *honor*, sudden and quick in *quarrel*,
Seeking the bubble *reputation*
Even in the *cannon's* mouth: And then the *justice*;
In fair round *belly*, with good *capon* lined,
With eyes *severe*, and beard of formal *cut*,
Full of wise *sauc*s and modern *instances*,
And so he plays his part: The *sixth* age—shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd *pantaloons*;
With *spectacles* on *nose*, and *pouch* on *side*;
His youthful *hose*, well saved, a world too *wide*
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly *voice*,
Turning again toward childish *treble*—*pipes*,
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of *all*,
That ends this *strange* eventful history,
Is *second* childishness, and mere *oblivion*;
Sans *teeth*, sans *eyes*, sans *taste*, sans *everything*.
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the *high*, and rears the *abject* mind;
Knows, with just *reins*, and gentle *hand*, to guide
Betwixt vile *shame*—and arbitrary *pride*.
Not soon *provoked*, she *easily* forgives;
And *much*—she *suffers*, as she *much*—*believes*.
Soft *peace* she brings, wherever she *arrives*;
She builds our *quiet*, as she forms our *lives*;
Lays the rough paths—of peevish *nature* even;
And opens, in *each* heart, a little *heaven*.

420. THE SLENDER CHARACTERISTIC OF VOICE. In all cases, endeavor to express by the *voice and gesture*, the *sense and feeling*, that are designed to be conveyed by the *words*; i. e. tell the *whole truth*. Most of the following words, that Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Hotspur, descriptive of a *dandy*, requires the use of this peculiarity of voice, in order to exhibit their full meaning. Conceive how a blunt, straight-forward, honest soldier would make his defence, when unjustly accused by his finical superior, of unsoldier-like conduct; and then recite the following.

My liege—I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the *fight* was done,
When I was dry with *rage*, and extreme *toil*,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain *lord*; neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a *bridegroom*; and his chin, new reap'd,
Showed like *stubble-land*—at *harvest* home.
He was perfumed like a *milliner*;
And, 'twixt his *finger* and his *thumb*, he held
A *pouncet-box*, which, ever and anon,
He gave his *nose*. And still he *smild*, and *talk'd*,
And as the soldiers—bore dead bodies by,
He called them untought *knaves*, unmannerly,
To bring a *slovenly*, unhandsome *corse*
Betwixt the *wind*—and his *nobility*.
With many *holiday*, and *lady* terms,
He *question'd* me; amongst the rest, demanded
My *prisoners*, in her majesty's behalf;
I then, all *smarting* with my *wounds*, being gall'd
To be so pestered with a *popinjay*,
Out of my *grief*—and my *impatience*,
Answered *negligently*,—I know not what—
He *should*, or *should not*; for he made me *mad*,
To see him *shine* so *brisk*, and *smell* so *sweet*,
And *talk* so like a waiting *gentlewoman*, [mark.]
Of *guns*, and *drums*, and *wounds*, (heaven save the
And telling me the *sovereign'st* thing on earth,
Was *spermaceti*—for an *invard* *bruise*:
And that it was great *pity*, (so it was,)
That villainous *saltpetre*—should be digg'd,
Out of the bowels of the harmless *earth*,
Which many a *good, tall* fellow had destroyed
So *cowardly*; and, but for these vile *guns*,
He would *himself* have been a *soldier*:
This *bald*, unjointed *chat* of his, my lord,
I answered *indirectly*, as I said;
And I *beseech* you, let not his report
Come current, for an *accusation*,
Betwixt my *love*, and your high *majesty*.

Number. *Unity*—is an *abstract* conception, resembling *primary*, or incorporeal *matter*, in its general aggregate; *one*—appertains to things, capable of being *numbered*, and may be compared to *matter*, rendered *visible* under a particular *form*. *Number* is not *infinite*, any more than *matter* is; but it is the *source* of that indefinite *divisibility*, into equal *parts*, which is the property of *all* bodies. Thus, *unity* and *one* are to be distinguished from each *other*.

Plenty—makes *dainty*.

Maxims. 1. Some are *alert* in the *beginning*, but *negligent* in the *end*. 2. *Fear*—is often concealed under a show of *daring*. 3. The *remedy* is often worse than the *disease*. 4. A faint heart never won a *fair lady*. 5. No man is *free*, who does not govern *himself*. 6. An *angry* man opens his *mouth*, and shuts his *eyes*. 7. Such as give *ear* to slanderers, are as bad as slanderers *themselves*. 8. A cheerful *manner* denotes a gentle *nature*. 9. Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words—*win* them. 10. *Brevity* is the *soul* of eloquence.

Anecdote. *Self-interest.* When Dr. *Franklin* applied to the king of *Prussia* to lend his assistance to *America*,—"Pray Doctor," says he, "what is the *object* you mean to attain?" "*Liberty, Sire*," replied the philosopher; "*Liberty!* that *freedom*, which is the *birthright* of *all men*." The king, after a short pause, made this memorable answer: "I was *born* a *prince*, and am become a *king*; and I will not use the powers I possess, to the ruin of my *own trade*."

Of Lying. *Lying*—supplies those who are *addicted* to it—with a plausible *apology* for every *crime*, and with a supposed *shelter* from every *punishment*. It tempts them to rush into *danger*—from the mere expectation of *impunity*; and, when practiced with frequent *success*, it teaches them to *confound* the gradations of guilt; from the *effects* of which there is, in their *imagination*s, at least *one* sure and common *protection*. It corrupts the early simplicity of *youth*; it blasts the fairest blossoms of *genius*; and will most *assuredly* counteract *every* effort, by which we may hope to improve the *talents*, and mature the *virtues* of those whom it *infects*.

Varieties. 1. A very *moderate* power, exercised by *perseverance*, will effect—what *direct force* could never accomplish. 2. We must not deduce an argument against the *use* of a thing, from an occasional *abuse* of it. 3. Should we let a painful and cold attention to *manner* and *voice*, chill the warmth of our hearts, in our fervency and zeal in a good cause? 4. *Youth*—often rush on, impetuously, in the pursuit of *every* gratification, heedless of *consequences*. 5. The *adherence* to truth—produces much *good*; and its *appearances*—much *nischief*. 6. *Every* one, who does not grow *better*, as he grows *older*, is a spendthrift of that *time*, which is more precious than *gold*. 7. *Obedience* to the truths of the *Word*, is the life of *all*; for *truths* are the laws of the *heavens*, and of the *church*; *obedience*—implies the *reception* of them; so far as we *receive*, so far we are *alive*, by the coming of the kingdom *within* us.

Whoe'er, amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own making.

421. TREMOR OF VOICE—resembles the *trill* in singing, and may be indicated in this manner, ~~~~~; the voice ranging from a *quarter* of a tone, to *several* tones. It is made deep in the throat, with a dropping of the jaw; and when *properly* used, it is very effective and heart-stirring: especially, in the *higher* kinds of oratory. It heightens *joy, mirth, rapture, and exultation*; adds pungency to *scorn, contempt, and sarcasm*: deepens the notes of *sorrow*, and enhances those of *distress*: often witnessed in children, when manifesting their delights. There are several degrees, from the *gross* to the most *refined*.

422. 1. Said *Falstaff*, of his ragged regiment, "I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's *flat*; *no eye hath seen such scarecrows*." Almost every word requires a kind of chuckle, especially the italic ones; and by making a motion with the chin, up and down, the shake of the voice will correspond to the sign, ~~~~~ . 2. In this example we have an instance of a *refined* tremor of voice; but the right feeling is necessary to produce it naturally. Queen *Catharine* said, in commending her daughter to *Henry*, "And a little to love her, for her mother's sake: who loved him—heaven knows how *dearly*." The coloring matter of the voice is *feeling*—*passion*, which gives rise to the *qualities* of voice; thus, we employ *harsh* tones in speaking of what we *disapprove*, and *euphonest* ones in describing the objects of *love, complacency, admiration, &c.*

423. In *extemporaneous* speaking, or speaking from *manuscript*, (i. e. making it *talk*.) when the speaker is under the influence of strong passion, the voice is apt to be carried to the *higher* pitches: how shall he regain his *medium* pitch? by changing the *passion* to one requiring *low* notes; thus, the *surface* of his flow of voice, will present the appearance of a country with *mountains, hills, and dales*. *Elocution*—relates more to the words and thoughts of *others*; *oratory* to our own. To become a good reader and speaker, one must be perfect in *elocution*, which relates to *words*: in *logic*, which relates to *thoughts*; and in *rhetoric*, which appertains to the *affections*: thus involving *ends, causes, and effects*.

Anecdote. Aged Gallantry. A gallant old gentleman, by the name of *Page*, who was something of a *rhymester*, finding a lady's *glove* at a watering-place, presented it to her, with the following lines:

"If from your *glove*—you take the letter *g*,
Your *glove*—is *love*—which I devote to—thee."

To which the *lady* returned the following answer:

"If from your *Page*, you take the letter *p*,
Your *page*—is *age*,—and that won't do for me."

Proverbs. 1. *Proud* persons have few *real* friends. 2. *Mildness*—governs better than *anger*. 3. No *hope* should influence us to do *evil*. 4. Few things are impossible to *skill* and *industry*. 5. *Diligence*—is the mistress of *success*. 6. *Conscience* is never dilatory in her warnings. 7. A *rain* hope flattereth the heart of a *fool*. 8. *Moderate* speed is a sure help to all proceedings. 9. *Liberal*ity of *knowledge* makes no one the *poorer*. 10. If you endeavor to be *honest*, you struggle with yourself.

Names. A man, that should call *every* thing by its right *name*, would hardly pass through the *streets*, without being *knocked down* as a common *enemy*.

Varieties. 1. In 1840, there were in the United States, five hundred and eighty-four thousand whites, who could not *read* or *write*; five thousand, seven hundred and seventy-three *deaf* and *dumb*; five thousand and twenty-four *blind*; fourteen thousand and five hundred and eight *insane*, or *idiots*, and two millions four hundred and eighty-seven thousand slaves. 2. As our population increases thirty-four per cent. in ten years, at this rate, in 1850, our seventeen millions will be twenty-two millions: in 1860, thirty millions; and in 1900, ninety-five millions. 3. The regular increase of the *N. E.* states is fourteen per cent.; of the *middle* states twenty-five per cent.; of the *southern* twenty-two per cent.; and of the *western*—sixty-eight per cent. 4. Many persons are more anxious to know who *Melchisedec* was, or what was Paul's *thorn* in the *flesh*, than to know what they shall *do* to be *saved*. 5. To cure *anger*, sip of a glass of water, till the fit goes off. 6. An *infallible* remedy for anxiety—"cast thy burden upon the *Lord*, and he shall sustain thee."

TRY; TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson—you should heed,

Try, try again;

If at first—you don't succeed,

Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear.

For, if you will persevere,

You will conquer, never fear;

Try, try again.

Once, or twice, though you should fail,

Try, try again;

If you would, at last, prevail,

Try, try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,

Though we may not win the race;

What should you do in the case?

Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,

Try, try again;

Time will bring you your reward,

Try, try again;

All that other folks can do,

Why, with patience, should not you?

Only keep this rule in view,

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

424. Before entering on a consideration and illustration of the *Passions*, the pupil is urged to *revise* the preceding lessons and exercises; but do not be deceived with the idea, that *thinking* about them is enough, or reading them over *silently*; join *practice* with thought, and the *effects* are *yours*. One of the great difficulties in *thinking* about any art or science, and witnessing the efforts of *others* in their presentation, is—that one's *taste* is so far in advance of his own *practice*, that he becomes *disgusted* with it, and despairs of his *success*. Let us remember that nothing is *truly* our own, that we do not *understand*, *love* and *practice*.

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS ON DELIVERY.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as *I* pronounced it to you; *trippingly* on the tongue. But if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the *air* too much with your *hand*; but use all *gently*; for in the very *torrent*, *tempest*, and, as I may say, *whirlwind* of your passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance*, that may give it *smoothness*. Oh! it offends me to the *soul*, to hear a *robustious*, *periwig-pated* fellow tear a passion to *tatters*, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the *groundlings*; who, (for the *most* part,) are capable of *nothing*, but inexplicable *dumb-show* and *noise*. I would have such a fellow *whipp'd* for o'erdoing *termagant*, it out-Herod's *Herod*. Pray you, *avoid* it. Be not too *tame*, neither; but let your own *discretion* be your tutor. Suit the *action*—to the *word*, the *word*—to the *action*; with this special *observance*, that you o'erstep not the *modesty* of *nature*: for *anything*, so *overdone*, is from the *purpose* of playing; whose *end*, both at the *first*, and *now*, was, and is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to *nature*; to show *virtue* her own *feature*, *scorn*—her own *image*,—and the *very* age and *body* of the time, his *form* and *pressure*. Now, this *overdone*, or come *tardy off*, though it may make the *unskillful laugh*, cannot but make the *judicious*—*grieve*: the *censure* of one of which, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole *theatre* of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others *praise*, and that *highly*, that, neither having the *accent* of christian, nor the *gait* of christian, *pagan*, nor *man*, have so *strutted* and *bellowed*, that I have thought some of *nature's journeymen* had made men, and not made them *well*; they imitated *humanity* so *abominably*.

425. TENDENCIES OF OUR LANGUAGE. As our language abounds in *monosyllables*, it affords good means to deliver our thoughts in few *sounds*, and thereby favors *despatch*, which is one of our *characteristics*; and when we use words of *more* than one syllable, we readily *contract* them some, by our rapid *pronunciation*, or by the omission of some *vowel*; as, drown'd, walk'd, dips; instead of drown-ed, walk-ed, dip-peth, &c.; and even *proper* names of *several* syllables, when *familiarized*, often dwindle down into *monosyllables*; whereas, in *other* languages, they receive a *softer turn*, by the addition of a *new syllable*.

Proverbs. 1. *Beauty* is no longer *amiable*, than while *virtue* adorns it. 2. *Past services* should never be forgotten. 3. A *known enemy* is better than a *treacherous friend*. 4. Don't engage in *any undertaking*, if your conscience says *no* to it. 5. *Benefits* and *injuries* receive their value from the *intention*. 6. We should give by *choice*, and not by *hazard*. 7. He, that does good to *another*, from proper motives, does good also to *himself*. 8. He that is *false to God* can never be *true to man*. 9. A good *principle* is sure to produce a good *practice*. 10. None are *truly* wise, but those that are *pure in heart*.

Anecdote. *Contrary.* A *woman*, having fallen into a *river*, her *husband* went to look for her, proceeding *up stream* from where she fell in. The bystanders asked him if he was *mad*? she could not have gone against the *stream*. The man answered: "She was *obstinate* and *contrary* in her *lifetime*, and I suppose for certain she is so at her *death*."

Intuition. We cannot have an idea of *one*, without the idea of *another* to which it is *related*. We then get the idea of *two*, by contemplating them *both*; referring, abstractly, to *one* of them. We say *one* and *one* are equal to *two*; *one* one, is less than *two* ones; therefore, *one* does not equal *two*. *One* and *one*, are the *parts* of *two*, and the *parts* of a thing are equal to the *whole* of it. Thus, we come to the knowledge of what has been called *intuitive* proposition, only by *reasoning*. When such a principle is clearly *admitted*, we cannot deny its *truth*, for a moment: but it is *far* from being, strictly speaking, an *intuitive truth*.

Varieties. 1. The *virtues* of the country are with our *women*, and the *only* remaining hope of the resurrection of the *genius* and *character* of the nation, rests with *them*. 2. The *present*—is the *parent* of the *future*. 3. The last words of the Indian chief, who died at Washington, in 1824, were, "When I am *gone*, let the big *guns* be fired over me." 4. Beware of turning away from doing good, by thinking how much good you *would* do, if you only had the *means*. 5. The pleasure of *thinking* on important subjects, with a view to *communicate* our *thoughts* to the unfolding minds around us, is a most *exquisite* pleasure. 6. *Principle* and *practice* must go hand in hand, to make the *man*, or *woman*. 7. The time is fast *approaching*, when the *mind* will strike out new *fields*, and view *itself*, its *Creator*, and the *Universe* from new *positions*.

HOPE.

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear,
More sweet than all the landscapes shining near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue!
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;
Thus from afar, each dim discover'd scene,
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that fancy can repair,
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

426. A *just* delivery consists in a distinct articulation of *words*, pronounced in proper *tones*, suitably varied to the *sense*, and the emotions of the *mind*; with due observation of *accent*, the several gradations of *emphasis*; *pauses* or rests in proper places, and well measured degrees of time; and the whole accompanied with expressive *looks*, and significant *gestures*. To *conceive*, and to *execute*, are two different things: the *first* may arise from *study* and *observation*; the *second* is the effect of *practice*.

427. RULES FOR THE '. When questions are not answered by *yes* or *no*; as, Who is that lady? In **AFFIRMATIVE** sentences; as—I am prepared to go: language of **AUTHORITY**; as—*Back* to thy punishment, false fugitive: **TERROR**; as—The light burns *blue*: **SURPRISE**; as—Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet: **REPREHENSION**; as—You are very much to *blâme* for suffering him to pass: **INDIGNATION**; *Go*—false fellow, and let me never see your face again: **CONTEMPT**; as—To live in awe of such a thing as *I* myself: **EXCLAMATION**: O *nature!* how *hónorable* is thy *empire!* **RHETORICAL DIALOGUE**, when one or more persons are represented; as—*James* said, *Charles*, go and do as you were *bidden*; and *John* said, he need not go at *présent*, for I have something for him to *dó*: and the **FINAL PAUSE**; as—All *general* rules have some *exceptions*.

428. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 1. Is there more than *one God*? 2. Was the world created out of *nothing*? 3. What is the meaning of the expression, "let us make man in our image, after our *likeness*?" 4. By what means can we become *happy*? 5. Can we be a *friend*, and an *enemy*, at the same time? 6. Are *miracles* the most convincing evidences of *truth*? 7. Will *dying* for principles, prove any thing more than the *sincerity* of the martyr? 8. Is it possible for a *created* being to *merit salvation* by good works? 9. Have we life of our *own*; or are we dependent on *God* for it every moment? 10. What is the difference between *good* and *evil*? 11. Is any *law* independent of its *maker*? 12. Are *miracles*—*violations* of *nature's laws*?

429. Some think *matter* is *all*, and *manner* little or *nothing*; but if one were to speak the sense of an *angel* in bad words, and with a disagreeable *utterance*, few would listen to him with much *pleasure* or *profit*. The figure of *Adonis*, with an awkward *air*, and ungraceful *motion*, would be *disgusting* instead of *pleasing*.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy *God* has given, impart;
Hide it not within thy *ground*;
Send the cup of blessing round.

Proverbs. 1. To fail, or not—to fail; that is the question. 2. He, that loveth *pleasure*, shall be a *poor* man. 3. *Flattery* is a dazzling *meteor*, that casts a delusive *glare* before the mental eye seduces the *imagination*, perverts the *judgment*, and silences the dictates of *reason*. 4. Mankind are governed more by *feeling* and *impulse*, than by *reason* and *reflection*. 5. Our *duty* and *true interest*, always unite. 6. An occasional hearty *laugh*, is often an act of *wisdom*. 7. No one can be *great*, who is not *virtuous*. 8. We make more than half the *evils* we feel. 9. No one can estimate the value of a *pious*, *discreet*, and *faithful* mother. 10. The boy—is the father of the man.

Anecdote. *Tallow and Talent.* *Fleischer*, bishop of *Nesmes*, was the son of a *tallow-chandler*. A great duke once endeavored to *mortify* the prelate, by saying to him, at the king's *levee*, that he smelt of *tallow*. To which the bishop replied, "My lord, *I am* the son of a *chandler*, it is true, and if your *lordship* had been the same, you would have remained a *chandler* all the days of your life.

Disinterestedness—is the very flower of all the virtues, a *manifestation*—in the heart of one who feels and acts from it, of heaven on earth,—the very reflection of the sun of *Paradise*. If mankind more generally, knew how beautiful it is to serve others, from the love of doing them good, there would not be so much cold and narrow selfishness in the world. When we have contributed most to the happiness of others, we are receptive ourselves of the most happiness.

Varieties. 1. Never repay kindness with unkindness. 2. Is *pride*—commendable? 3. No guarantee for the conduct of *nations*, or *individuals*, ought to be stronger than that which *honor* imposes. 4. *True* patriotism labors for *civil* and *religious* liberty all over the world—for *universal freedom*; the *liberty* and *happiness* of the human race. 5. What is *charity*, and what are its *fruits*? 6. When persons are reduced to *want*, by their own *laziness*, or *vices*, is it a duty to relieve them? 7. To read Milton's *Paradise Lost*, is the pleasure of but few. 8. The argument of the Essay on Man, is said to have been written by *Bolingbroke*, and versified by *Pope*. 9. *Painting*, *Sculpture* and *Architecture*—are three subjects, on which nearly all persons, of *polite* education, are compelled to conceal *ignorance*, if they cannot display *knowledge*. 10. Is *labor*—a *blessing*, or a *curse*?

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak!

LANGUAGE—fades before thy spell;

Why should feeling—ever speak,

When thou canst breathe her soul—so well.

Ah! why will kings—forget—that they are men,
And MEN, that they are brethren? [the ties

Why delight—in human sacrifice! Why burst
Of NATURE, that should knit their souls together
In one soft band—of amity and love?

430. STYLE. The *character* of a person's style of reading and speaking depends upon his moral *perceptions* of the *ends, causes, and effects* of the composition: thus, **STYLE** may be considered the *man himself*, and, as every one *sees and feels*, with regard to *everything*, according to the *state or condition* of his mind, and as there are and can be no two persons *alike*; each individual will have a manner and style peculiar to *himself*; tho' in the main, that of two persons of equal education and intelligence, may be in a great degree similar.

431. RULES FOR THE '. When questions are answered by *yes* or *no*, they generally require the *'*. *Exs.* Are you *well*? Is he *gone*? Have you got your *hat*? Do you say *yes*? Can he *accommodate* me? Will you call and *see* me? But when the questions are *emphatic*, or amount to an *affirmative*, the *'* is used. *Are* you well? As much as to say: *tell* me whether you are well. *Is* he gone? *Have* you done it? All given in an authoritative manner. Hath he *said* it, and shall he not *do* it? He that planted the *ear*, shall he not *hear*? Is he a *man*, that he should *repent*?

432. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 1. Is the *casket* more valuable than the *jewel*? 2. Will not the safety of the community be *endangered*, by permitting the murderer to *live*? 3. Are *theatres*—*beneficial* to mankind? 4. Did Napoleon do more *hurt* than *good* to the world? 5. Were the *Texans right*—in rebelling against Mexico? 6. Ought the *license* system to be abolished? 7. Is *animal magnetism* true? 8. Who was the *greatest* monster—*Nero*, or *Catiline*? 9. Should we act from *policy*, or from *principle*? 10. Is not the improvement of the *mind*, of the first importance?

Nature. Man is *radiant* with expressions. Every feature, limb, muscle and vein, may tell *something* of the energy within. The brow, smooth or contracted,—the eye, placid, dilated, tearful, flashing,—the lip, calm, quivering, smiling, curled,—the whole countenance, serene, distorted, pale, flushed,—the hand, with its thousand motions,—the chest, still or heaving,—the attitude, relaxed or firm, cowering or lofty,—in short, the visible characteristics of the whole external man,—are **NATURE'S HAND-WRITING**; and the *tones* and *qualities* of the voice, soft, low, quiet, broken, agitated, shrill, grave, boisterous,—are her **ORAL LANGUAGE**: let the student *copy* and *learn*. *Nature* is the goddess, and *art* and *science* her ministers.

Since *trifles*—make the sum of human things,
And half our misery—from our *foibles* springs;
Since life's best joys—consist in peace and ease,
And *few*—can save or serve, but all—can please;
O let the *ungentle* spirit—learn from *hence*,—
A small *unkindness*—is a great offence.

Maxims. 1. It does not become a *law-maker*, to become a *law-breaker*. 2. *Friendship* is stronger than *kindred*. 3. *Idleness* is the sepulchre of a living man. 4. An *orator*, without *judgment*, is like a horse without a *bridle*. 5. He that knows when to *speak*, knows when to be *silent*. 6. The *truest* end of life—is to *know* the life that never ends. 7. *Wine* has drowned more than the *sea*. 8. Impose not on *others* a burthen which you cannot bear *yourself*. 9. He overcomes a stout *enemy*, that overcomes his own *anger*. 10. Study *mankind* as well as *books*.

Anecdote. *Note of Interrogation (?)*. Mr. Pope, the poet, who was *small* and *deformed*, sneering at the ignorance of a young man, who was very *inquisitive*, and asked a good many impertinent *questions*, inquired of him if he knew what an *interrogation* point was? "Yes sir," said he, "it is a *little crooked thing*, like *yourself*, that asks *questions*."

Ideas, acquired by *taste*—are *compound* and *relative*. If a man had never experienced any *change*, in the sensation produced by *external* things, on the organs of *taste*, that which he now calls *sweet*, (if it had been the *quality*, subjected to the *sense*,) would have conveyed to the mind no *possible* idea; but, *alternating* with the quality we call *bitter*, *contrariety*—produces the first *impression*, and he learns to distinguish the *qualities* by *names*. The *sensation*—awakened by *Madeira wine*, must be very *acute*, to enable a man to discriminate, accurately, without a very careful *comparison*. Let a particular *kind* of *Madeira wine* remain a few years on the lees of many *other* kinds, and *who* would detect the *compound* flavor, but the *contriver*?

Varieties. 1. Inspire a child with right *feelings*, and *they* will govern his *actions*: hence, the truth of the old adage, *Example* is better than *precept*. 2. The *great* difficulty is, that we give *rules*, instead of inspiring *sentiments*; it is in *vain* to lead the *understanding* with rules, if the *affections* are not right. 3. Benjamin *West* states, that his mother *kissed* him, eagerly, when he showed her the likeness he had sketched of his baby *sister*; and, he adds,—that *kiss* made me a *painter*. 4. Lay by all scraps of *material* things, as well as of *knowledge*, and they will certainly come in use within *seven years*. 5. Gain all the information you can, learn all that comes in your way, without being *intrusive*, and provided it does not interfere with the faithful discharge of *other* duties. 6. It was a maxim of the great William *Jones*, never to lose an opportunity of *learning* anything.

A wise man poor,
Is like a sacred book, that's never read;
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead:
This age—thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint—in wisdom's school

433. STYLE. The numerous examples given throughout this work, afford the necessary means for illustrating all the principles of elocution: let the *taste*, and *judgment*, as well as the *abilities* of the student—be tested by a proper *selection* and *application* of them. He must not expect too much from *others*, nor take it unkindly, when thrown upon his own *resources*: the *best* way to increase our strength, is to have it often *tested*. All who become *orators*, must make *themselves* orators.

434. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 1. If we do *well*, shall we not be *accepted*? 2. Which is more *useful*, *fire*, or *water*? 3. Ought *circumstantial* evidence to be admitted in criminal cases? 4. Can we be *too* zealous in *rightly* promoting a good cause? 5. Which is worse, a *bad* education, or *no* education? 6. Are not *bigotry* and *intolerance*—as destructive to *morality*, as they are to common *sense*? 7. Are we not apt to be *proud* of that which is not our *own*? 8. Ought there not to be *duties* on imported goods, to encourage domestic *manufactures*? 9. Is *slavery* right? 10. Have *steamboats* been the cause of more good than evil?

435. IGNORANCE AND ERROR. It is almost as difficult to make one unlearn his *errors*, as to acquire *knowledge*. *Mal-information* is more hopeless than *non-information*; for *error* is always more busy than *ignorance*. *Ignorance*—is a *blank* sheet, on which we may *write*; but *error*—is a *scribbled* one, from which we must first *erase*. *Ignorance*—is contented to stand *still*, with her *back* to the truth; but *error*—is more *presumptuous*, and proceeds in the same direction. *Ignorance* has no *light*, but *error* follows a *false* one. The consequence is, that *error*, when she *retraces* her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the *truth*, than *ignorance*.

Anecdote. *Virtue before Riches.* The mistocles—had a daughter, to whom two men were wishing to make *love*; one—was very *rich*, but a *simpleton*, and the other—*poor*, but a very *wise* man: the father preferred the *latter*,—saying, “I would rather have a *man* without *riches*, than *riches* without a *man*.”

The *primal* duties—shine aloft, like *stars*;
The *charities*, that *soothe*, and *heal*, and *bless*,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like *flowers*;
The generous *inclination*, the just rule,
Kind *wishes*, and good *actions*, and pure *thoughts*.
No *mystery* is here; no special boon
For *high*, and not for *low*; for *proudly* graced,
And not for *meek* of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the *cottage* hearth,
As from the haughty *palace*. He, whose soul
Ponders this true *equality*, may walk
The fields of earth—with *gratitude* and *hope*.

Our wishes *lengthen*—as our sun *declines*.

Maxims. 1. *Punctuality* begets *confidence*, and is the sure road to *honor* and *respect*. 2. A *picture* is a *poem*, without words. 3. *Sensible* men show their sense, by saying *much* in *few* words. 4. He, who thinks to cheat *another*, cheats *himself*. 5. *Pride* is easily seen in *others*; but we rarely see it in *ourselves*. 6. *Wealth* is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. 7. A *bad* book is one of the *worst* of thieves. 8. *Toleration* should spring from *charity*, not from *indifference*. 9. Too much prosperity makes most men *fools*. 10. He, who serves *God*, has the *best* master in the world. 11. One love drives another out. 12. *Health* is better than *wealth*.

Influence. Few are aware of the full extent of meaning contained in this word. If we can measure the *kind* and *quantity* of influence, that every variety of *heat* and *cold* has on the world of matter; if we can tell the influence, that one individual has on *another*, one *society* on another, and one *nation* on another, both for *time* and *eternity*; if we can estimate the influence, that *spiritual* beings have on one another, and on the human *race*, collectively, and separately; also the influence of the *Great Spirit* on all *creation*, then, we are able to see and realize the *mighty* meaning of this important word. Contemplate and weigh the influence, that different kinds of food and drink have on the human system, by being appropriated to its innumerable parts; the influence on *body* and *mind* of *keeping* and *violating* the laws of life, by *thinking*, *feeling*, and *acting*; the influence, which a *good* or *bad* person has on his *associates* and also *their* influence on *others*, through all coming *time*, as well as in the eternal *world*, and you will perceive something of the importance of ceasing to do *evil*, and learning to do *well*; of *living* and *practicing* what is *good* and *true*, and thereby being saved from all that is *evil* and *false*.

Varieties. 1. Lord Coke—wrote the following, which he religiously observed; “Six hours to *sleep*, to *law*’s great study six, *Four* spend in *prayer*, the rest to *nature* fix.” 2. Wm. Jones, a *wise* economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment thus; *Seven* hours to *law*, to soothing *slumbers* seven, *Ten* to the *world* allot, and *all* to *heaven*. 3. The *truly* beautiful and sublime are to be found within the regions of *nature* and *probability*: the *false* sublime sets to itself no *bounds*: it deals in *thunders*, *earthquakes*, *tempests*, and *whirlwinds*. 4. Is it any *pain* for a bird to *fly*, a *fish* to *swim*, or a *boy* to *play*? 5. Confound not *vociferation* with *emphatic expression*; for a *whisper* may be as discriminating as the *loudest* tones. 6. *Speech*—is the gift of *God*. 7. *Order*—is the same in the *world*, in *man*, and in the *church*; *man*—is an *epitome* of all the *principles* of order.

436. STYLE, &c. To accomplish your object, study the true *meaning* and *character* of the subject, so as to express the *whole*, in such a way as to be perfectly *understood* and *felt*: thus, you will *transport* your hearers to the scene you describe, and your *earnestness* raise them on the tiptoe of *expectation*, and your just *arguments* sweep everything before them like a *mountain torrent*: to *excite*, to *agitate*, and *delight*, are among the most *powerful* arts of persuasion: but the impressions must be *enforced* on the mind by a command of *all* the sensibilities and sympathies of the soul. That your course may be ever *upward* and *onward*, remember, none but a *good* man can be a perfect orator; *uncorrupted* and *incorruptible* integrity is one of the most *powerful* engines of persuasion.

437. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 1. Is any government—as important as the *principles* it should protect and extend? 2. Should we remain *passive*, when our *country*, or *political rights* are invaded? 3. Are *banks* beneficial? 4. Have the *crusaders* been the cause of more *evil* than *good*? 5. Was the war waged against the Seminoles of Florida, *just*? 6. Which is the *more* important acquisition, *wealth*, or *knowledge*? 7. Is there any *neutral* ground between *good* and *evil*, *truth* and *falsehood*? 8. Which should we fear *most*, the commission of a *crime*, or the fear of *punishment*? 9. By binding the *understanding*, and forcing the *judgment*, can we mend the *heart*? 10. When *proud* people meet together, are they not always *unhappy*? 11. Is not common *sense* a very *rare* and *valuable* article? 12. What is the use of a *body*, without a *soul*?

438. MANNER AND MATTER. The secret of success in *Music*, as well as in *Elocution*, is, to adapt the *manner* perfectly to the *matter*: if the *subject* be simple, such must be the *manner*: if it be gay and *lively*, or *solemn* and *dignified*, *such*, or *such* must be the *manner*: in addition to which, the performer must forget *himself*, or rather *lose* himself in the *subject*, *body* and *soul*, and show his regard to his *audience*, by devoting himself to the *subject*: and hence he must never try to show himself off: but hide behind the *thought* and *feeling*, and depend upon *them* to produce the effect: if there is any *affectation*, the hold on the *heart* is in that proportion relinquished. Oh, when shall we take our appropriate *place* and regard *USE* as the *grand* object!

But *sure*—to foreign climes—we need not *range*,

Nor search the ancient records of our *race*,

To learn—the dire effect of *time*—and *change*,

Which, in *ourselves*, alas! we *daily* trace;

Yet, at the darkened eye, the withered *face*,

Or hoary *hair*—I never will *repine*;

But *spare*, O *Time*! whate'er of mental *grace*,

Of *candor*, *love*, or *sympathy* divine;

Whate'er of *fancy's* ray, or *friendship's* flame is *mine*.

Maxims. 1. *Revenge*, however sweet, is dearly bought. 2. Life is half *spent*, before we know what it is to *live*. 3. The *world* is a *workshop*, and the *wise* only know how to use its *tools*. 4. A man is *valued*, as he *makes* himself *valuable*. 5. *Heaven* is not to be had, merely by *wishing* for it. 6. As often as we do *good*, we *sacrifice*. 7. Be careful to keep your *word*, even in the most *trifling* matter. 8. *Hearts* may agree, tho' *heads* may differ. 9. *Honest* men are *easily* bound; but you can never bind a *knave*. 10. *Experience* keeps a *dear* school; but *fools* will learn in no *other*.

Anecdote. *Curious Patriotism.* Some years ago, one of the convicts at Botany Bay, wrote a *FARCE*, which was acted with much applause in some of the theatres. *Barrington*, the notorious *pick-pocket*, wrote the *prologue*; which ended with these lines:

True patriots we; for, be it *understood*,

We left our *country*—for our *country's* *good*.

Ignorance—Willfulness. The *ignorant*—oppose without *discrimination*. *Harvey*, for asserting the circulation of the *blood*, was styled a *vagabond*, a *quack*; and *persecuted*, through life, by the *medical* profession. In the time of Francis I., Ambrose *Pare*—introduced the *ligament*, to staunch the *blood* of an amputated *limb*, instead of *boiling* *hot* *pitch*, in which the bleeding stump had *formerly* been dipped; and he was *persecuted*, with the most relentless *rancour*, by the *Faculty*, who *ridiculed* the idea—of risking a man's *life* upon a *thread*, when *boiling* *pitch* had stood the test for *centuries*. *Medicines* have been *proscribed* as *poison*, and then *prescribed* in great *quantities*; the *proscriptions* and *prescriptions* being both adopted with equal *ignorance* and *credulity*. There is no *hope* for man, but a *thorough* and *correct* education in the school of *truth* and *goodness*.

Varieties. 1. Does the *nature* of things depend on the *matter*, of which they are *formed*; or on the laws of *constitution*, by which matter is *arranged*? 2. Is not *vegetable* matter formed from *oxygen* and *hydrogen*; and *animal* matter from these two and *carbon*? But what are their constituent *parts*? Were their essences *created*, or are they *eternal*? 3. What large portions of the *world* there are of which we know comparatively *nothing*! and although we are familiar with our *bodies*, externally, yet how *little* of their *internals* do even the *best* physiologists know? 4. How much is *really* known of the nature of *mind*? and yet there is *presumption* enough in some, to decide at once, upon all the *phenomena* of the mind, and prescribe its *limits*. 5. Thus, man *clothes* himself with his fanciful *knowledge*, and plays such insane *tricks* before the world, as make the *angels* weep.

The *fisher*—is out on the sunny *sea*,

And the *reindeer*—bounds o'er the *pasture* free;

And the *pine*—has a fringe of a softer *green*,

And the *moss*—looks *bright*, where my *foot* hath *been*.

439. EFFECTIVE STYLE. The more your reading and speaking partake of the freedom and ease of common *discourse*, (provided you sustain the *object* and *life* of the composition) the more *just*, *natural*, and *effective* will be your style of *delivery*: hence the necessity of studying *nature*, of avoiding all *affectation*, and of never *attempting* that in public, which is beyond your *ability*. Some *mar*, or *spoil* what they are going to say, by making so much ado over it, thinking they must do some *great thing*; when it isal most as simple as—*wash* and be *clean*: whatever is not *natural* is not *agreeable* or *persuasive*.

440. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS. 1. Were any beings ever *created* angels? 2. Is it *right* ever to do *wrong*? 3. Why was a revelation *necessary*? 4. May we not protect our *person* and *character* from *assault*? 5. Does *civilization* increase *happiness*? 6. Which excites more curiosity, the works of *nature*, or the works of *art*? 7. Ought a *witness* to be questioned with regard to his *religious* opinions, or *belief*? 8. Was the general *bankrupt* law a *benefit* to the country? 9. Why are we disposed to *laugh*, even when our best *friend* falls down? 10. Which is the greatest, *faith*, *hope*, or *charity*? 11. Should *controversy* interrupt our *friendship* and *esteem* for each other? 12. Have *christians* any right to *persecute* each other for their *opinions*?

441. It is much to be regretted, that our *teachers* are so illy qualified to instruct their pupils even in the first *rudiments* of reading: and they are all so much inclined to fall into bad *habits*, and the imitation of faulty *speakers*, that it requires constant *watchfulness* to keep clear of the influences of a wrong *bias*, and *false*, and merely *arbitrary* rules. We never can *succeed* in this important art, until we take elementary *instruction* out of the hands of *ignoramus*, and insist upon having persons *fully* competent to take *charge* of the cause. Away then with the idea, that any one can teach *reading* and *speaking*, merely because they can call the *letters*, and speak the *words* so as to be *understood*.

Operating Circumstances. We are too apt, in estimating a law, passed at a remote period, to combine in our consideration, all the subsequent events, which have had an influence upon it; instead of conforming ourselves, as we ought, to the circumstances, existing at the time of its passage.

So live, that, when thy *summons* comes—to join
The innumerable *caravan*, that moves
To the pale realms of *shade*, where *each* shall take
His *chamber*—in the silent halls of *death*,
Thou go not, like the *quarry*-slave, at night,
Scourged to his *dungeon*; but, *sustained* and *soothed*
By an *unfaltering* trust, approach thy *grave*,
Like one, who wraps the *drapery* of his *couch*
About him, and lies down—to *pleasant dreams*.

Maxims. 1. *Happiness* is the shadow of *contentment*, and rests, or moves forever with its *original*. 2. A *drop of wisdom* is worth a *ton of riches*. 3. Whatever does not stand with *credit*, will not stand *long*. 4. *Business* must be attended to, at the expense of *every* thing else of less *importance*. 5. Our states of *mind* differ as much as our *spirits* and *temper*. 6. *Death*—cannot kill what never dies,—*mutual love*. 7. If you will not hear *reason*, she will rap you over your *knuckles*. 8. Open *rebuks* is better than secret *love*. 9. Good counsel is thrown away on the arrogant and *self-conceited*. 10. He, who resolves to *amend*, has *God*, and all good beings on his side.

Anecdote. *Vanity Reproved.* “I am very *thankful*, that my mouth has been opened to preach *without any learning*,”—said an illiterate *preacher*, in speaking against educating *ministers*, to preach the *gospel*. A gentleman present replied, “Sir, a *similar* event took place in *Baalani’s* time.”

Education—should give us command of every faculty of *body*, and *mind*—call out all our powers of *observation* and *reflection*, change the creatures of *impulse*, *prejudice* and *passion*, to *thinking*, *reasoning*, and *loving* beings; lead to objects of *pursuits*, and habits of *conduct*, favorable to the happiness of *every* individual, and to the whole *world*, and *multiply* all the means of *enjoyment*, and *diminish* every temptation to *vice* and *sensuality*; and *true* education will do all this.

Varieties. 1. What is moral *virtue*? 2. The *greatest* danger to public liberty, is from *rice* and *illness*. 3. He, that *showeth* mercy, shall *receive* mercy. 4. Never *attempt* anything more, than there is a prospect of *accomplishing*. 5. Should not *beasts*—as well as *men*, be treated with *kindness*? 6. *Rational liberty*—is diametrically opposed to the *wildness* of *anarchy*. 7. We should never ascribe *bad* motives, when we can suppose *good* ones. 8. Nothing is more *prejudicial*—to the great interests of a *nation*, than *uncertain* and *varying* policy. 9. Is it lawful—to *contend* with others, on any occasion. 10. Prefer the evident *interests* of the *community*, to the *suggestions* of the *pride* of *consistency*. 10. *Cleanliness*—is next to *godliness*.

Why have those banished and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England’s ground?
But more than why—Why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frightening her pale-faced villagers with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the patsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

442. ELOQUENCE. What were all the attributes of man, his *personal* accomplishments, and his boasted *reason*, without the faculty of *SPEECH*? To *excel* in its use is the highest of human arts. It enables man to govern whole *nations*, and to *enchant*, while he governs. The aristocracy of *Eloquence* is *supreme*, and, in a *free* country, can *never* be subdued. It is the pride of *peace*, and the glory of *war*: it rides upon the *zephyr's* wings, or thunders in the *storm*. But there is in *eloquence*, in *painting*, the *life* of the canvas, which breathes, moves, speaks, and is *full* of action: so is there in the *dance*, the *poetry* and *music* of motion, the *eloquence* of *action*; whose *power* consists in the wonderful adaptation of the *graces* of the *body* to the harmonies of *mind*. There is *eloquence* in *every* object of taste, both in *art* and *nature*; in sculpture, gardening, architecture, poetry and music; *all* of which come within the scope and plan of the *orator*, that he may comprehend that *intellectual* relation, that secret clause in the *liberal* professions, which, connecting *one* with *another*, combines the influence of *all*.

Virtue, alone, *ennobles* human kind,
And *power*—should on her glorious *footsteps* wait.

Wisdom—finds *tongues*—in *trees*; *books*—in *running* streams; *sermons*—in *stones*, and *good*—in *everything*.

You *pride* you—on your golden *hue*; [100.
Know—the poor *glow-worm*—hath its *brightness*

When men of *judgment*—*feel*, and *creep* their way,
The *positive*—pronounce—without *delay*.

'Tis *good*, and *lovely*, to be *kind*;
But *charity*—should not be *blind*.

A *little* learning—is a dangerous *thing*;
Drink *deep*—or taste not the *Pierian spring*;
There, *shallow draughts*—*intoxicate* the brain,
But, drinking *largely*, *sobers* us again.

Ah me! the *laureled wreath*, that *murder* wears,
Blood-nursed and *watered* with the *widow's* tears,
Seems not so *foul*,—so *tainted*,—and so *dead*,
As *waves* the *night-shade* round the *sceptic's* bed.

443. *Music*—is the oral language of the *affections*; as *words* are the natural language of the *thoughts*. The *notes* of a tune are analogous to *letters*; the *measures*—to *words*; the *strains*—to *sentences*; and the *tune*, or musical *piece*, to a *discourse*, *oration*, or *poem*. As there is a great variety of *affections*, and *states* of affection in the human mind, so there is a great variety of *tunes*, through the *medium* of which these *affections*, and *states* of affection are manifested. There are three grand divisions of music, which, for the sake of distinction, may be denominated the *upper*, or that which relates to the Supreme Being; the *middle*, or that relating to *created*, *rational* beings, or *social* music; and the *lower*, or what appertains to that part of creation *below* man—called *descriptive* music.

Ambition—is like *love*,—impatient—
Both of *delays*,—and *rivals*.

Maxims. 1. Old *age* and faded *flowers*, *no* remedies can revive. 2. *Something* should be learned every time a book is opened. 3. A *truly* great man never puts away the simplicity of the child. 4. The *gem* cannot be *polished* without *friction*, nor *man*—*perfected*, without *adversity*. 5. The *full* stomach cannot realize the evils of *hunger*. 6. When *thought* is agitated, *truth* rises. 7. A *child* requires *books*, as much as the *merchant* does *goods*. 8. Learn by the vices of *others*, how detestable your *own* are. 9. Judge not of *men* or *things*, at first sight. 10. *Reprove* thy friend *privately*, and *commend* him *publicly*.

Anecdote. *Sharp Reply.* Two country *attorneys* overtaking a *wagoner*, with two span of *horses*, and, thinking to be witty at his expense, asked him, "How it happened, that his *forward* horses were so *fat*, and the *rear* ones so *lean*?" The *wagoner*, knowing them, answered, "That his *fore* span were *lawyers*, and the other—*clients*."

Selfishness—seems to be the *complex* of *all* vices. The love of *self*, when predominant, excludes all *goodness*, and perverts all *truth*. It is the great enemy of *individuals*, *societies*, and *communities*. It is the cause of all *irritation*, the source of all *evil*. People, who are always thinking of *themselves*, have no time to be concerned about *others*; their *own* pleasure or profit, is the *pivot*, on which *everything* turns. They cannot even *conceive* of disinterestedness, and will laugh to scorn all, who appear to love *others*, as well as *themselves*. *Selfishness*—is the very *essence* of the first *original sin*, and it must be *corrected*, or we are *lost*.

Varieties. 1. The *wind*, the falling of *water*, humming of *bees*, a sweet *voice* reading monotonously, tend to produce sleep; this is not so much the case with *musical* tones. 2. The *trilling* and *quivering* of the voice, which *please* so much, correspond to the glittering of *light*: as the *moonbeams* playing on the *waves*. 3. Falling from a *discord* to a *concord*, which produces so much *sweetness* in music, correspond to the *affections*, when brought out of a state of *dislike*; and also with the *taste*; which is soon cloyed with what is *sweet alone*. 4. *Music* has great effect on *mind* and *body*, making us *warlike* or the *reverse*, *soft* and *effeminate*, *grave* and *light*, *gentle*, *kind* and *pitiful*, &c., according to its *nature*, and *performance*; the reason is, because *hearing* is more closely associated with *feeling* or *spirits*, than the *other* senses. Observe the effect of Yankee *Doodle*, God save the *King*, *Marseilles Hymn*, &c. 5. When *music* speaks to the *affection*, affection *obeys*; as when *nature* speaks, *nature* *replies*.

Let *gratitude*—in acts of *goodness* flow;
Our love to *God*, in love to *man* below.
Be *this* our joy—to calm the troubled *breast*,
Support the *weak*, and succor the *distress'd*;
Direct the *wand'rer*, dry the *widow's* tear;
The *orphan* guard, the sinking *spirit* cheer:
Tho' small our *power* to act, tho' small our *skill*,
God—sees the heart; he judges—by the *will*.

444. There are also three great divisions in *POETRY*, which is closely allied to *music*; and *both* of them originate in the *WILL*, or *affections*:—and hence, the *words* of the psalm, hymn, poem, and the *music* in which they are sung, chanted, or played, constitute the *forms*, or *mediums*, through which the affections and sentiments are bodied forth. Is not *genuine* music from *heaven*? and does it not *lead* there if not *perverted*? May not the same be said of *poetry*? *Woe* betide the person, that converts them into occasions of *evil*!

How blind is *pride*; what *eagles* are we still—
In matters that belong to *other* men;
What *beetles*—in our *own*.

Who fights

With *passions*, and *overcomes* them, is endued
With the *best* virtue.—

Nature—to each—allots his proper *sphere*;
But—that *forsaken*, we like *comets* are; [broke,
Tossed thro' the *void*; by some rude *shock* we're
And all our boasted *fire*—is lost in *smoke*.

Thick waters—show no *images* of things;
Friends—are each *others'* *mirrors*, and should be
Clearer than *crystal*, or the *mountain* springs,
And free from *cloud*, *design*, or *flattery*.

'Tis *virtue*, that they want; and wanting its
Honor—no garments to their backs can fit.

445. THE USES OF ELOQUENCE. In every situation, in all the *pursuits* of life, may be seen the *usefulness* and *benefits* of eloquence. In *whatever* light we view this subject, it is evident that *oratory* is not a mere *castle* in the *air*: a *fair* palace of *frost*-work; destitute of *substance* and *support*. It is like a magnificent *temple* of *Parian marble*, exhibiting the most *exact* and *admirable* symmetry, and combining all the orders, varieties, and beauties of *architecture*.

Habits of Industry. It is highly important, that children should be taught to acquire habits of industry; for whatever be their habits while young, such, for the most part, must they continue to be in after life. Children—are apt to think it a great hardship, to be obliged to devote so much time to occupations, at present perhaps, disagreeable to them; but they ought to be made to believe, that their tasks are not only intended for the informing of their minds, but for the bending of their wills. Good habits are as easily acquired as bad ones; with the great advantage of being the only true way to prosperity and happiness.

Anecdote. Conciseness. Louis XIV. who loved a *concise* style, one day met a *priest* on the round, whom he asked hastily—"Whence come you? where are you *going*? what do you *want*?" The *other* immediately replied, "From *Bruges*,—To *Paris*,—A *Benefice*." "You shall have it," replied the king.

Servile doubt—

Argues an *impotence* of *mind*, that says,—
We *fear* because we *dare* not meet *misfortune*.

Maxims. 1. Want of *punctuality* is a species of *falsehood*. 2. *Pay* as you go, and keep from small *scores*. 3. He, that has his *heart* in his *learning*, will soon have his *learning* in his *heart*. 4. The *empty* stomach has no *ears*. 5. A man may *talk* like a *wise* man, and yet *act* like a *fool*. 6. Rather improve by the *errors* of others, than find *fault* with them. 7. The devil turns his *back*, when he finds the *door* shut against him. 8. Better be *upright*, with *poverty*, than *depraved* with *abundance*. 9. The *value* of things, is never so strongly *realized*, as when we are *deprived* of them. 10. *None* are so deaf as those who *will* not hear.

Reform. He, that looks *back* to the history of *mankind*, will often see, that in *politics*, *jurisprudence*, *religion*, and all the great concerns of society, *reform*—has usually been the work of *reason*, slowly awakening from the lethargy of *ignorance*, gradually acquiring *confidence* in her own *strength*, and ultimately *triumphing* over the dominion of *prejudice* and *custom*.

Varieties. 1. What is *mercy* and its *uses*? 2. *Individuals* and *nations*, fail in *nothing* they boldly *attempt*, when sustained by virtuous *purpose*, and determined *resolution*. 3. Some persons' heads are like *beehives*: not because they are all in a *buzz*, but that they have separate *cells* for every kind of *store*. 4. What nature offers, with a smiling *face*, *fruit*, *herb*, and *grain*—are just what man's pure *instinct* would *choose* for food. 5. The *majority*—ought never to trample on the *feelings*, or violate the just *rights*—of the *minority*; they should not triumph over the *fallen*, nor make any but *temperate* and *equitable* use of their *power*. 6. *Death* is the enacted *penalty* of nature's violated *laws*. 7. Was it *causeless*, that *washing*—was introduced, as a religious *rite*, seeing that its *observance* is so essential to the preservation of *health*?

And when the soul—is *fullest*, the hushed *tongue*,
Voicelessly trembles—like a lute unstrung.

There's *beauty*—in the *deep*;
The *wave*—is bluer than the *sky*;
And tho' the *light*—shine bright on *high*,
More *stifly* do the *sea*-gems glow,
That *sparkle* in the depths *below*;
The *rainbow's* tints—are only made
When on the *waters* they are laid,
And *sun* and *moon*—most *sweetly* shine
Upon the *ocean's* level brine:

There's *beauty* in the *deep*.

There's *music*—in the *deep*:
It is not in the *surf's* rough roar,
Nor in the *whispering*, shelly *shore*—
They—are but *earthly* sounds, that tell
How *little*—of the *sea*-nymph's shell,
That sends its *loud*, clear note abroad,
Or winds its *softness* through the *food*,
Echoes through *groves*—with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away:
There's *music* in the *deep*!

446. OUR FIELD. The orator's *field* is the universe of *mind* and *matter*, and his *subjects*, all that is known of *God* and *man*. Study the *principles* of things, and never rest satisfied with the *results* and *applications*. All distinguished speakers, whether they ever paid any systematic attention to the *principles* of elocution or not, in their most *successful* efforts, *conform* to them; and their *imperfections* are the results of *deviations* from these principles. Think *correctly*—rather than *finely*; sound *conclusions* are much better than beautiful *conceptions*. Be *useful*, rather than *showy*; and speak to the purpose, or not speak at all. Persons become *eminent*, by the force of *mind*—the power of thinking *comprehensively*, *deeply*, *closely*, *usefully*. Rest more on the *thought*, *feelings*, and *expression*, than on the *style*; for *language* is like the *atmosphere*—a medium of *vision*, intended not to be seen *itself*, but to make other objects seen; the more *transparent* however, the better.

Hast thou, in feverish, and unquiet sleep,—
Dreamt—th't some merciless DEMON of the air,
Rais'd thee aloft,—and held thee by the hair,
Over the brow—of a down-looking steep,
Gaping, below, into a CHASM—so deep,
Th't, by the utmost straining of thine eye,
Thou canst no resting place descry;
Not e'en a bush—to save thee, shouldst thou sweep
Adown the black descent; that then, the hand
Suddenly parted thee, and left thee there,
Holding—but by finger-tips, the bare
And jagged ridge above, that seems as sand,
To crumble 'neath thy touch?—If so, I deem
Th't thou hast had rather an ugly dream.

447. VOCAL MUSIC. In *vocal music*, there is a union of *music* and *language*—the language of *affection* and *thought*; which includes the whole man. *Poetry* and *music* are sister arts; their *relationship* being one of *heaven-like* intimacy. The *essence* of poetry consists in fine *perceptions*, and vivid *expressions*, of that subtle and mysterious *analogy*, that exists between the *physical* and *moral* world; and it derives its power from the correspondence of *natural* things with *spiritual*. Its *effect* is to elevate the *thoughts* and *affections* toward a higher state of existence.

Anecdote. A powerful Stimulus. When Lord Erskine made his *debut*, at the *bar*, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just about to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion, of which I did not think myself capable."

'Tis not enough—your counsel still be true;
 Blind truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
 Men must be taught—as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown—propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good-breding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That, only, makes superior sense—below'd.

Maxims. 1. Poverty of *mind* is often concealed under the garb of *splendor*. 2. *Vice*—is infamous, even in a *prince*; and *virtue*, honorable, even in a *peasant*. 3. Prefer loss—to unjust gain, and solid sense—to wit. 4. He, that would be well spoken of *himself*, must speak well of *others*. 5. If every one would mend *himself*, we should all be mended. 6. A sound *mind* is not to be shaken with popular *applause*. 7. The best way to see *divine* light, is to put out our own. 8. Some blame themselves for the purpose of being praised. 9. Nothing needs a trick, but a *trick*; *sincerity* loathes one. 10. As *virtue* has its own reward, so *vice* has its own punishment.

What is Worth? The spirit of the age says,—“*Worth*—means *wealth*; and *wisdom*—the art of getting it.” To be *rich* is considered, by most persons—a *merit*; to be *poor*, an *offence*. By this false standard, it is not so important to be *wise* and *good*, as to be *rich* in worldly *wealth*; thus it is, every thing, as well as every person, has its *price*, and may be bought or sold; and thus—do we coin our *hearts* into *gold*, and exchange our *souls*—for earthly gain. Hence, it is said, “a man is *worth* so much;”—i. e. *worth* just as much as his *property* or *money*, amount to, and no more. Thus, *wealth*, *worth*, or *gain*, is not applied to *science*, to *knowledge*, *virtue*, or *happiness*; but to *pecuniary* acquisition; as if nothing but *gold* were *gain*, and everything else were *dress*. Thus the *body*—is *Dives*, clothed in *purple* and *fine linen*, and faring *sumptuously* every day; while the *mind*—is *Lazarus*, lying in *rags* at the *gate*, and fed with the *crumbs*, that fall from the tables of *Time* and *Sense*.

Varieties. 1. Instead of dividing mankind into the *wise* and *foolish*, the *good* and *wicked*, would it not be better to divide them into *more* or *less* wise and foolish, *more* or *less* good or wicked? 2. It was a proof of low *origin*, among the ancient *Romans*, to make *mistakes* in pronouncing words; for it indicated that one had not been instructed by a *nursery* maid: what is the *inference*? That those maids were well *educated*; particularly, in the pronunciation of the *Latin language*, and were treated by families as *favorites*. How many *nursery* maids of our day enjoy such a reputation, and exert such an *influence*? Indeed, how many *mothers* occupy such a *pre-eminence*? Let *wisdom* and *affection* answer, and furnish the remedy. 3. The *purest* and *best* of precepts and examples should be exhibited to our *youth*, in the development of their *minds*, and the formation of their *characters*.

The seas—are quiet, when the winds are o'er;
 So, calm are we, when passions—are no more;
 For then, we know how vain it was—to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affliction—from our younger eyes,
 Conceal that emptiness, that age describes;
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, through chinks, that time has made.

448. THE HUMAN VOICE. Among all the wonderful varieties of *artificial* instruments, which discourse excellent music, where shall we find *one* that can be compared to the human *voice*? And *where* can we find an instrument comparable to the human mind? upon whose stops the *real musician*, the *poet*, and the *orator*, sometimes lays his hands, and avails himself of the *entire* compass of its magnificent *capacities*? Oh! the *length*, the *breadth*, the *height*, and the *depth* of *music* and *eloquence*! They are *high* as *heaven*, *deep* as *hell*, and *broad* as the *universe*.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

The *lunatic*, the *lover*, and the *poet*,
Are, of IMAGINATION—all compact:
One—sees more *devils*—than vast *hell* can hold;
That—is the *MADMAN*: the *LOVER*, all as *frantic*,
Sees *Helen's* beauty—in a brow of *Egypt*:
The *POET's* eye, in a fine *frenzy* rolling, [HEAVEN;
Doth glance from *HEAVEN*—to *earth*, from *earth*—to
And, as IMAGINATION—bodies forth
The forms of things *unknown*, the *poet's pen*,
Forms them to *shapes*, and gives to airy *nothing*,
A local *habitation*, and a *name*.

449. CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES. An *orator*, addressing himself more to the *passions*, naturally has much more passionate *ardor*; whilst *another*, possessing an elevation of *style* and majestic *gravity*, is never *cold*, though he has not the same *vehemence*: in *this* respect do these great orators differ. *Demosthenes*—abounds in concise *sublimity*; *Cicero*,—in *diffuseness*: the *former*, on account of his *destroying*, and *consuming* everything by his *violence*, *rapidity*, *strength*, and *vehemence*, may be compared to a *hurricane*, or *thunderbolt*: the *latter*, to a wide extended *conflagration*, spreading in every direction, with a *great*, *constant*, and *irresistible flame*.

Anecdote. *Envy and Jealousy.* Colonel *Thornton*, of the British *army*, could not bear to hear the *Americans* praised. When he was at *Charleston*, S. C., some *ladies* were eulogising *Washington*; to which he replied, with a *scornful air*, “I should be very glad to get a *sight* of your Col. *Washington*; I have heard much *talk* about him, but have never *seen* him.” “Had you looked *behind* you, at the battle of *Cowpens*,” rejoined one of the *ladies*, “you might easily have *enjoyed* that *pleasure*.”

With illustration *simple*, yet *profound*, and with *unfaltering zeal*
He spake from a *warm heart*, and made even *cold hearts feel*;
This—is *eloquence*—’tis the *intense*,
Impassioned *fervor*—of a mind, deep fraught
With *native energy*, when *soul*, and *sense*
Burst forth, embodied in the burning *thought*;
When *look*, *emotion*, *tone*, and all combine;
When the *whole man*—is eloquent with mind;
A form that comes not to the *call* or *quest*,
But from the gifted *soul*, and the deep feeling *breast*.

The farmers patient *care*—and *toil*
Are oftener *wanting*—than the *soil*,

Maxims. 1. *Blind men* must not undertake to judge of *colors*. 2. *Gamesters* and *race-horses* never last long. 3. *Forgiveness* and *smiles* are the best *revenge*. 4. They, are not our *best friends*, who praise us to our *faces*. 5. An *honest man's word* is as good as his *bond*. 6. Never *fish* for praise; it is not worth the *bait*. 7. None but a *good man* can become a perfect *orator*. 8. Cultivate a love of *truth*, and *cleave* to it with all your *heart*. 9. Female *delicacy* is the best preservative of female *honor*. 10. *Idleness* is the refuge of weak *minds*, and the *holliday* of *fools*.

The Trine in Man. There are *three things* of which human beings consist, the *soul*, the *mind* and the *body*; the *inmost* is the *soul*, the *mediate* is the *mind*, and the ultimate the *body*: the *first* is that which receives life from *Him*, who is *life itself*; the *second*, is the sphere of the *activities* of that life; and the *third*, is the *medium* through which those activities are *manifested*: but it should be remembered, that there is, as the apostle says, “a *natural body*, and there is a *spiritual body*.”

Varieties. 1. *Nature*—makes no *emendations*; she labors for all: *her's* is not *mosaic* work. 2. The more there is *prosaic* in *orators*, *poets* and *artists*, the less are they *natural*; the less do they resemble the copious streams of the *fountain*. 3. The more there is of *progression*, the more there is of *truth*, and *nature*; and the more *extensive*, *general*, *durable*, and *noble* is the *effect*: thus is formed the least *plant*, and the most exalted *man*. 4. *Nature* is *everywhere* similar to *herself*; she never acts *arbitrarily*, never *contrary* to her *laws*: the same *wisdom* and *power* produce all varieties, agreeable to one *law*, one *will*. Either all things are subject to the law of order, or *nothing* is.

Home! how that blessed word—thrills the ear!

In it—what recollections blend!

It tells of *childhood's* scenes so dear,

And speaks—of many a cherished *friend*.

O! through the *world*, where'er we *roam*,

Though *souls* be *pure*—and *lips* be *kind*,

The *heart*—with *fondness*—turns to *home*,

Still turns to *those*—it left behind.

The *bird*, that soars to yonder *skies*,

Though high to *heaven*, still seems *unblessed*;

It leaves them, and with *rapture* flies

Downward—to its own much-loved *nest*.

Though *beauteous scenes*—may meet its view

And breezes blow—from *balmy groves*,

With *wing untired*—and *bosom true*,

It turns—to that dear spot it *loves*.

When *heaven*—shall bid this *soul depart*,

This *form*—return to kindred *earth*,

May the last *throb*, which swells my *heart*

Heave, where it started into *birth*.

And should *affection*—shed one *tear*;

Should *friendship*—linger round my *tomb*;

The *tribute* will be *doubly* dear,

When given by *those* of “*home, sweet home*.”

450. POETRY—may be written in *rhyme*, or blank *verse*. *Rhyme* is the correspondence of sounds, in the ending of two (or more) successive or alternate words or syllables of two or more lines, forming a couplet or triplet: see the various examples given. *Rythmus*, in the poetic art, means the relative duration of the time occupied in pronouncing the syllables; in the art of *music* it signifies the relative duration of the sound, that enters into the musical composition: see measures of speech and song.

Lo! the poor *Indian*,—whose untutored *mind*,
Sees *God* in *clouds*, or hears him in the *wind*:
His *soul* proud *SCIENCE*—never taught to stray
Far as the solar *walk*, or milky *way*;
Yet, simple *nature* to his *hope* has given,
Behind the cloud-top'd *hill*, an humble *heaven*;—
Some *safer* world—in depth of *wood* embraced,
Some *happier* island—in the watery *waste*;
Where *slaves*, once *more*, their native *land* behold,
No *FIENDS* torment—no *CHRISTIANS* thirst for *gold*.

451. SKIPS AND SLIDES. By closely observing the movements of the voice, when under the perfect command of the mind, you will see that it changes its pitch, by *leaps* of one or more notes, in passing from word to word, and sometimes from syllable to syllable, and also slides upwards and downwards; which skips and slides are almost infinitely diversified, expressing all the shades of tho't and feeling, and playing upon the minds of the listeners, with a kind of supernatural power, the whole range of tunes from *grave* to *gay*, from *gentle* to *severe*. The worlds of *mind* and *matter* are full of music and oratory.

Even *age* itself—is cheered with *music*;
It wakes a glad remembrance of our *youth*,
Calls back *past joys*, and warns us into *transports*.

Nature—is the *glass*—reflecting *God*,
As, by the *sea*—reflected is the *sun*.
Too *glorious* to be gazed on—in his *sphere*.

The *night*

Had been to me—a more *familiar* face
Than that of *man*; and, in her starry *shade*
Of *dim*, and solitary *loveliness*,
I learned the language—of *another* world.

Parting—they seemed to tread upon the *air*,
Twin roses, by the *zephyr* blown apart,
Only to *meet* again—more *close*, and *share*
The inward *fragrance*—of each *other's* heart.

Nothing--is made out of Nothing. *Good*, in his "Book of *Nature*," contends, that there is no absurdity, in the supposition, of God creating something—out of nothing; and he maintains, that the proposition, conveying this idea, is only relatively absurd, and not absolutely. But it is absolutely absurd. When God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," light cannot be said to have been created out of nothing, but from God himself; not out of God, but by his Divine Will, through his Divine Truth. So, we may conceive, that God, by his Will, made atmospheric matter, and then created it in form.

Enough to *live* in *tempest*; *die* in *port*.

Maxims. 1. It is better to *do* and not *promise*, than to *promise* and not *perform*. 2. A *benefit* is a common tie between the *giver* and *receiver*. 3. The *consciousness* of well doing is an ample *reward*. 4. As *benevolence* is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is the most *extensive*. 5. Do not postpone until to-morrow, what ought to be done to-day. 6. Without a *friend*, the world is but a *wilderness*. 7. The more we know our *hearts*, the less shall we be disposed to trust in *ourselves*. 8. *Obedience* is better than *sacrifice*, and is inseparably wedded to *happiness*. 9. We should not run out of the path of *duty*, lest we run into the path of *danger*. 10. He doeth much, that doeth a thing well.

Anecdote. *Moro*, duke of Milan, having displayed before the foreign ambassadors his *magnificence* and his *riches*, which excelled those of every other prince, said to them: "Has a man, possessed of so much *wealth* and *prosperity*, anything to desire in this world?" "One thing only," said one of them, "a nail to fix the wheel of *fortune*."

Swearing. Of all the crimes, that ever disgraced *society*, that of *swearing* admits of the least *pollution*. No possible benefit can be derived from it; and nothing but *perverse-ness* and depravity of human *nature*, would ever have suggested it; yet such is its *prevalence*, that by many, it is mistaken for a fashionable *acquirement*, and considered, by *unreflecting* persons, as indicative of *energy* and decision of *character*.

Varieties. 1. *Duty* sounds sweetly, to those who are in the *love*, and under the influence of *truth* and *goodness*: its path does not lead thro' thorny *places*, and over cheerless *wastes*; but winds pleasantly, amid green *meadows* and shady *groves*. 2. A new *truth* is, to some, as impossible of discovery, as the new *world* was to the faithless cotemporaries of *Columbus*; they do not believe in such a thing; and more than this, they will not believe in it: yet they will sit in judgment on those who do believe in such a contraband article, and condemn them without *mercy*.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my *brain*,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if *God*—pour'd thee from his "hollow *hand*,"
And hung his *bow* upon thine awful *front*;
And spoke, in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in *Parnos*—for his *Saviour's* sake,
"The sound of many *waters*;" and had bade
Thy *flood*—to chronicle the *ages* back,
And note His *centuries*—in the eternal *rocks*.

Deep—calleth unto *deep*. And what are we,
That hear the question—of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes, that ever rung
From *war's* vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the *riot*—*man* can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold *babblers*, what art thou—to Him
Who drown'd a *world*, and heaped the *waters* far
Above its loftiest *mountains*?—a light *wave*,
That breaks, and whispers—of its *Maker's* might.

Say, what can *Chloe* want? she wants a *heart*.

452. OBSERVATIONS. No one can ever become a good reader, or speaker, by reading in a *book*; because what is thus acquired is more from *thought* than from *feeling*; and of course, has less of *freedom* in it; and we are, from the *necessity* of the case, more or less constrained and mechanical. What we *hear*, enters more directly into the *affectuous* part of the mind, than what we *see*, and becomes more readily a part of ourselves, i. e. becomes *conjoined* instead of being *adjoined*: relatively, as the *food* which we eat, digests and is appropriated, and a *plaster* that is merely *stuck* on the body. Thus, we can see a philosophic reason why *faith* is said to come by *hearing*, and that we walk by *faith*, and not by *sight*: i. e. from *love*, that casts out the fear that hath torment; that fear which *enslaves* body and mind, instead of making both *free*.

Ever distinguish *substances*—from *sound*;

There is, in *liberty*, what *gods* approve;

And only men, like *gods*, have *taste* to share;

There is, in *liberty*, what *pride* perverts;

To serve *sedition*, and perplex *command*.

True liberty—leaves all things free, but *guilt*;

And fetters *everything*—but *art*, and *virtue*;

False liberty—holds *nothing* bound, but *power*,

And lets *loose*—every tie, that strengthens *law*.

Home—is man's *ark*, when *trouble* springs;

When gathering *tempests*—shade his *morrow*;

And *woman's* love—the *bird*, that brings

His *peace-branch*—o'er a flood of *sorrow*.

453. CONQUERING-LOVE. To learn almost any art, or science, appears arduous, or difficult, at first; but if we have a *heart* for any work, it soon becomes comparatively easy. To make a common watch, or a watch worn in a ring; to sail over the vast ocean, &c., seems at first, almost impossible; yet they are constantly practiced. The grand secret of *simplifying* a science is analyzing it; in beginning with what is *easy*, and proceeding to the combinations, *difficult*, most difficult: by this method, *miracles* may be wrought: the hill of *science* must be ascended *step by step*.

Conceptions. Would it not be well for metaphysicians—to distinguish between the conception of abstract truth, and the conception of past perception, by calling the latter—mental perception, as contradistinguished from all other?

Anecdote. *Rouge.* A *female*, praising the beautiful *color*, used by the *artist* on her *miniature*, was told by him, that he did not doubt she was a woman of good taste; for they both bought their *rouge* at the same shop.

True philosophy discerns

A ray of heavenly light—gilding all forms

Terrestrial,—in the vast, the minute,

The unambiguous footsteps of a *God*,

Who gives his lustre—to an *insect's* wing,

And wheels his *throne*, upon the rolling worlds.

Maxims. 1. A people's *education*—is a nation's best *defence*. 2. Let not the *sun* go down upon your *wrath*. 3. Who aims at *excellence*, will be above *mediocrity*; and who aims at *mediocrity*, will fall *short* of it. 4. *Forbearance* is a domestic *jewel*. 5. The affection of parents is *best* shown to their children, by teaching them what is *good* and *true*. 6. *Feeble* are the efforts in which the *heart* has no share. 7. By taking *revenge*, a man is but *even* with his enemy; but in passing it over—he is *superior*. 8. *Loveliness* needs not the aid of *ornament*; but is, when *unadorned*, adorned the *most*. 9. No one ever did, nor ever can, do *any* one an injury, without doing a *greater* injury to *himself*. 10. It is better not to *know* the truth, than to *know* it, and not do it.

Pursuit of Knowledge. He, that enlarges his *curiosity* after the works of *nature*, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to *happiness*; therefore, we should cherish *ardor* in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember, that a blighted *spring* makes a *barren year*, and that the vernal *flowers*, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by *nature* as *preparatives* to autumnal *fruits*.

Varieties. 1. *Business* letters should always be written with great *clearness* and *perspicuity*: every paragraph should be so plain, that the *dullest* fellow cannot mistake it, nor be obliged to read it *twice*, to *understand* it. 2. *Lawyers* and their *clients* remind one of two rows of persons at a fire; *one*—passing *full* buckets, the other returning *empty* ones. 3. The bump of *self-esteem* is so prominent on *some* men's heads, that they can't keep their *hats* on in a *windy* day. 4. A *crow* will fly at the rate of 20 miles an hour; a *hawk*, 40; and an eagle 80. 5. The *heaviest* fetter, that ever weighed down the limbs of a *captive*, is as the robe of the *gossamer*, compared with the pledge of a man of *honor*. 6. An *envious* person, waxes *lean* with the *fatness* of his neighbor. 7. *Nature*—supplies the raw *material*, and *education*—is the *manufacturer*.

The *dumb* shall sing, the *lame* his *crutch* forego,
And leap, *exulting*, like the bounding *roe*.

Distrustful sense with modest *caution* speaks;
It still looks *home*, and *short* excursions makes;
But rattling *nonsense* in full *volleys* breaks.

Come, gentle *Spring*, *etherial mildness*, come,
And, from the bosom of yon dropping *cloud*,
(While *music* wakes around,) veiled in a shower
Of shadowing *roses*, on the *plains* descend.

The man, that *dares* traduce, because he *can*,
With safety to *himself*, is not a *man*.

Slander—meets no regards from *noble* minds;
Only the *base*—believe what the *base* utter.

If I lose mine *honor*, I lose *myself*;

Mine *honor*—is my *life*; both grow in *one*;

Take *honor* from me—and my *life* is *done*.

He was a *man*, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his *like* again.

454. INFLECTIONS AND INTONATIONS.

The author is perfectly satisfied, that *most* of his predecessors have depended entirely too much upon the *inflections*, to produce variety, instead of upon the *intonations* of the *voice*: the *former*, invariably makes *mechanical* readers and speakers; while the *latter*, being founded in nature, makes *natural* ones: the one is of the *head*, and is the result of *thought* and *calculation*; and the other of the *heart*, and is the spontaneous effusion of the *affections*: the *former* spreads a *veil* before the mind; the *latter* takes it away. Is it not so? Choose ye. Nature knows a great deal more than *art*; listen to her *teachings* and her *verdict*.

There are *two hearts*, whose movements thrill
In *unison*, so *closely sweet*!

That, *pulse to pulse*, responsive still,
That *both* must heave, or *cease* to beat;
There are *two souls*, whose *equal* flow
In *gentle streams*—so *calmly* run,
That when they part, (they part!) ah no;
They *cannot* part,—their *souls* are *one*.

No *marvel* woman should love *flowers*, they bear
So much of fanciful *similitude*
To her *own* history; like *herself*, repaying,
With such *sweet* interest, all the *cherishing*,
That calls their *beauty*, and their *sweetness* forth;
And, like *her*, too, *dying*—beneath *neglect*.

455. IGNORANCE AND ERROR. How frequently an incorrect mode of *pronunciation*, and of speaking, is caught from an ignorant *nurse*, or favorite *servant*, which *infects* one through life! so much depends on first impressions and habits. Lisper, stammering, and smaller defects, often originate in the same way, and not from any *natural* defect, or impediment. If parents and teachers would *consider* the subject, they might see the importance of their trust, and be induced to fulfill their respective offices in a conscientious manner: to do *wrong*, in any way, is a *sin*.

Association of Ideas. We may trace the power of *association*—in the *growth* and *development* of some of the most important *principles* of human *conduct*. Thus, under the *feudal* system, appeals from the *baronial* tribunals were *first* granted to the royal *courts*, in consequence of the *delay*, or refusal of *justice*; afterwards, they were *taken*, on account of the *injustice* or *iniquity* of the *sentence*. In the same way, a power, appealed to from *necessity*, is at length resorted to from *choice*; till finally, what was once a *privilege* is, in certain cases, exacted as an *obligation*. This principle is full of *political* and *social* wisdom, and cannot be too deeply studied by those, who wish to analyze the *causes* and *motives* of human *conduct*.

The *purest* treasure,—*mortal* ties afford,
Is—*spotless* reputation; that—*away*,
Men are but gilded *loam*, and painted *clay*.

Maxims. 1. The *wise* man thinks he knows but *little*; the *fool* thinks he knows it *all*. 2. He, who cannot govern *himself*, cannot govern *others*. 3. He is a poor *wretch*, whose hopes are confined to *this* world. 4. He, who employs himself *well*, can never want for something to *do*. 5. *Umbrage* should never be taken, where offence was never *intended*. 6. Deride not the *unfortunate*. 7. In *conversation*, avoid the extremes of *talkativeness* and *silence*. 8. *Lawyers'* gowns are often lined with the *willfulness* of their *clients*. 9. Good *books* are the *only* paper currency, that is better than *silver* or *gold*. 10. No man may be both *accuser*, and *judge*. 11. At every trifle—*scorn* to take offence.

Anecdote. A *Rose*. A *blind* man, having a *shrew* for his wife, was told by one of his friends, that she was a *rose*. He replied, "I do not *doubt* it; for I feel the *thorns* daily."

Laconics. He who would become distinguished in *manhood*, and eminently *useful* to his *country*, and the *world*, must be contented to pass his *boyhood* and *youth* in *obscurity*,—learning that which he is to *practice*, when he enters upon the stage of *action*. There are two *kinds* of education; the *liberal* and the *servile*; the *former* puts us in possession of the *principles* and *reasons* of *actions* and *things*, so far as they are capable of being *known* or *interrogated*: the *latter* stops short at technical *rules* and *methods*, without attempting to understand the *reasons* or *principles* on which they are *grounded*.

Varieties. 1. We may *apprehend* the works and word of God, if we cannot fully *comprehend* them. 2. A man *passes*, for what he is *worth*. The world is *full* of judgment-days; and into every *assembly*, that a man enters, in every *action* he attempts, he is *guag'd* and *stamp'd*. 3. It is *base*, and that is the *one* base thing in the *universe*, to *receive* favor, and *render* none. 4. How shall we *know*, that *Washington*—was the most *prudent* and *judicious* statesman, that ever lived? By carefully observing his *actions*, and *comparing* them with those of *other* men, in like *circumstances*. 5. The union of *science* and *religion*, is the marriage of *earth* and *heaven*. 6. *Mankind* can no more be stationary than an *individual*. 7. The virtue of *women* is often the love of *reputation* and *quirt*.

SATAN'S SUPPOSED SPEECH TO HIS LEGIONS.

Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven! once yours, now—lost,
If such astonishment as this—can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place,
After the toil of battle, to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the *valleys* of Heaven?
Or, in this abject posture—have ye sworn—
To adore the Conqueror! who now beholds
Cherub—and seraph—rolling in the flood,
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers—from Heaven's gates—discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down,
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?
Awake, ARISE, or be forever fallen!

456. THE PASSIONS AND ACTIONS. The human mind we contemplate under two grand divisions, called *Will* and *Understanding*: the former is the *receptacle*, or *continent*, of our *passions*, *emotions*, *affections*; the latter—of our *thoughts*. To attend to the workings of *mind*, to trace the power that *external* objects have over it, to discern the nature of the *emotions* and *affections*, and to comprehend the *reasons* of their being affected in a particular manner, must have a direct influence on our *pursuits*, *character* and *happiness*, as private *citizens*, and as public *speakers*.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is VIRTUE'S prize.

In faith, and hope, the world will disagree;
But all mankind's concern—is *charity*.

He gave to *mercy*—all he had, a *tear*; [friend.
He gained from *heaven*, ('twas all he wished,) a

In the faithful husbandman—you see,
What all—true christians—ought to be.

Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught—in malice.

Honor, and shame, from no condition rise;
As fact tell your part, there all the honor lies.

457. An accurate analysis of the *passions* and *affections* is, to the *moralist*, as well as the student in *elocution*, what the science of *anatomy*, and *physiology* is to the *physician* and *surgeon*: it constitutes the first principles of rational practice for both; it is, in a *moral* view, the *anatomy* of the *heart*; discloses *why* and *how* it beats; indicates *appearances* in a *sound* and *healthy* state, and detects *diseases*, with their *causes*, and is much more fortunate in applying *remedies*.

Stages of Progress. Useful discoveries and improvements generally have four distinct stages in their progress to universality. The first is, when the theory is pronounced false, contrary to experience, absurd and unworthy of the attention of sensible men. The second is, when they are claimed as having been known before; thus, depriving the medium—of all credit for more industry, discrimination and originality, than others. The third is, when they are denounced as perilous innovations, endangering the religion and morals of society. The fourth is, when they are received as established truths by every body; the only wonder being, that they should ever have been doubted, they are in such perfect harmony with the laws of the universe.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first, faint glimmering—in the dappled east;
Till, far o'er ether—spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night—retires; young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawn's prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the right, and brighten—with the dawn.

If, on a sudden, he begins to rise,
No man that lives, can count his enemies.

Laconics. 1. All men, possessed of real power, are *upright* and *honest*: craft is but the substitute of power. 2. To answer wit by reason, is like trying to hold an eel by the tail. 3. Frequent intercourse often forms such a similarity, that we not only assure a *mental* likeness, but contract some resemblance in *voice* and *features*. 4. The more *ideas* included in our own words, and the more cases an *axiom* is applied to, the more *extensive* and *powerful* will they be. 5. The improvement of the *internal*, will also be the improvement of the *external*. 6. A little vice often deforms the whole countenance; as one single false trait in a portrait, makes the whole a caricature. 7. The noblest talents may rust in indolence; and the most moderate, by industry, may be astonishingly improved.

Anecdote. A Good Hint. A clergyman and Garrick the tragedian, were spending an evening together; and among other topics of conversation, that of *delivery* was introduced. The man of the *pulpit* asked Garrick, "Why is it, you are able to produce so much more effect, with the recital of your *fictions*, than we do, by the delivery of the most important *truths*?" The man of the stage replied—"My Lord, you speak *truths*, as if they were *fictions*; we speak *fictions*, as if they were *truths*."

Action. To do an ill action is *base*; to do a good one, which involves you in no danger, is nothing more than *common*; but it is the property of a truly good man, to do *great* and *good* things, though he risk *everything* by it.

Varieties. 1. The coin, that is most current among mankind—is *flattery*: the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are *not*, we may be instructed what we *ought* to be. 2. Bring the *entire* powers of your mind, to bear on whatever *study* you undertake, with a singleness of *purpose*, and you will not fail of *success*. 3. The *predominance* of a favorite study, affects all the *subordinate* purposes of the *intellect*. 4. *Vex* not thy heart, in *seeking*—what were far better *unfound*. 5. In reference to certain principles and persons, *unstable* people cry out, at first, "ALL HAIL,"—but afterwards, "CRUCIFY! CRUCIFY!" 6. *Luxury* is an enticing *pleasure*, which hath *honey* in her mouth, but *gall* in her heart, and a *sting* in her embrace. 7. Let your rule of action be, to perform, *faithfully*, and without *solicitude*, the duty of the *present* hour; let the *future* take care of *itself*.

Two tasks are ours, to know—and understand,
Evil, and good, and name their various band;
But worthier far, with cheerful will, to choose
Whatever is good, and all the ill—refuse.

Why all this toil—for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in—"Here he lies!"
And—"dust—to dust!"—concludes her noblest song.

Virtue itself, 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

458. THE PASSIONS. There are three things involved in the exhibition of the *passions*; viz. the *tones of the voice*, the *appearance of the countenance*, and *rhetorical action*; the *first* is addressed to the *ear* only, the latter to the *eye*. Here, then, is *another* language to learn, after the pupil has learned the *written*, and the *vocal* languages: however, the language of the *passions* may be said to be written—by the hand of *Nature*. Contemplate the *passions separately*, and *combined*, and seek for examples to *illustrate* them.

For *praise*, too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all *internal* strength of thought;
And the *weak*, within itself unblest,
Leans, for all *pleasures*, on *another's* breast.

Friendship, like an *evergreen*,
Will brave the inclement blast,
And still retain the bloom of *spring*,
When *summer* days—are past;
And tho' the wintry sky should lower,
And *dim* the cheerful day,
She still perceives a *vital power*,
Unconscious—of decay.

Jealousy! thy own green food,
Thy joy—is vengeance, death, and blood!
Thy love—is wrath! thy breath—is sighs!
Thy life—is suspicious sacrifice!

459. TRUTH. Some men say, that "*wealth* is power"—and some that "*talent*—is power"—and some that "*knowledge*—is power"—and others, that "*authority*—is power"—but there is an *apothegm*, that I would place on high above them all, when I assert, that, "*TRUTH*—is power." *Wealth* cannot purchase, *talent*—cannot refuse, *knowledge*—cannot over-reach, *authority*—cannot silence her; they all, like *Felix*, tremble at her presence: cast her into the sevenfold heated furnace of the *tyrant's* wrath—fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion—she mounts aloft in the *ark*—upon the summit of the *deluge*. She is the ministering *spirit*, who sheds on man that *bright* and *indestructible* principle of life, which is given, by its mighty *author*, to *illuminate* and to *inspire* the immortal soul—and which, like *himself*, "*is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.*"

The wintry blast of death—

Kills not the buds of *virtue*; no: they spread
Beneath the heavenly beams—of *brighter* suns,
Through endless *ages*—into higher *powers*.
The scale of *being*—is a *graduated* thing;
And *deeper*,—than the vanities of *power*.
On the vain pomp of *glory*—there is writ—
Gradation—in its hidden *characters*.

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head—upon the lap of *earth*,
A *youth*—to *fortune* and to *fame* unknown;
Fair *science*—frown'd not—on his humble *birth*,
And *melancholy*—mark'd him for her own.

A *dandy*—is a *thing*, that *would*
Be a *young lady*—if he *could*;
But, as he *can't*, does all he *can*,
To show the *world*—he's not a *man*.

The course of *true love*—never did run *smooth*.

Maxims. 1. A well instructed people, only, can be a *free* people. 2. To ask for a *living*, without *labor*, would be to ask for a *curse*, instead of a *blessing*. 3. No one looks after his *own* affairs, as well as *himself*. 4. Fruitless *advice* is like pouring water on a *duck's* back. 5. The more our talents are *exercised*, the more will they become *developed*. 6. Unless the laws are executed on the *great*, they will not be *obeyed*. 7. He, who toils with *pain*, will reap with *pleasure*. 8. The *torment* of *envy*—is like *sand* in the *eye*. 9. *Laziness* often gives occasion to *dishonesty*. 10. The *error* of an *hour*—may become the *sorrow* of a *whole* *life*.

Anecdote. Father *Aurius* said, when *Bourdaloie* preached at *Rouen*, the *tradesmen* forsook their *workshops*, the *lawyers* their *clients*, and the *physicians* their *sick*, to hear the *orator*: but when *I* preached there, the following year, I set all things *right*; every man minded his own *business*.

Luxury. When I behold a fashionable *table*, set out in all its *magnificence*, I fancy that I see *gouts* and *dropsies*, *fevers* and *lethargies*, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the *dishes*. *Nature* delights in the most *plain* and *simple* diet. Every animal, but *man*, keeps to one *dish*. *Herbs* are the food of this species, *fish* of that, and *flesh* of a *third*. *Man* falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest *fruit* or *excrement* of the earth, scarce a *berry* or a *mushroom* can escape him.

Varieties. 1. Without *exertion* and *diligence*, *success* in the pursuits of life, is rarely attained. 2. It is the business of the *judge* to decide as to the points of *law*, and the duty of the *jurors*—to decide as to the matters of *fact*. 3. The essence of our liberty is—to do whatever we *please*, provided we do not violate any *law*, or *injure* another. 4. A *handful* of *common* sense is worth a *bushel* of *learning*. 5. Few things are more injurious to our health and constitution, than indulgence in *luxuries*. 6. Did *God*, after creating the *universe*, and putting it in *motion*, leave it to itself? 7. *Credit*—is of inestimable *value*, whether to a *nation*, or an *individual*.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there *care* in *heaven*? and is there *love*

In heavenly spirits—to these creatures base,
That may *compassion* of their evils move? [case
There is: else, much more wretched were the
Of men than beasts. But, oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest *Heaven*! that loves his creatures so:

And all his works—with *mercy* doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked *man*,—to serve his wicked *foe*.

How oft—do they their silver *bowers* leave,

To come to *succor* us, that *succor* want!
How oft—do they, with golden *pinions*, cleave

The flitting *skies*, like flying *pursuivants*,
Against foul *fiends*—to aid us *militant*!

They for us *fight*, they *watch* and *duly* *ward*,
And their bright *squadrons* round about us *plant*,
And all for *love*, and *nothing* for *reward*:

Oh! *why* should the *Lord* to *man* have such regard!

TRANQUILLITY, &c.

460. Tranquillity appears by the open and composed countenance, and a general repose of the whole body; mouth nearly closed; eyebrows a little arched; forehead smooth; eyes passing with an easy motion, from one object to another, but not dwelling long on any; cast of happiness, bordering on cheerfulness; desiring to please and be pleased; gaily, good humor, when the mouth opens a little more.



CHEERFULNESS IN RETIREMENT.

Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom—made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here—feel we but the penalty of Adam;
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Ev'n till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
This is no flattery; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am:
Sweet—are the uses of adversity,
That, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues, in TREES, books, in running BROOKS,
Sermons in STONES, and GOOD in everything.

Miscellaneous. 1. *Timidity*—often obscures the *brighest* powers of orators, at their *outset*; like the chilling vapor, awhile retarding the beauty of a morning in *spring*; but the day of *success*, attained by persevering *efforts*, when it *comes*, will well repay for its *late appearance*, and its *splendor* more than atone for its morning *shade*. 2. By taking in the widest possible range of *authors* of all *ages*, one seems to create, within himself, a sympathy for the whole *brotherhood* of man, *past*, *present*, and to *come*, and to approximate continually, to a view of Universal *Truth*, tho' never *attaining* it. 3. All good *speakers* and *writers*, are addicted to *imitation*: no one—can *write* or *speak* well, who has not a strong *sympathy* with, and *admiration* for—all that is *beautiful*.

Anecdote. A *Pun*. Purcell, the famous *punster*, being desired, one evening, when in *company*, to make an extempore *pun*, asked, "on what *subject*?" "The *King*;" was the answer. "O sir," said he, "the *King* is not a *subject*."

I hate to see a boy—so rude,
That one might think him—raised
In some wild region of the wood,
And but half-civilized.

Maxims. 1. The *follies* we tell of others, are often only *mirrors* to reflect our *own*. 2. *Righteousness*—exalteth a nation; but *sin*—is a *reproach* to any people. 3. The *best mode* of dealing with a quarrelsome person, is, to keep out of his *way*. 4. Good *thought*, couched in an appropriate *simile*, is like a precious *stone*, set in *gold*. 5. Great *minds* may produce great *rices*, as well as great *virtues*; an *honest man*—is the noblest work of God. 6. *Nature*, and natural causes, are nothing else, than the *way* in which God works. 7. 'Tis *use* that constitutes *possession*. 8. No sooner is a law made, than the *ricked* seek to *evade* it. 9. One lie draws ten more after it. 10. *Idleness*—buries a man alive.

Irresolution. In matters of great *concern*, and which must be *done*, there is no surer argument—of a *weak mind*, than *irresolution*; to be *undetermined*, where the case is so *plain*, and the *necessity* so *urgent*. To be always *intending* to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off *eating*, and *drinking*, and *sleeping*, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Varieties. 1. Every *evil*, that we conquer, is a *benefactor* to our *souls*. The Sandwich *Islander* believes that the *strength* and *valor* of the *enemy* he kills, passes into *himself*. *Spiritually*, it is so with *us*; for we gain *strength*, from every *temptation* we resist. 2. It is *absurd*, to think of becoming good, in any thing, without *understanding* and *practicing* what we learn. 3. Have we *life* of our *own*? or, are we dependent on God for it, every moment of our lives! 7. All the moments of our *lives*, produce eternal consequences.

How sweet—the words of truth,
Breathed from the lips—we love.

One alone

May do the task of many, when the mind
Is active in it.

Corcombs—are of all realms, and kind;
They're not to sex, or age confined,
Of rich, or poor, or great, or small,
'Tis vanity—besets them all.

True happiness—had no *localities*;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.
Where duty went, she went; with justice went;
And went with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear was dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit—with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury,
Repeated oft, as oft—by love—forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or *Virtue's* feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured, and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish—
There—was a high—and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane.

Faith—is not built—on disquisition's ruins.

JOY; DELIGHT.

461. JOY, a pleasing elation of mind on the actual or assured attainment of good; or deliverance from some evil. When moderate, it opens the countenance with smiles, and throws a sunshine of delectation over the whole frame; when sudden and violent, it is expressed by clapping the hands, exultation and weeping, raising the eyes to heaven, and perhaps suffusing them with tears, and giving such a spring to the body, as to make attempts to mount up as if it could fly: and when it is extreme, goes into transport, rapture, and ecstacy; the voice often raises on very high pitches, and exhilarating; it has a wildness of look and gesture that borders on folly, madness and sorrow; hence the expression, "frantic with joy." Joy, mirth, &c., produce a rousing, exciting, lively action.

JOY EXPECTED.

Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped, like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazen it, then sweeten, with thy breath,
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive, in either, by this dear encounter.

See! my lord, [veins

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those
Did verily bear blood? O sweet Paulina,
Make me think so twenty years together;
No settled senes of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Talents—angel-bright,
If wanting worth,
Are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand—to finish faults
Illustrious, and give to infamy renown.

'Tis easiest—dealing with the firmest mind, [kind.
More just, when it resists, and when it yields, more

A mirror—has been well defined—
An emblem—of a thoughtful mind,
For, look upon it—when you will,
You find—it is reflecting still.

Life—is a sea, where storms must rise;
'Tis folly—talks of cloudless skies;
He, who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Anecdote. A painter—was employed in painting a ship, on a stage, suspended under her stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat to go ashore, ordered the cabin boy to let go the painter. The boy went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "Confound you for a lazy dog; why don't you let go the painter?" "He's gone sir," replied the boy, "pots and all."

Maxims. 1. The abuse of money is worse than the want of it. 2. Revenge is a mean pleasure; but no principle is more noble, than that of forgiving injuries. 3. Without friends, the world is but a wilderness. 4. Flattery to ourselves—does not change the nature of that which is wrong. 5. When a man is not liked, whatever he does is amiss. 6. If a man is unfortunate, and reduced in the world, it is easy to find fault with him. 7. A pure heart makes the tongue impressive. 8. A man's best fortune, or his worst—is a wife. 9. Health is better than wealth. 10. Unexperienced persons think all things easy.

Free Schools; or the road to Honor open to all. When the rich man—is called from the possession of his treasures, he divides them as he wills, among his children and heirs. But an equal Providence deals not so with the living treasures of the mind. There are children, just growing up in the bosom of obscurity, in town and country, who have inherited nothing but poverty and health, and who will, in a few years, be striving, in stern contention, with the great intellects of the land. Our system of free schools, has opened a straight way from the threshold of every abode, however humble, in the village, or in the city, to the high-places of usefulness, influence and honor. And it is left for each, by the cultivation of every talent, by watching, with an eagle-eye, for every chance of improvement; by bounding forward like a gray-hound, at the most distant glimpse of honorable opportunity; by grappling, as with hooks, the prize, when it is won; by redeeming time, by defying temptation, and scorning sensual pleasures; to make himself useful, honored and happy.

Varieties. 1. God, who loveth all his creatures, and is no respecter of persons, would have us be good for our own sakes. 2. What is the difference, between the love of being wise, and the love of wisdom? 3. Every age has its own predominant features, taste and propensities, that each may be fitted, and inclined, to discharge the offices allotted to it. 4. God has planted in the irrational brute, memory, sense, and appetite; but to rational man—he has given all these, and superadded thought, intelligence, will, immortal reason, and undying affection. 5. All orders of good and truth are capable of an infinite display of the varieties, proper to that order; and of an infinite multiplication of each.

Music! thou rest of life, and balm of age,
To cheer man's path—through this dark pilgrimage,
In every state—be thou my partner made:
By night, by day, in sunshine, and in shade;
Teach me, while here, the strain that angels sing,
From hearts devout, to Heaven's Eternal King;
Tune my last breath—with pure seraphic love,
And hymn my passage—to the choir above.

So very still, that echo—seems to listen;
We almost hear—the music of the spheres,
And fancy, that we catch the notes of angels.

MIRTH, JOLLY LAUGHTER.

462. When delight arises from ludicrous or fugitive amusements, in which others share with us, it is called **MIRTH, LAUGHTER OR MERRIMENT**; which opens the mouth horizontally, shrivels the nose, raises the cheeks high, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and fills them with tears.



INVOCATION OF THE GODDESS OF MIRTH.

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yelep'd Euphrosyne;
And of men—heart-easing MIRTH;
Whom lovely Venus bore :
Haste thee, nymph, and *bring* with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and *cranks*, and wanton *wiles*,
Nods, and *becks* and wreathed *smiles*,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in *dimple* sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled *Care* derides,
And *Laughter*, holding both his *sides*;
Come, and *trip* it as you *go*
On the light fantastic *toe*,
And in thy *right* hand—*lead* with thee
The *mountain-nymph*, sweet *Liberty*.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

Now, by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath framed strange *fellows* in her times;
Some, that will evermore peep through their *eyes*,
And *laugh*, like *parrots* at a *bag-piper*;
And *others*—of such *vinegar* aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of *smile*,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be laughable.

463. THEATRES. If the lofty powers of the *master* tragedian were concentrated to the development of *mind*, in the presence of *those*, only, who can *appreciate* his genius; if the public *display* of them, on the stage, were unaccompanied by any of those *excesses*, which cling, *incubus*-like, to modern *theatres*; the *evil* of which the *philanthropist* and *patriot* complain, would seem to be *trifling*. But when he throws himself in the midst of such *scenes*, as he must necessarily *meet*, in *all* the theatres of the present day, he gives the sanction of his *presence*, his *example* and *reputation*, to some of the most monstrous *abuses*, which exist among men. Although his *moral* character may be *irreproachable*, yet a man is always known by the *company* he keeps; and, in spite of *himself* and his *friends*, he is *identified* with *all* the theatres, in which he *performs*: his *character* is assimilated to his *debased associates*, who *boast* of his *society*; and *ape* his *greatness*. It is because *he* is

among them, that they are *countenanced* by so *large* a portion of the American people.

Maxims. 1. He, that hearkens to *counsel*, is *wise*. 2. Courage—ought to have *eyes*, and *ears*, as well as *arms*. 3. *Credit*, *lost*, is like a broken *looking-glass*. 4. It is *sweet* to do good *unseen* and in *secret*. 5. *Nature*—unites the *beautiful* with the *useful*: hence, handsome *is*, that handsome *does*. 6. The *mob* hath *many heads*, but no *brains*. 7. A *superior* mind cares but little about *dress*, provided it be *decent*. 8. The *world*—is a large and interesting *book*, and is opened to us *day* and *night*. 9. *Vanity*—renders *beauty* *contemptible*. 10. *Vows*, made in *storms*, are *forgotten* in *calms*; because they are the offspring of *fear*.

Anecdote. *Play upon words.* A poor drunken *loafer*—was picked up in the *street*, by the *watchman*, when the following *decision* was made: There is no *sense* in his *head*, no *cents* in his *pocket*, and a powerful *scent* in his *breath*: he was of course *sent* to the *watchhouse*.

The Feet. There are *seven* bones in the *ankle*, *five* in the *metatarsus*, and *fourteen* *phalanges* in the *foot*, which are strongly fastened together by means of a *gristle*, which *yields*—so as to enable us to tread, with equal ease, on *level* or *unequal* surfaces. We often hear of the small feet of the *Chinese* ladies; and we also see some ladies in a *christian* land who try to make themselves *heathens*, by wearing a very small *shoe*, under the *false* notion, that it is *genteel* to have small *feet*. Genteel to have *corns*, impeded *circulation*, and all their train of *horrors*! Oh, when shall we come to our *senses*, leave off *tight shoes*, and cease to worship the *god* of *fashion*?

VARIETIES.

Like the *lily*,
That once was mistress of the *field*,
I'll hang my *head*, and *perish*.

Her suny *locks*
Hang on her *temples*, like a golden *fleece*.

She looks as *clear*,
As morning *roses*, newly washed with *dew*.

There's *nothing* in the world can make me *joy*;
Life—is as *tedious*—as a twice-told *tale*,
Vexing the dull ear of drowsy *man*.

Love is *blind*, and *lovers* cannot see
The petty *follies*, that *themselves* commit.

How far that little *candle* throws his *beams*!
So—shines a good *deed*—in this naughty *world*.
Penetration—has an aid of *divination*.

HONESTY.

Thou art full of *love* and *honesty*,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them *breath*,
Therefore, these *steps* of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal *knave*,
Are tricks of *custom*; but, in a man that's *just*,
They are close denotements, working from the *heart*,
That *passions* cannot rule.

Gold, *silver*, *vases* sculptur'd high,
Paint, *marble*, *gems*, and robes of *Persian* dye,
There are, who have not, and, thank heaven! there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their *care*.

ECSTASY, RAPTURE, &c.

464. ECSTASY, RAPTURE, TRANSPORT, express an extraordinary elevation of the spirits, an excessive tension of mind: they signify to be out of one's self, out of one's mind, carried away beyond one's self. ECSTASY—benumbs the faculties,



takes away the power of speech, and sometimes of thought: it is generally occasioned by sudden and unexpected events: but RAPTURE often invigorates the powers and calls them into action. The former, is common to all persons of ardent feelings; especially, children, &c., the illiterate: the latter is common to persons of superior minds, and circumstances of peculiar importance.

What followed, was all *ecstasy*, and *trances*:
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance.

By swift degrees, the love of nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last, sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity.

Scorns the base earth and crowd below,
And, with a peering wing, still mounts on high.

He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
That on each note the enraptur'd audience hung.

465. GARRICK. It is believed, that this tragedian greatly surpassed his predecessors, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of his attitudes, and the whole pathos of expression. The cause of which success was, his intimate and practical knowledge of human nature. Example. A certain gentleman, on returning from the theatre, asked his postillion, (who sat in his private box,) what he thought of the great Mr. Garrick. "Not much, my lord," was his reply, "for he talked and acted just like John and I in the stable." When this was repeated to the tragedian, he declared it the greatest compliment ever paid him: for, said he, if nature's own children can't distinguish me from themselves, it is a pretty sure indication that I am about right.

RAPTURES.

But, in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On dullness' lap, th' appointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round—with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkles—with Cimmerian dew;
Then raptures high—the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads—refin'd from reason, know;
Hence, from the strave, where Bedlam's prophet
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods: [nods,
Hence, the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

How dost thou wear, and weary out thy days,
Restless ambition; never at an end.

Maxims. 1. He is not wise, who is not wise for himself. 2. If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send. 3. The silence of the tongue is often the eloquence of the heart. 4. The perfection of art is, to conceal art. 5. Every day is a little life; and a whole life but a day repeated. 6. We find it hard to forgive those, whom we have injured. 7. Fashionable women are articles manufactured by milliners;

They want but little—here below,
And want that little—for a show.

8. Do nothing you would wish to conceal. 9. Appearances are often deceiving. 10. Riches cannot purchase mental endowments.

Anecdote. Look at Home. The advice of a girl, to Thales, a Milesian astronomer, was strong and practical. Seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued, because he did not cast an eye on her attractions, she put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. Her excuse was, that she wanted to teach him, before he indulged himself in star-gazing, to "look at home."

VARIETIES.

A proper judge—will read each work of wit,
With the same spirit, that its author writ.

It comes o'er the ear, like the sweet south wind,
Which breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing—and giving odor.

Th't mind and body—often sympathize,
Is plain; such—is this union, nature ties:
But then, as often too, they disagree,
Which proves—the soul's superior progeny.

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty—ruled the world.

Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
(Live till to-morrow,) will have passed away.

With pleasure—let us own our errors past,
And make each day—a critic—on the last.

Thinking—leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases: he will never know any thing of it, except that which he has thought over; that which, by thinking, he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?

'T was the bow of Omnipotence: bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe span'd;
'T was the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world:—

Not such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its keystone the sun;
A pavilion it seem'd, which the Deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there, and embraced.

Awile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired;
As love had just vanish'd, or hope had expired.

Virtue, not rolling suns—the mind matures.

LOVE, &c.

466. Love gives a soft serenity to the countenance, a languishing to the eyes, a sweetness to the voice, and a tenderness to the whole frame: forehead smooth and enlarged; eye-brows arched; mouth a little open; when enreating, it clasps the hands, with intermingling fingers, to the breast; eyes languishing and partly shut, as if doating on the object; countenance assumes the eager and wistful look of desire, but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose; accents soft and winning, voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical and rapturous, as in Joy: when declaring, the right hand, open, is pressed forcibly on the breast; it makes approaches with the greatest delicacy, and is attended with trembling hesitancy and confusion; if successful, the countenance is lighted up with smiles; unsuccessful love adds an air of anxiety and melancholy.

467. To the above may be added, Shakspeare's description of this affection, as given by the Good Shepherd, who was requested to tell a certain youth, what 'tis to love:

It is to be all made of sighs and tears :
It is to be all made of faith and service :
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes :
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.

LOVE DESCRIBED.

Come hither boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me :
For such as I am—all—true lovers are :
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else ; [below'd.
Save in the constant image of the creature, that is

LANGUISHING LOVE.

O fellow, come, the song we had last night :
Mark it Cesario ; it is old and plain ;
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun, [bones,
And the free maids, that weave their threads with
Do use to chant it ; it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like to old age.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In paradise, of all things common else !
By thee adult'rous lust—was driv'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Here, love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels : not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition ; not in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball.



Maxims. 1. We must strike while the iron is hot ; but we must sometimes make the iron hot by striking. 2. Books are to the young, what capital is to the man of business. 3. It is not good husbandry, to make a child's fortune—great, and his mind—poor. 4. Some—excuse their ignorance, by pretending, that their taste lies in another direction. 5. Reading, makes a full man, and thinking, a correct man. 6. Not the pain, but the cause—makes the martyr. 7. Learn some useful art or trade, that you may be independent of the caprice of fortune. 8. Nothing is harder for honest people, than to be denied the privilege of speaking their minds. 9. Some—are penny-wise, and pound-foolish. 10. A true friend sometimes ventures to be offensive.

Anecdote. Two Lawyers. A wealthy farmer, being engaged in a law-suit against one of his opulent neighbors, applied to a lawyer, who happened to be engaged on the opposite side ; but, who told him he would give him a recommendation to a professional friend ; which he did in the following lines :

"Here are two fat wethers, fallen out together,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,
And make them agree like brother and brother."

The letter being unsealed, the farmer had the curiosity to open and read it ; he did so, and instead of carrying it to the other lawyer, he took it to the person, with whom he was at variance. Its perusal cured both parties, and ended the dispute. Inference—Lawyers live by the violation of the laws of goodness and truth.

Conversation. When five or six men are together, it is curious—to observe the anxiety every one has to speak. No one wishes to hear ; all he desires, is—an auditor. Rather than defer telling their respective stories, they frequently all speak at the same time.

Varieties. The United States—is on a conspicuous stage ; and the world—marks her demeanor. 2. If a parent—withhold from his children—the light, and influence of Divine Truth, is he not, in part, responsible for their crimes ? 3. Eloquence—is the language of Nature,—of the soul ; it cannot be acquired in the schools, though it may be cultivated there. 4. What is the object of courtship ? to get acquainted ; to show off ; to take in ; or, to marry ? 5. What a dreadful thing it is—to be "cut out,"—and to "get the millen !"

They—know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth—in its feelings for thee ;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop—to waste it away !

No—beaming with light—as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart, which is lowlier far :
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul—dawning clear
Through its innocent blush, makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven is there !

PITY, COMPASSION.

468. PITY, benevolence to the afflicted; a mixture of love for an object which suffers, whether human or animal, and a grief that we are unable to remove those sufferings. It is seen in a compassionate tenderness of voice, a feeling of pain in the countenance; features drawn together, eyebrows drawn down, mouth open, and a gentle raising and falling of the hands and eyes; as if mourning over the unhappy object.



Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last,
Thy beauties, Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth:
Whilst two young virgins, on whom she once
Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad! [lean'd,
Ev'n the loud rabble, th't were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute, when they beheld
Her: govern'd their roaring threats, and grumb'd
PITY.

How many bleed,
By shameless variance, between man and man!

On the bare earth, exposed, he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

Show mercy, and thou shalt find it.

Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
Forever asks the tear humane.

The quality of mercy—is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest—in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch—better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe—and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy—is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned—in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute—to God himself:
And earthly power—doth then show likest God's,
When mercy—seasons justice.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring:
A scrip, with fruits and herbs supplied,
And water from the spring.

Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!
Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.

Mercy—is the becoming smile of justice;
This—makes her lovely, as her rigor—dreadful;
Either, alone, defective:—but, when join'd,
Like clay and water in the potter's hands,
They mingle influence, and together rise,
In forms, which neither, separate, could bestow.
The sweetest cordial—we receive at last,
Is—conscience—of our virtuous actions past.

Maxims. 1. He that feels as he ought, will be polite without knowing it. 2. Common sense is the growth of all countries and all ages, but it is very rare. 3. Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth. 4. In every condition be humble; the loftier the condition, the greater the danger. 5. Feelings and thoughts are the parents of language. 6. To gain a good reputation, be, what you desire to appear. 7. In prosperity, we need consideration; in adversity—patience. 8. Kindness is more binding than a loan. 9. Right should be preferred to kindness. 10. A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water does to the vessel that contains it.

Anecdote. When Woodward first acted Sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, either by curiosity or jealousy, to be present. A few days afterward, they happened to meet, when Woodward asked Garrick, how he liked him in the part; adding, I think I struck out some beauties in it. Garrick replied, "I think you struck out all the beauties in it."

Discretion. At the same time, that I think discretion—the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion—points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning—has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion—has large and extensive views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning—is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects, which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

Varieties. 1. Said an Indian chief to the President, "May the Great Spirit bear up the weight of thy gray hairs, and blunt the arrow, that brings them rest. 2. The great truth has finally gone forth to the ends of the earth, that man shall no more render account to man, for his belief, over which he himself has no control. 3. Let every one feel, think, act and say whatever he pleases; provided, he does not infringe upon like privileges of others. 4. Virtue—promotes worldly prosperity; vice destroys it. 5. Who can fully realize the strength of parental affection, without experiencing it? and even then, who can describe it. 6. Grief, smothered, preys upon the vitals; give it vent into the bosom of a friend. 7. Nothing is of any service, that does not help to re-unite the soul to God.

But, what'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast!
If ever, from your eye-lids, wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be

DESIRE, HOPE.

469. HOPE is a mixture of joy and desire, agitating the mind, and anticipating its enjoyment; it ever gives pleasure; which is not always the case with wish and desire; as they may produce or be accompanied with pain and anxiety. Hope erects and brightens the countenance, opens the mouth



to half a smile, arches the eye-brows, gives the eyes an eager and wistful look; spreads the arms with the hands open, ready to receive the object of its wishes, towards which it leans a little; the voice is somewhat plaintive, and manner inclining to eagerness, but colored by doubt and anxiety; the breath drawn inward more forcibly than usual, in order to express our desires more strongly, and our earnest expectation of receiving the object of them.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd—promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail;

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called an echo still thro' all her song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard, at every close,

And HOPE, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her

golden hair. [health!

Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's

Thou lover's victory, thou beggar's wealth!

Thou manna, which from heaven we eat,

To every taste a several meat;

Hope! thou first fruit of happiness!

Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!

Who, out of fortune's reach doth stand,

And art a blessing still at hand!

Brother of faith! 'twixt whom and thee,

The joys of heaven and earth divided be;

The future's thine,—the present's his.

Thou pleasant, honest flatterer; for none

Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

O Hope, sweet flatterer, whose delusive touch

Sheds on afflicted minds, the balm of comfort,

Relieves the load of poverty; sustains

The captive, bending under the weight of bonds,

And smooths the pillow of disease, and pain;

Send back the exploring messenger with joy,

And let me hail thee—from that friendly grove.

Anecdote. A traveler in a stage-coach, not famous for its *swiftness*, inquired the name of the coach. A fellow passenger replied, "I think it is the *Regulator*, for I observe that all the other coaches go by it."

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;

Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend;

Rich?—remember Him, who gave;

Free?—be brother to the slave.

A disputable point—is no man's ground.

Maxims. 1. It is *one* thing to know *us* give, and *another* to know how to keep. 2. Every thing perfected by *art*, has its source in *nature*. 3. He who tells you the faults of *others*, intends to tell others *your* faults. 4. *Opinion* is *free*, and *conduct* alone amenable to the *law*. 5. Extravagant *praise* is more mortifying than the keenest *satire*. 6. Love *all beauty*, and you will love *all goodness*. 7. A foolish *friend* does more harm than a wise *enemy*. 8. When our hatred is *violent*, it sinks us below those we *hate*. 9. There should be no delay in a *benefit*, but in the modesty of the *receiver*. 10. A cup of cold *water*, in time of need, may save a man's *life*.

Acquaintance with Human Nature.

He, who has acquired a competent *knowledge* of the *views*, that occupy the *generality* of men; who has studied a great variety of *characters*, and attentively observed the *force* and *violence* of human *passions*; together with the *infirmities* and *contradictions* they produce in the conduct of *life*, will find in this knowledge, a *key* to the secret *reasons* and *motives* which gave rise to many of the most *important* events of ancient *times*.

Varieties. 1. Some people will do almost *anything*, rather than own a *fault*; tho' *everything* depends on it: thus, *Seneca's wife*, to conceal her *blindness*, declared that the whole *world* was in darkness, and *none* could see. 2. What is the difference between *pleasure* and *happiness*? 3. There is, in *all* things, a threefold *principle*, by which they exist; an *inmost*, *middle*, and *outermost*; and in *human* beings, there is a *soul*, *mind*, and *body*; *will*, *understanding*, and *act*; *affection*, *thought* and *speech*; *intellectual*, *rational*, and *scientific*; *end*, *cause*, and *effect*, all essentially *distinct*. 4. Our Lord does not say—if a man see a *miracle*, he shall know that my doctrine is from *God*; but, "if any man will do *my will*."

The flower—soon dies, but hope's soft ray

Unchang'd—undying shines

Around that form—where pale decay,

A peaceful heart enshrines:

Like ivy—round the blighted tree,

It twines around the heart,

Amid poor—frail humanity,

The only verdant part.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings! it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Hope, though 'tis pale sorrow's only cordial,

Has yet—a dull and opiate quality,

Enfeebling—what it kills.

A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea;

A cooling fountain—in a weary land;

A green spot—on a waste and burning sand;

A rose—that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom;

A sunbeam—smiling o'er the cold dark tomb.

Westward—the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,

A fifth—shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring—is the last.

HATRED, AVERSION.

470. When, by frequent reflections on a disagreeable object, our disapprobation of it is attended with a strong disinclination of mind towards it, it is called hatred; and when this is accompanied with a painful sensation upon the apprehension of its presence and approach, there follows an inclination to avoid it, called aversion; extreme hatred is abhorrence, or detestation. Hatred, or aversion expressed to, or of any person, or any thing, that is odious, draws back the body to avoid the hated object, and the hands, at the same time, thrown out and spread, as if to keep it off; the face is turned away from that side, which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking angrily and obliquely, or askint, the way the hands are directed; the eyebrows are contracted, the upper lip disdainfully drawn up; the teeth set; the pitch of the voice is loud, surly, chiding, languid and vehement; the sentences are short and abrupt.

HATRED—CURSING THE OBJECT HATED.

Poisons—be their drink,

Gall—worse than gall, the daintiest *meat* they taste;
Their sweetest *shade*, a grove of *cypress* trees;
Their sweetest *prospects*, murdering *basilisks*;
Their *music*—frightful as the *SERPENT'S* hiss:
And boding *screech-owls* make the concert full;
All the foul terrors of dark-seated *HELL*.

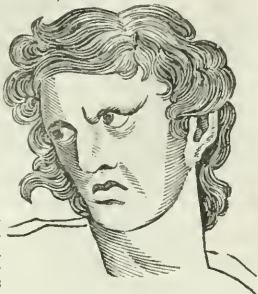
The mortal coldness of the *soul*, like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for *other's* woes, it dare not dream its *own*;
That heavy *chill* has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.
Tho' *voit* may flash from fluent *lips*, and *mirth* distract the breast,
Tho' *midnight* hours, that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as *ivy* leaves—around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd:
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy
And eaten of the tree, concerning which [wife,
I charg'd thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof;'
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou, in sorrow,
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns, also, and *thistles* it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field.
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

Anecdote. SATISFACTION. A ruined debtor, having done every thing in his power to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "Gentlemen,—I have been extremely perplexed, till now, how to satisfy you: and having done my utmost to do so, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

He, whose mind

Is virtuous, is alone—of noble kind;
Tho' poor—in fortune, of celestial race;
And he—commits a crime, who calls him base.



Maxims. 1. One true friend is worth a hundred relations. 2. Happiness is to be found every where, if you possess a well regulated mind. 3. Between good sense and good taste, there is the same difference as between cause and effect. 4. He, who profits by the mistakes, or oversights of others, learns a lesson of great importance. 5. The flight of a person accused, is a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt. 6. He, is wise, who does every thing at the proper time. 7. Confession is as a medicine—to him who has gone astray. 8. The love of liberty makes even an old man brave. 9. Children are heirs to the diseases of their parents, as well as to their possessions. 10. A man, who cannot forgive, breaks the bridge over which he might pass to Heaven.

Thoughts. A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for, are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

Varieties. 1. What do you think of one, who gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay? 2. Let us follow nature, who has given shame to man for a scourge; and let the heaviest part of the punishment be—the infamy attending it. 3. Can we perceive any quality in an object, without an act of comparison? 4. Falsehood often decks herself in the outer garments of truth, that she may succeed the better in her wily deceits. 5. The thing, which has been done, it is that which shall be; and that which is, it is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. 6. Society cannot be held together without morals; nor can morals maintain their station in the human heart, without religion; and no religion is worth having, unless it is founded on truth, which is the corner-stone of the fabric of human nature. 7. How far have moral perceptions been influenced by physical phenomena?

How very precious—praise
Is—to a young genius, like sunlight—on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit.

One hour—

Of thoughtful solitude—may nerve the heart
For days of conflict.—girding up its armor—
To meet the most insidious foe, and lending
The courage—sprung alone from innocence—
And good intent.

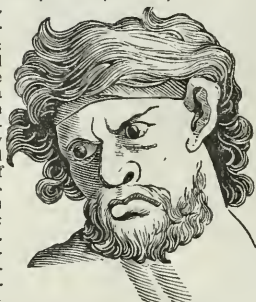
There is not, in this life of ours,
One bliss—unmixed with fears;
The hope, that wakes our deepest powers,
A face of sadness wears;
And the dew, that shows o'er our dearest flow'rs.
Is the bitter dew—of tears.

In all our strictures—placid we will be,
As Halcyons—brooding on a summer sea.

No man—is born into the world, whose work—
Is not born with him; there is always work—
And tools—to work withal, for those who will!

ANGER, RAGE, FURY,

471. Imply excitement or violent action: when hatred and displeasure rise high, on a sudden, from an apprehension of injury received and perturbation of mind in consequence of it, it is called **ANGER**: and rising to a very high degree, and extinguishing humanity, it becomes **RAGE** and **FURY**: anger always renders the muscles protuberant; hence, an angry mind and protuberant muscles, are considered as cause and effect. Violent anger or rage, expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, trepidation, and sometimes with interruption and hesitation, as unable to utter itself with sufficient force. It wrinkles and clouds the brow, enlarges and heaves the nostrils; every vein swells, muscles strained, nods or shakes the head, stretches out the neck, clenches the fists, breathing hard, breast heaving, teeth shown and gnashing, face bloated, red, pale, or black; eyes red, staring, rolling and sparkling; eye-brows drawn down over them, sparks with the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body. The voice assumes the highest pitch it can adopt, consistently with force and loudness; Tho' sometimes, to express anger with uncommon energy, the voice assumes a low and forcible tone.



Hear me, rash man; on thy *allegiance* hear me;
Since thou hast striv'n to make us break our *vow*,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear,
We banish thee forever from our sight,
And our kingdom: If when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.—Away.

Anger is like

A full hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers, that are sweetest when shaken.

They are as gentle

As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That, by the top, doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.

You are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger—as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Anecdote. *Sowing and Reaping.* A countryman, sowing his ground, two upstarts, riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air—"Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labor." To which the countryman replied—" 'Tis very likely you may; for I am sowing hemp."

The world's a book,—writ by the eternal art
Of the great Author, and printed—in man's heart.

Laconics. 1. A little neglect may breed great mischief. 2. Retrospection and anticipation may both be turned to good account. 3. He, who would be well spoken of himself, must speak well of others. 4. Wildness of eccentricity, and thoughtlessness of conduct, are not necessary accompaniments of talent, or indications of genius. 5. Vanity and affectation, often steal into the hearts of youth, and make them very ridiculous; yet, no one is contemptible, for being what he is, but for pretending to be what he is not. 6. No speech can be severe, unless it be true; for if it be not true, it cannot apply; consequently, its severity is destroyed by its injustice. 7. Mutual benevolence must be kept up between relatives, as well as between friends; for without this cement, whatever the building is called, it is only a castle in the air, a thing talked of, without the reality.

Education. Education is to the mind, what cleanliness is to the body; the beauties of the one, as well as the other, are blemished, if not totally lost, by neglect: and as the richest diamond cannot shoot forth its lustre, wanting the lapidary's skill, so, will the latent virtue of the noblest mind be buried in obscurity, if not called forth by precept, and the rules of good manners.

Varieties. 1. He that thinks he can be negligent of his expenses, is not far from being poor. 2. Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor. 3. Similarity in sound, weakens contrast in sense. 4. There being differences of mind, each member of a family, and of the community, is best qualified for the performance of specific duties. 5. The notions of some parents are very extravagant, in wishing the teacher to make great men of their sons; while they would be much more useful, and happy, in the field, or in the workshop. 6. Write down all you can remember of a lecture, address, or book, and the result will enable your teacher, as well as yourself, to decide, with a good degree of accuracy, upon your character, and the studies most appropriate for you to pursue.

What is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord, and continued strife!
Whereas the contrary—bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern—of celestial peace.

Immortality o'ersweeps

All pains, all tears, all trials, all fears, and peals,
Like the eternal thunder of the deep,
Into my ears, this truth—"Thou livest forever."

Oh! life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awak'd to the flour's,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

The soul of music—slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled, by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts, (touch them but lightly,) pour
A thousand melodies, unheard before.

When all things have their trial, you shall find,
Nothing is constant, but a virtuous mind.

REVENGE.

472. RE-

VENGE—is a propensity & endeavor to injure or pain the offender, contrary to the laws of justice: which is attended with triumph and exultation, when the injury is inflicted, or accomplished. It expresses itself like malice, or spite, but more



openly, loudly and triumphantly; sets the jaws; grates the teeth; sends blasting flashes from the eyes; draws the corners of the mouth towards the ears; clenches both fists, and holds the elbow in a straining manner: the tone of voice and expression are similar to those of anger; but the pitch of voice is not so high, nor loud.

If they but speak the truth of her, [honor, These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life—reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

473. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food; hurt with the same weapons; subject to the same diseases; heal'd by the same means: warm'd and cool'd by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is! If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by christian example? Why, REVENGE. The villiany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

O sacred solitude; divine retreat!

Choice—of the prudent! envy—of the great!

By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,

We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:

The genuine offspring—of her lov'd embrace,

(Strangers—on earth,) are innocence—and peace.

There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore

We smile—to hear the distant tempest roar;

There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness un perplex'd,

This life we relish, and ensure the next.

When will the world shake off such yokes! oh,
Will that redeeming day shine out on men, [when
That shall behold them rise, erect and free,
As Heaven and Nature—meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole legitimates of Heaven!

Human Testimony. The judgment must be employed, to discern the truth or falsehood of assertions, by attending to the credibility and consistency of the different parts of the story: the veracity and character of witnesses in other respects; by comparing the assertions with accounts received from other witnesses, who could not be ignorant of the facts; and lastly, by bringing the whole to a test of a comparison with known and admitted facts.

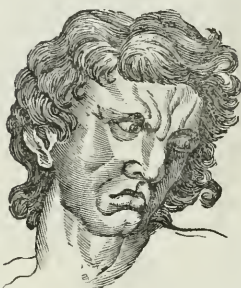
Anecdote. Scientific Enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of ardent and forcible minds, appears madness, to those who are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires is the greatest and the most independent remuneration, that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertions. Do-na-tel-lo, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith; and, on giving the last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now! I am sure you can."

Varieties. 1. How beautiful the arrangement of all living creatures, with the boundaries of their habitation! But how much more beautiful, could we but discover the law of this arrangement, or the reason, by which it is founded; that law, and the source from which it proceeds, must be the perfection of intelligence. **2.** A good natured man has the whole world to be happy in. He is blest with everybody's blessing, and wherever he goes, he finds some one to love; "Unto him that hath, shall be given." **3.** Parents should beware of discouraging their children, by calling them fools, half-witted, and telling them they will never know anything, &c.; but let the current flow on, and it will soon run clear: dam it up, and mischief will most certainly ensue. **4.** The agitations among the nations of the earth, cannot be mistaken: they are the struggles of opinion, writhing in its chains, and indignantly striving to cast them off; the soul bursting its trammels, forsaking its bondage, and soaring away to its native heaven of thought, where it may range at large, emancipate and free.

"Peace!" shall the world, out-wearied, ever see
Its universal reign? Will states, will kings,
Put down those murderous—and unwholy things,
Which fill the earth—with blood and misery?
Will nations learn—that love—not enmity—
Is Heaven's first lesson.

ANGER, HATRED, REPROACH.

474. REPROACH—is settled anger, or hatred, chastising the object of its dislike, by casting in his teeth the secret causes of his misconduct, or imperfections: the brow is contracted, the lip turn'd up with scorn, the head shaken, the voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressive of aversion, contempt and loathing.



*Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,
Infernal world ! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of Heav'n :
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here, at least
We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy ; will not drive us hence :
Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :
Better to reign in hell, than serve in Heaven.*

*He is my bane, I cannot bear him ;
One heav'n and earth can never hold us both :
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly,
Keep rage alive, till one be lost forever ;
As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
And strive, in fiery combat, for the passage.
Who does one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
Hence, from my sight !
Thy father cannot bear thee ;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortunes, cares and anguish dwell.*

REPROACHING WITH WANT OF COURAGE AND SPIRIT.
*Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villany,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjured too,
And soothe'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave !
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend,
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ; doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.*

Debasing tendency of Anger. What a wretched thing is anger, and the commotion of the soul. If anything interposes itself between me and the object of my pursuits, what is incum-

bent upon me is, that I should put forth my powers, and remove it. How shall I do this ? By the exercise of my understanding. To the employment of this power, a cool and exact observation is necessary ; but the moment I am the slave of passion, my power is lost ; I am turned into a beast, or rather into a drunkard ; I can neither preserve my footing, nor watch my advantage, nor strike an effectual blow. Did you never see a passionate and a temperate man—pitched against each other ? How like a fool did the former appear ! how did his adversary turn and wind him as he pleased, like some god—controlling an inferior nature ! It is by this single implement, his reason, that man tames horses, camels, and elephants, to his hand ; that he tames the lion of the desert, and shuts up the hyena with bars.

Anecdote. Servile Imitation. The Chinese tailors do not measure their customers, but make clothes according to the pattern given them. An American captain, being at Canton, and wanting a new coat made, sent the proper quantity of cloth, and an old one for a pattern : but, unluckily, the old coat had a patch at the elbow, which the tailor copied, to the no small mortification of his employer.

Varieties. 1. Whatever tends to dissolve the Union, or lessen the sovereign authority, is hostile to our liberty and independence. 2. As the true christian religion, which is to become universal, had one local origin, so, have all genuine and specific creations had their origin, or local centre, whence they have been diffused. 3. Let an unbeliever in this religion, write down, fairly and truly, all the absurdities he believes instead of it, and he will find that it requires more faith to reject it, than it does to embrace it. 4. Reverence paid to man, on account of what is good and true ; as divine in them, and as their own, is the worship of the creature, instead of the Creator, and is idolatry. 5. Man is the end of the whole creation ; and all particulars of it conspire, that conjunction of him with God may be attained, and that the end may be brought to pass.

*False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas, to meet.
Deceit—is the false road to happiness ;
And all the joys we travel to through vice,
Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.*

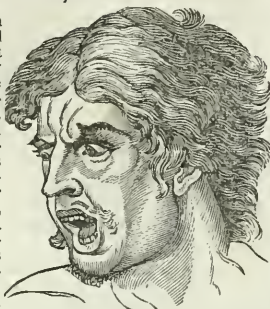
*Oh ! colder than the wind, that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang, which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
In vain my lyre would lightly breathe
The smile, that sorrow fain would wear,
But mocks the woe, that lurks beneath,
Like roses—o'er a sepulchre.*

As the ivy—climbs the tallest tree,
So—round the loftiest souls his toils he wound,
And, with his spells, subdu'd the fierce and free.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

TERROR, OR FRIGHT.

475. When violent and sudden, it opens very wide the mouth, shortens the nose, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the



sides, lifts up the open hands—with the fingers spread to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger produces violent shrieks, without any articulate sounds; sometimes confuses the thoughts, produces faintness, which is sometimes followed by death.

Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man, cheek by jowl with me. Ah, ah, mercy on us! No nearer, pray; if it be only to take leave of me that you are come back, I could have excused you the ceremony with all my heart; or if you—mercy on us! no nearer, pray, or, if you have wronged anybody, as you always loved money a little, I give you the word of frightened christian; I will pray as long as you please for the deliverance, or repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend to come to his senses again.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye, That reads its enemy with glance of fire; The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness; The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide The keen fixed orbs that burn and flash below; The hand firm clench'd and quivering, and the foot Planted in attitude to spring and dart Its vengeance, are the language it employs.

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel, Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Anecdote. Printing. It is related that *Faust*, of Mentz, one of the many to whom the honor of having invented the invaluable art of printing is ascribed, having carried some of his Bibles to Paris, and offered them

for sale as MSS., the French, after considering the number of the books, and their exact conformity to each other, and that the best book writers could not be so exact, concluded there was *witchcraft* in the case; and, by either actually indicting him as a *conjuror*, or threatening to do so, they extorted the secret; hence, the origin of the popular story of the *Devil* and Dr. *Faustus*.

Their breath is agitation, and their life A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last, And yet so nurs'd and bigoted to strife, That should their days, surviving perils past, Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast With sorrow and supineness, and so die; Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste With its own flickering, or a sword laid by Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

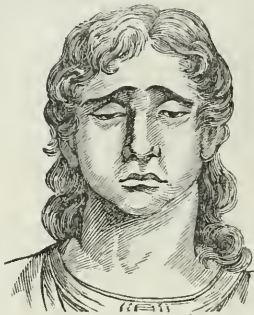
Friendship. The water, that flows from a spring, does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship, which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen in adversity.

Varieties. 1. As in agriculture, he, who can produce the greatest crop, is not the best farmer, but he, who can effect it with the least labor and expense; so, in society, he is not the best member, who can bring about the most apparent good, but he, who can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant evil. 2. Cicero says, that Roscius, the Roman comedian, could express a sentence in as many ways by his gestures, as he himself could by his words. 3. The eye of a cultivated person is full of meaning; if you read it attentively, it will seem like a mirror, revealing the inner world of thought and feeling; as the bosom of the smooth lake reflects the image of the earth around, and the heavens above. 4. A good reader and a bad singer, and a bad reader and a good singer, is without excuse; for the same strength, purity, distinctness, flexibility and smoothness of voice, that either requires, and promotes, are subservient to each other.

Should fate—command me to the farthest verge Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes, Rivers—unknown to song; where first the sun—Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams Flame on the Atlantic Isles; 'tis nought to me; Since God—is ever present, ever felt, In the void waste—as in the city full; And where He—vital breathes, there must be joy. When e'en, at last, the solemn hour shall come, And wing my mystic flight—to future worlds, I cheerful, will obey; thee, with new powers, Will rising wonders sing; I cannot go—Where universal love—smiles not around, Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons: From seeming evil,—still educing good, And better,—thence again, and better—still—In infinite progression But I lose Myself in Haze—in light ineffable: Come then, expressive Silence—muse his praise.

GRIEF AND REMORSE,

476. Are closely allied to sorrow and remorse; or a painful remembrance of criminal actions and pursuits; casts down the countenance, clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head, shakes it with regret, just raises the eyes as if to look up, and suddenly casts them down again with sighs; the right hand sometimes beats the heart or head, and the whole body writhes as if in self-aversion. The voice has a harshness, as in hatred, and inclines to a low and reproachful tone: weeps, stamps, hurries to and fro, runs distracted, or faints away. When it is violent, grovels on the ground; tears the clothes, hair or flesh; screams; sometimes it produces torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.



477. REMORSE FOR DRUNKENNESS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, applause, transform ourselves into beasts: I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me—I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool—and presently—a beast! O strange! every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

GRIEF DEPLORING LOSS OF HAPPINESS.

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had wrong'd my love,
So had I nothing known: O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell, content;
Farewell the plumed troop and the big war
That make ambition—virtue! O farewell:
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war!
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

Ow, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then, shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Madest it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Freedom of the Press. The liberty of the press—is the true measure of the liberty of the people. The one cannot be attacked, without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free; to bridle them, or stifle them in their sanctuary, is the crime of perverted humanity. What can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine.

Anecdote. Prize of Immortality. On its being remarked to *Zeuxis*, a celebrated painter, that he was very long in finishing his works, he replied, "I am, indeed, a long time in finishing my works; but what I paint—is for ETERNITY."

Varieties. 1. Many projects, which, at the first, appear plausible and inviting, in the end—prove to be very injurious. 2. Science, philosophy and religion, are our food in youth, and our delight in more advanced life; they are ornaments to prosperity, and a comfort and refuge, in adversity; armor at home, and abroad, they pass their days and nights with us, accompany us in our travels, and in rural retirements. 3. Which is more to be dreaded, a false friend or an open enemy? 4. Guard against being led into imprudence, by yielding to an impetuous temper. 5. There is no virtuous person, who has not some weakness or vice; nor is there a vicious one, who cannot be said to possess some virtue. 6. What a difficult thing it is, not to betray guilt in the countenance, when it exists in the mind! 7. The strength of one vital faculty is sometimes the occasion of a weakness in another; but, that it may not exist, exercise no faculty or principle beyond its strength or bounds. 8. Science—relates to whatever addresses us thro' the five senses; which are the ultimates—upon which the interiors of the mind, and the inmost of the soul—rest.

Wherefore rejoice! What conquest brings he home!
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace, in captive bonds, his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, [things!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone;
Run to your houses; fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

DESPAIR.

477. As a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downward, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes around fretfully, eyeballs red and inflamed like a rabid dog; opens the mouth horizontally, bites the lips, widens the nostrils, and gnashes the teeth; the head is pressed down upon the breast; heart too hard to permit tears to flow; arms are sometimes bent at the elbows; the fists clenched hard; the veins and muscles swollen; the skin livid; the whole body strained and violently agitated; while groans of inward torture are more frequently uttered than words. If any words are spoken, they are few, and expressed with a sullen eager bitterness; the tones of the voice often loud and furious, and sometimes in the same pitch for a considerable time. This state of human nature is too terrible, too frightful to look, or dwell upon, and almost improper for representation: for if death cannot be counterfeited without too much shocking our humanity, despair, which exhibits a state ten thousand times more terrible than death, ought to be viewed with a kind of reverence to the great Author of Nature, who seems sometimes to permit this agony of mind, as a warning to avoid that wickedness, which produces it: it can hardly be over-acted.



Bring me to my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is,
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs, set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

Virtue and Vice. Every man has actually within him, the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion, in which they thrive and ripen, depends, in general, upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed, and his life.

Anecdote. Filial Piety. Valerius Maximus relates, that a woman of distinction, having been condemned to be strangled, was carried to prison, in order to be put to death; but the jailor was so struck with compunction, that, resolving not to kill her, he chose to let her die with hunger; meanwhile, he permitted her daughter to visit her in prison, taking care that she brought nothing to eat. Many days passing by, and the prisoner still living, the jailor at length, suspecting something, watched the daughter, and discovered that she nourished her mother with her own milk. He informed the authorities, and they the people; when the criminal was pardoned, and the mother and daughter maintained at the public expense; while a temple was erected—SACRED TO FILIAL PIETY.

Varieties. 1. The mind should shine through the *casquet*, that contains it; its eloquence must speak in the *cheek*; and so distinctly should it be wrought in the whole countenance, that one might say, the *body thinks*, as well as *feels*; such oratory will never cloy; it is always enchanting, never the same. **2.** A gentleman, lecturing before a lyceum, remarked: a lady, when she married, lost her personal identity—her distinctive character—and was like a dew-drop, swallowed by a sunbeam. **3.** Let ignorance talk, learning hath its value. **4.** Where mystery is practiced, there is generally something bad to conceal, or something incompatible with candor, or ingenuousness, which form the chief characteristic of genuine innocence. **5.** The worst man is often he, who thinks himself the best. **6.** A benefit is a good office, done with intention and judgment. **7.** He, who punishes an enemy, has a momentary delight; but he who forgives him, has an abiding satisfaction.

Despair shall round their souls be twin'd,
And drink the vigor of their mind:
As round the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals its sap, and blasts its leaves.

Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all, that pass, a monument of woe.

I saw, on the top of a mountain high
A gem, that shone like fire by night;
It seem'd a star, that had left the sky,
And dropp'd to sleep on the lonely height.
I climb the peak, and found it soon
A lump of ice, in the clear cold moon—
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look, and a broken heart.

Favors—to none, to all, she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects,—but never once—offends.

SORROW AND SADNESS.

478. In *sorrow*, when moderate, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast down, the arms hang lax, sometimes a little raised, suddenly to *fall* again; the hands open, the fingers spread, the voice plaintive, and frequently interrupted with sighs. But when immoderate, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground; like some other passions in excess, it borders on phrenzy.



Say that again; the shadow of my sorrow!
Ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells, with silence, in my tortured soul;
There—lies the substance;
And I thank thee, king,
For the great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teaches me the way,
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Pelayo—stood *confused*: he had not seen
Count Julian's dau'ter, since in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy, she moved:
More like a poet's dream, in form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence,—than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now, had he seen her in her winding-sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved;
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those, who mourn
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came like a ghost, which in the grave,
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Rais'd her, and would have spok'n; but his tongue,
Fail'd in its office; and could only speak
In under-tone, compassionate, her name.

The voice of *pity*—sooth'd, and melted her,
And, when the prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoever
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Past slowly over her pale countenance,
Like moonlight—on a marble statue.

For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered—is best:
For modes of faith—let graceless zealots fight;
His—can't be wrong, whose life—is in the right.
Those hearts, that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms,
At once discharged, grow cool again, and calm.

Love of Justice. A sense of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most youthful amusements, no unfairness should be found. That sacred rule, of doing all things to others, according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraved on our minds. For this end, we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of man.

Anecdote. When king Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of speaking ill of Tiberius, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather being hot, he was thirsty, and called to Caligula's servant, Thaumastus, who was passing with a pitcher of water, to give him some drink; assuring him, if he got out of his captivity, he would pay him well. Tiberius dying, Caligula succeeded him, and set Agrippa at liberty, making him king of Judea; in which situation, he remembered the glass of water, sent for Thaumastus, and made him controller of his household.

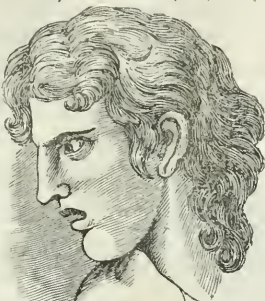
Varieties. 1. The following is the title of a book, published in England, in Cromwell's time: "Curious custards, carefully preserved for the chickens of the covenant, and sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." 2. Superabundant prosperity, tends to involve the human mind in darkness: it takes away the greatest stimulus to exertion, represses activity, renders us idle, and inclines us to vice. 3. Venture not on the precipice of temptation; the ground may be firm as a rock under your feet, but a false step, or a sudden blast, may be your destruction. 4. Discretion has been termed the better part of valor; and diffidence, the better part of knowledge. 5. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, sobriety with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality, are six very difficult things. 6. Disguise it as we will, tyranny is a bitter thing. 7. What accident gains, accident may take away.

Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that—within, which passeth show,
These—but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world,
Than calling it, at moments, back to this.
The busy—have no time for tears.

ATTENTION, LISTENING, &c.

497. ATTENTION—to an esteemed or superior character, has nearly the same aspect as **INQUIRY**, and requires **SILENCE**: the eyes are often cast upon the ground, sometimes fixed upon the speaker; but not too pertly, or familiarly; when looking at objects at a distance, and listening to sounds, its manifestations are different. **INQUIRY** into some difficult subject fixes the body in nearly one position, the head somewhat stooping, the eyes poring, and the eye-brows contracted.



Pray you, once more—

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reas'nable affairs? is he not stupid [hear,
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak,
Know man from man, dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden, and again does nothing,
But what he did being *childish*.

Angelo—

There is a kind of character in thy life—
That, to the observer, doth thy *history*—
Fully unfold: *thyself* and thy *belongings*,
Are not thine *own* so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy *virtue*, then on *thee*.
Heaven doth with us as we with *torches* do,
Not *light* them for *themselves*: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all as if
We had them not: *spirits* are not finely touch'd—
But to fine *issues*; *nature* never lends—
The *smallest* scruple of her excellence;
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a *creditor*,
Both *thanks* and praise.

While *Chaos*, hush'd, stands listening to the noise,
And *wonders* at confusion not his own.

I look'd, I listen'd, dreadful sounds I hear,
And the dire form of hostile *gods* appear.
Yet hear what an unskillful *friend* may say:
As if a *blind* man should direct your way:
So *I myself*, tho' wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a *hint*, that's worth your *thought*.
What can the *fondest* mother wish for more,
Ev'n for her darling sons, than solid *sense*,
Perceptions clear, and flowing *eloquence*?

Mourners. Men are often *ingenious*, in making themselves *miserable*, by *aggravating*, beyond bounds, the *evils*, which they are compelled to *endure*. "I will restore thy daughter again to *life*," said an eastern *sage* to a *prince*, who grieved *immoderately* for the loss of a beloved *child*; "provided, thou art able to engrave on her *tomb*, the names of *three* persons, who have never *mourned*." The prince made *inquiry* after such persons; but found the inquiry *vain*, and was *silent*.

Maxims. 1. We shall never be free from *debt*, till we learn not to be ashamed of *industry* and *economy*. 2. All should be taught how to *earn, save and enjoy* money. 3. Teach children to *save* everything; not for their *own* use exclusively, for this would make them *selfish*; teach them to *share* everything with their *associates*, and never to *destroy* anything. 4. True *economy* can be as *comfortable* with a *little*, as *extravagance* can with *much*. 5. Never *lessen* good actions, nor *aggravate* evil ones. 6. Good works are a *rock*; ill ones a *sandy* foundation. 7. Some *receive* praise, who do not *deserve* it. 8. It is safer to *learn*, than to *teach*. 9. He, who *conceals* his opinion, has nothing to answer for. 10. Reason, like the sun, is common to all.

Anecdote. The late king of England, being very fond of Mr. *Whiston*, celebrated for his various *strictures* on *religion*, happened to be *walking* with him one day, in *Hamp-ton Court gardens*, during the heat of his *persecution*. As they were *talking* upon this subject, his *majesty* observed, "That however *right* he might be in his opinions, it would be *better*, if he kept them to *himself*." "Is your majesty really *serious* in your advice?" answered the old man. "I really *am*," replied the king. "Why, then," says *Whiston*, "had *Martin Luther* been of this way of thinking, where would your *majesty* have been at this *time*?"

Varieties. 1. What are the three learned professions? 2. *Great* minds can attend to *little* things; but *little* minds cannot attend to *great* things. 3. To marry a *rake*, in hopes of *reforming* him, and to hire a *high-wayman*, in hopes of *reclaiming* him, are two very dangerous *experiments*. 4. A *clear* idea, produces a stronger effect on the mind, than one that is *obscure* and *indistinct*. 5. Those that are teaching the people to *read*, are doing all they can to increase the *power*, and extend the *influence* of those that *write*: for the *child*—will read to please his *teachers*, but the *man*—to please *himself*. 6. A faithful *friend*, that reproveth of *errors*, is preferable to a deceitful *parasite*. 7. He that follows *nature*, is never out of the *way*. 8. *Time*, *patience*, and *industry*, are the three grand masters of the world.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

SURPRISE, WONDER, AMAZEMENT.

480. An uncommon object produces wonder; if it appears suddenly, it begets surprise, which continued, produces amazement, and if the object of wonder comes gently to the mind, and averts the attention by its beauty and grandeur, it excites admiration, which is a mixture of approbation and wonder; so sure is the observation of the poet; Late time shall wonder, that my joys shall raise; For wonder is involuntary praise.



WONDER OR AMAZEMENT—opens the eyes and makes them appear very prominent: sometimes it raises them to the skies; but more frequently fixes them upon the object, if it be present, with a fearful look: the mouth is open and the hands held up nearly in the attitude of fear; and if they hold anything, they drop it immediately, and unconsciously; the voice is at first low, but so emphatical that every word is pronounced slowly and with energy, though the first access of this passion often stops all utterance; when, by the discovery of something excellent in the object of wonder, the emotion may be called *admiration*, the eyes are raised, the hands are lifted up, and elapp'd together, and the voice elevated with expressions of rapture.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
Oershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

How inexpressibly *various* are the characteristics impressed by the *Creator* on all human beings! How has he stamped on *each* its legible and peculiar *properties*! How especially visible in this the *lowest* class of animal life! The world of *insects*, is a world of *itself*: how great the distance between *it* and *man*! Through all their *forms*, and *gradations*, how visible are their powers of

destruction, of *suffering* and *resisting*, of *sensibility* and *insensibility*!

Importance of Early Principles. If men's *actions* are an effect of their *principles*, that is, of their *notions*, their *belief*, their *persuasions*, it must be admitted, that *principles*—early sown in the mind, are the *seeds*, which produce *fruit* and *harvest* in the ripe state of *manhood*. How lightly soever some men may speak of notions, yet, so long as the *soul* governs the *body*, men's notions *must* influence their actions, more or less, as they are *stronger* or *weaker*: and to *good* or *evil*, as they are *better* or *worse*.

Anecdote. *Cyrus*, the great king of *Persia*, when a *boy*, being at the court of his grandfather *As-ty-a-ges*, engaged to perform the office of *cup-bearer* at table. The *duty* of this office required him to *taste* the liquor, before presenting it to the *king*; but without performing this duty, *Cyrus* delivered the cup to his grandfather; who *observed* the omission, which he imputed to *forgetfulness*. "No," said *Cyrus*, "I purposely avoided it: because I feared it contained *poison*: for lately, at an entertainment, I observed that the lords of your court, after *drinking* it, became *noisy*, *quarrelsome* and *frantic*."

Varieties. 1. In every departure from *truth*, it is the *deceit* and *hypocrisy* we exert, to compass our purpose, that does the *evil*, more than the base *falsehood*, of which we are guilty. 2. It is a strong *proof* of the want of proper attention to our *duty*, and of a deficiency of *energy* and good *sense*, to let an opportunity pass, of *doing* or *getting* good, without *improving* it. 3. Of all the passions, *jealousy* is that which exacts the hardest *service*, and pays the bitterest *wages*; its *service* is to watch the success of a *rival*; its *wages*—to be *sure* of it. 4. Base *envy* withers at another's joy, and hates that *excellence* it cannot reach. 5. How does the *mental* and *bodily* statures of the *ancients*, compare with those of the *moderns*? 6. It seems like a law of *order*, that no one shall be long remembered with *affection*, by a race whom he has never *benefitted*. 7. The *charity*, that relieves distressed *minds*, is far superior to that, which relieves distressed *bodies*. 8. Think'st thou—it is *honorable*—for a *noble* man *still* to remember wrong? 9. This is the *monstrosity* of love, that the *will*—is *infinite*, and the *execution*—*confined*; that the *desire*—is *boundless*, and the *act*—a slave to *limit*.

What's in a *name*; that which we call a *rose*,
By any other name—would smell as sweet.

Glory—is like a *circle* in the *water*,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad *spreading*, it disperses to *nought*.
God's benison go with *you*; and with *those*,
That would make *good* of *bad*, and *friends*—of *foes*.
The things we must believe—are *few*, and *plain*.

VENERATION, DEVOTION.

481. VENERATION—to parents, teachers, superiors or persons of eminent virtue and attainments is an humble and respectful acknowledgment of their excellence, and our own inferiority: the head and body are inclined a little forward, and the hand, with the palm downwards, just raised to meet the inclination of the body, and then let fall again with apparent timidity and diffidence; the eye is sometimes lifted up, and then immediately cast downward, as if unworthy to behold the object before it; the eyebrows drawn down in the most respectful manner; the features, and the whole body and limbs, all composed to the most profound gravity; one portion continuing without much change. When veneration rises to adoration of the Almighty Creator and Redeemer, it is too sacred to be imitated, and seems to demand that humble annihilation of ourselves, which must ever be the consequence of a just sense of the Divine Majesty, and our own unworthiness. This feeling is always accompanied with more or less of awe, according to the object, place, &c. Respect—is but a less degree of veneration, and is nearly allied to modesty.



Almighty God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthy frames—should turn to dust;
But O, the sweet, transporting truth,
The SOUL—shall bloom in endless youth.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments—in eternity.

This world—is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy,—the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true—but Heaven!
And false the light—on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms—gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright—but Heaven!
Poor wanderers—of a stormy day,
From wave—to wave—we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light—the troubled way—
There's nothing calm—but Heaven!

He was too good—
Where ill men were: and was best of all—
Among the rarest of good ones.

When usefulness, and pleasure join,
Perfection—crows the grand design.

Anecdote. Pulpit Flattery. One of the first acts, performed by the young monarch, George the Third, after his accession to the throne of England, was, to issue an order, prohibiting any of the clergy, who should be called before him, from paying him any compliments in their discourse. His majesty was led to this, from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver, in the royal chapel; and for which, instead of thanks, he received a pointed reprimand; his majesty observing, "that he came to hear the praise of God, and not his own."

Love. The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts, which binds two beings together more closely, more dearly than the dearest of human ties; more than the vow of passion, or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence that we find but very seldom in this world.

Varieties. 1. Some misfortunes seem to be inevitable; but they generally proceed from our want of judgment, and prudence. 2. Ignorance of the facts, upon which a science is based, precludes much proficiency in that science. 3. Trade, like a restive horse, is not easily managed; where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way. 4. No accident can do harm to virtue; it helps to make it manifest. 5. True faith is a practical principle; it is doing what we understand to be true. 6. It is very difficult to talk and act like a madman, but not like a fool. 7. Rely not on the companions of your pleasure; trust not the associates of your health and prosperity; it is only in the hour of adversity, that we learn the sincerity of our friends. 8. The genuine feelings of human nature, are always the same; and the language of passion every where understood. 9. Demosthenes said, that action, or delivery, constitutes the beginning, middle and end of oratory. 10. In proportion as a truth is great, and transcending the capacity of the age, it is either rejected, or forgotten.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love,

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wandering bark, [ken.

Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be ta-

Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks

Within its bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

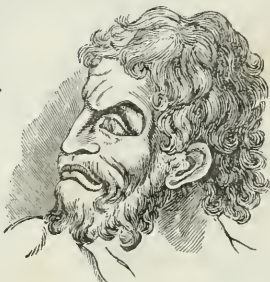
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,

I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SCORN, CONTEMPT.

482. SNEER is ironical approbation; with a voice and countenance of mirth, somewhat exaggerated, we cast the severest censure; it is hypocritical mirth and good humor, and differs from the real by the sly, rich, satirical



tones of voice, look and gesture, that accompany it; the nose is sometimes turned up, to manifest our contempt, disdain. **SCORN**—is the extreme of contempt; that disdain, which springs from a person's opinions of the meanness of an object, and a consciousness, or belief of his own worth and superiority.

Satan beheld their flight,
And to his mates—thus, in derision call'd:
O friends! why come not on those victors proud?
Ere while, they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair, with open front, [terms
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded
Of composition—strait they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance, they rais'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps for
Joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

483. You pretend to reason? you don't so much as know the first elements of the art of reasoning: you don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*. Are you a *doctor*, and don't know that there is a communication between the *brain* and the *legs*? **2.** **SNEER.** He has been an *author* these *twenty* years, to his *bookseller's* knowledge, if to no one's *else*. **3.** Chafe not thyself about the *rabble's* censure: they *blame*, or *praise*, but as *one* leads the other.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms to his conceit! and all for nothing;
Nay, Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

Thou look'st a very statue of surprise,
As if a lightning blast had dried thee up,
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.

How, like a broken instrument, beneath
The skillful touch, my joyless heart lies dead!
Nor answers to the master's hand divine.

What can ennoble *sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*?

The Investigation of Thought. While investigating the *nature* of thought, we forget that we are *thinking*: we propose to *understand* that, which, in the very *effort* to do so, necessarily becomes the more *unintelligible*; for while we think that we appreciate the desired end, the *power* that enables us to do so, is a *part* of the thing sought, which must remain *inexplicable*. Since it is impossible to understand the *nature* of thought by *thinking*, it is manifest, that every *modification* of thought, must be quite obscure in its nature; and, for the *same* reason, in judging of what we call *ideas*, we must use ideas derived from the *same original*, while every *judgment* is only a new *modification*. Therefore, the only *true* philosophy of mind, must, as to its *principles*, be *revealed*. Has there been such a revelation?

Anecdote. *Brotherly Love.* A little boy, seeing two nestling birds peck at each other, inquired of his elder brother, what they were doing. "They are quarreling," was the reply. "No," replied the other, "that *cannot* be, for they are *brothers*."

VARIETIES.

But seven wise men the ancient world did know;
We scarce know *sev'n*, who think *thems'lo's* not so.

If a better system's thine,

Impart it freely; or make use of mine.

3. He, who knows the *world*, will not be too *bashful*; and he, who knows *himself*, will never be *impudent*. **4.** To speak all that is true, is the part of fools; to speak more than is true, is the folly of too many. **5.** Does a candle give as much light in the day time, as at night? **6.** I am not worthy of a friend, if I do not advise him when he is going astray. **7.** A bad great man, is a great bad man; for the greatness of an evil, makes a man's evil greater. **8.** All public vices, are not only crimes, but rules of error; for they are precedents of evil. **9.** Toyish airs, please trivial ears; they kiss the fancy, and then betray it. **10.** Oh! what bitter pills men swallow, to purchase one false good.

Aside the devil turn'd,
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign,
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Inparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss: while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments, not the least,
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth: honor of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

Self-love never yet could look on Truth,
But with bear'd beams; sleek Flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

FEAR, CAUTION.

484. FEAR is a powerful emotion, excited by expectation of some evil, or apprehension of impending danger; it expresses less apprehension than dread, and this less than terror or fright: it excites us to provide for our security on the approach of evil; sometimes settles into deep anxiety, or solicitude:



it may be either filial in the good, or slavish in the wicked. See the engraving for its external appearance, and also Terror or Fright.

Now, all is *hush'd*—and still, as *death*!
How reverend is this tall *pile*,
Whose ancient *pillars* rear their marble *heads*,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous *roof*,
By its own weight made *steadfast* and *immovable*,
Looking—tranquillity! it strikes an *awe*,
And *terror* on my aching sight. [cold,
The *tombs*, and *monumental* caves of *death*, look
And shoot a *chillness* to my trembling *heart*.
Give me thy *hand*, and let me hear thy *voice*;
Nay, *quickly* speak to me, and let me hear
Thy *voice*—my own affrights me with its *echoes*.
'Tis *night*! the season when the *happy*—take
Repose, and only *witches* are awake;
Now, discontented *ghosts* begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd *buildings* and unwholesome *grounds*.
First, *Fear*—his hand its *skill* to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not *why*,
Ev'n at the sound *himself* had made.

A sudden *trembling*—seized on all his limbs,
His eyes *distorted* grew, his visage—*pale*;
His *speech* forsook him!
Full *fast* he flies, and dares not look *behind* him;
Till, out of *breath*, he overtakes his *fellows*,
Who gather round, and *wonder* at the lots of
horrid *apparitions*.

Come, old sir,—here's the place—stand still;
How fearful 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The *crows* and *choughs*, th't wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as *beetles*. Half way down,
Hangs one that gathers *samphire*, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than one's *head*;
The *fishermen* th't walk upon the beach,
Appear like *mice*, and yon tall anchoring bark,
Seems lessen'd to a *skiff*;—her *skiff* a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so *high*. I'll look no *more*,
Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down *headlong*.

Anecdote. A nobleman, traveling in Scotland, was asked for *alm*s, in Edinburgh, by a little ragged boy. He told him he had no *change*; upon which the boy offered to *procure* it. His lordship finally gave him a piece

of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be *changed*, went for that *purpose*; but, on his *return*, not finding his benefactor, he watched several *days*; at length the gentleman passed that *way*; when the boy accosted him, and gave him *all* the change, counting it with great *exactness*. The nobleman was so *pleased* with the boy's *honesty*, that he placed him at *school*, with the assurance of *providing* for him afterwards; which he did, and that boy became an ornament to humanity.

Etiquette of Stairs. In showing a *visitor*—*up* or *down* stairs, always *precede* him, or her: there is a common *error* upon this subject, which ought to be *corrected*. Some persons will suffer you to precede them; even when they hold the *light*. *Gentlemen* should always precede *ladies*, *up* and *down* stairs.

Etiquette of Riding. The *gentleman* should keep the *lady* on the *right* hand, that *she* may the more conveniently converse with him, and *he* may the more readily assist her, in case of *accident*.

Varieties. 1. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more; so that your *appearance* may all be of a *piece*. 2. *Miraculous* evidence, is *inefficacious* for producing any *real*, or *permanent* change in one's *confirmed* religious sentiments; and this is the reason, that no more of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* of old, embraced the christian religion. 3. The great *secret*, by which *happiness* is to be realized, is to be *contented* with our lot, and yet strive to make it *better*, by abstaining from everything that is *evil*. 4. Every one is responsible for his *own* acts: *all* must be judged according to their *deeds*. 5. Is it not much easier to *blame*, than to *avoid* blame? 6. What is the difference between *good* and *evil*? 7. What makes us so *discontented* with our condition, is the false and exaggerated *estimate*, we form of the happiness of *others*. 8. It is much easier to plunge into *extravagance*, than to reduce our *expenses*; this is pre-eminently true of *nations*, as well as *individuals*. 9. Be *decisive*, or *mild*, according to circumstances. 10. Suit your *conduct* to the *occasion*.

As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls.

Nature
Never did bring forth a man without a man;
Nor could the first man, being but
The passive subject, not the active mover,
Be the maker of himself; so of necessity,
There must be a power superior to nature.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this your care—
Spare—but to spend, and only spend to spare.

SIMPLE LAUGHTER.

485. RAILLERY—may signify a bantering, a prompting to the use of jesting language; good humored pleasantry, or slight satire; satirical merriment, wit, irony, burlesque. It is very difficult indeed, to mark the precise boundaries of the different passions, as some of them are so slightly touch'd, and often melt into each other; but because we cannot perfectly delineate every shade of sound and passion, is no reason why we should not attempt approaches to it.



486. RAILLERY, without animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness; the countenance smiling, and the tone of voice sprightly.

Let me play the fool

With mirth and laughter; so let the wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks.)
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As, who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
I'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo, fare-ye-well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

487. Miscellaneous. 1. It is impossible, to estimate, even an *inconsiderable* effort to promote right *education*. 2. It is said, that a *stone*, thrown into the *sea*, agitates every *drop* of water in that vast expanse; so it may be, in regard to the *influence* we exert on the minds of the *young*. 3. *Who* can tell, what may be the *effect* of a single good *principle*, deeply fixed in the *mind*; a single *pure* and virtuous *association* strongly riveted, or a single happy *turn* given to the *thoughts* and *affections* of *youth*? It may spread a salutary and sacred influence over the whole *life*, and thro' the whole mass of the child's *character*. Nay more; as the character of *others*, who are to come *after* him, may, and probably *will* depend much on *his*, the *impulse* we give cannot cease in *him*, who first *received* it, it will go down from *one* generation to *another*, *widening* and *deepening*, and reaching forth with various *modifications*, till

the track of its *agency* shall exceed human *sight* and *calculation*.

Anecdote. The duke of Orleans, on being appointed regent of France, insisted on the power of *pardoning*: "I have no objection," said he, "to have my hands *tied* from doing *harm*; but I will have them *free* to do *good*."

Truth. *Truth* will ever be *unpalatable* to those, who are determined not to relinquish *error*, but can never give offence to the *honest* and *well-meaning*: for the plain-dealing *remonstrances* of a *friend*—differs as widely from the *rancor* of an *enemy*, as the friendly *probe* of a *surgeon*—from the *dagger* of an *assassin*.

Varieties. 1. *Envy* is blind to all *good*; and the ruling passion of the *envious* is, to detract from the virtues of *others*. 2. A *good* person will have no desire to influence *others*, any further than they can see that his course is *right*. 3. Good *fortune*, however long *continued*, is no pledge of *future* security. 4. Cases often occur, when a prudent and dignified *confession*, or *acknowledgment* of error, gives to the person *making* it, a decided *advantage* over his *adversary*. 5. *Agitation* is to the *moral* and *mental* world, what *storms* are to the *physical* world; what *winds* are to the *ocean*, what *exercise* is to the *body*. 6. *Truth* can never *die*; she is *immortal*, like her *Author*. 7. There are a great many *fools* in the world: he who would avoid *seeing* one, must lock himself up *alone*, and break his *looking* glass. 8. What we do *ourselves*—is generally more *satisfactorily* done, than what is done by *others*. 9. Such is the state of the *world*, at present, that whoever wishes to *purchase* anything, must beware. 10. The *opposite* of the heavenly virtues and principles, are the principles of *hell*.

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i'th'forest,
A motley fool, a miserable varlet;
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms;
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool;
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heav'n hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock;
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear

HORROR.

488. HORROR—is an excessive degree of fear, or a painful emotion, which makes a person tremble; it is generally composed of fear and hatred, or disgust; the recital of a bloody deed fills one with horror; there are the horrors of war, and the horrors of famine, horrible places and horrible dreams; the ascension seems to be as follows, the fearful and dreadful, (affecting the mind more than the body,) the frightful, the tremendous, terrible and horrible; the fearful wave; the dreadful day; frightful convulsions; tremendous storms; terrific glare of the eyes; a horrid murder.



Hark!—the death-denouncing trumpet—sounds
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset.
Destruction—rushes dreadful to the field,
And bathes itself in blood. Havo'c let loose,
Now undistinguished—rages all around;
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
Sees the plain strew'd with subjects, truly hers,
Breathless and cold!

489. PLOTTING CRUELTY AND HORROR! *Macbeth's soliloquy before murdering Duncan.* (Starting.) "Is this a dagger, which I see before me?" (Courage.) "The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!" (Wonder.) "I have thee not; and yet I see thee still." (Horror.) "Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling—as to sight? or art thou but a dagger of the mind? a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?" (Eyes staring, and fixed to one point.) "I see thee yet, in form as palpable as that which now I draw." (Here draws his own, and compares them.) "Thou shalt lead me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses, or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood, which was not so before." (Doubting.) "There's no such thing." (Horror.) "It is the bloody business, which informs thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er one-half the world, nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft—celebrates pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf, whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, towards his design—moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear the very stones prate of my whereabouts, and take the present horror from the time, which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives—I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. (A bell rings.) Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell, that summons thee to heaven, or to hell."

Music! oh! how faint, how weak!

LANGUAGE—fades before thy spell;

Why should feeling—ever speak,

When thou canst breathe her soul—so well.

Woman's Love. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow, that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

Anecdote. *Swearing nobly Reproved.* Prince Henry, son of James II., had a particular aversion to the vice of swearing, and profanation of the name of God. When at play, he was never known to use bad words; and on being asked the reason, why he did not swear, as well as others, answered, that he knew no game worthy of an oath. The same answer he gave at a hunting match, when the almost spent stag was killed by a butcher's dog, that was passing along the road; the huntsmen tried to irritate the prince against the butcher, but without succeeding. His highness answered coolly, "True, the dog killed the stag, but the butcher could not help it." They replied, that if his father had been served so, he would have sworn so, as no one could have endured it. "Away," said the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

Varieties. 1. A selfish person is never contented, unless he have every thing his own way, and have the best place, and be put first in every thing; of course, he is generally unhappy. 2. The mind of man is, of itself, opaque; the Divine mind alone, is luminous. He is the light of both worlds, the natural and spiritual. 3. Is it not better to remain in a state of error, than to understand something of a truth, and then reject it, because we do not understand it fully? 4. Guilt was never a rational thing; it disturbs and perverts the faculties of the mind, and leaves one no longer the use of his reason. 5. All evils, in their very nature, are contagious, like the plague; because of the propensity to evil, into which every one is born; therefore, keep out of the infected sphere as much as possible. 6. Is the eye tired with beautiful objects, or the ear with melodious sounds? Love duty, then, and performance will be delightful. 7. Seek only good; thus, pleasure comes unsought.

When twilight dews are falling fast,

Upon the rosy sea;

I watch that star whose beam so oft

Has lighted me to thee;

And thou, too, on that orb so dear,

Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n,

And think, tho' lost forever here,

Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!

There's not a garden walk I tread,

There's not a flower I see;

But brings to mind some hope that's fled,

Some joy I've lost with thee;

And still I wish that hour was near,

When, friends and foes forgiven,

The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here,

May turn to smiles in heaven!

He help'd to bury, whom he help'd to starve.

WEEPING.

490. WEEPING—is the expression, or manifestation, of sorrow, grief, anguish or joy, by out-cry, or by shedding tears; a lamentation, bemoaning; we may weep each other's woe, or weep tears of joy; so may the rich groves weep odorous gum and balm; there is weeping amber, and weeping grounds: crying—is an audible expression, accompanied, or not, with tears; but weeping always indicates the shedding of tears; and, when called forth by the sorrows of others, especially, it is an infirmity of which *no man* would be destitute.



491. Whither shall I return? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capital? Alas! it is overflow'd with my brother's blood! or, shall I return to my house? yet there, I behold my mother—plunged in misery, weeping and despairing. 2. I am robbed! I am ruined! O my money! my guineas! my support! my all is gone! Oh! who has robbed me? who has got my money? where is the thief? A thousand guineas of gold! hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! 3. I cannot speak—and I could wish you would not oblige me,—it is the only service I ever refused you: and tho' I cannot give a reason why I could not speak, yet I hope you will excuse me without reason.

Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction; had it rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity, me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Oh—

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears down.

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong [it?
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Historians. We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method, to take on trust, what they distribute to the public; by which means, a falsehood, once received from a famed writer, becomes traditional to posterity.

Anecdote. Washington and his Mother. Young George was about to go to sea, as a *midshipman*; every thing was arranged, the vessel lay out opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tear bursting from her eye. However, she said nothing to him; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away, to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children, that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

Varieties. 1. *Timotheus*—an ancient teacher of oratory, always demanded a double fee from those pupils, who had been taught by others; for, in this case, he had not only to plant, but to root out. 2. He, that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life. 3. Never buy, or read bad books; for they are the worst of thieves; because they rob you of your money, your time, and your principles. 4. *Theocracy*—is a government by God himself; as, the government of the Jews; *democracy*—is a government of the people. 5. Without the intenseness and passion of study, nothing great ever was, or ever will be accomplished. 6. Who can tell where each of the natural families begins, or where it ends? 7. To overcome a bad habit, one must be conscious of it; as well as know how to accomplish the object. 8. The best defenders of liberty do not generally vociferate loudly in its praise. 9. Domestic feuds can be appeased only by mutual kindness and forbearance. 10. Volumes of arguments avail nothing against resolute determination; for convince a man against his will, and he is of the same opinion still.

When William wrote his lady, to declare,
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,
Poor Lucy shrieked, "to life, to all adieu!"
She tore the letter,—and her raven hair,
She beat her bosom, and the post-boy too;
Then wildly—to the window flew,
And threw herself—into a chair.

All is silent—'twas my fancy!
Still as the breathless interval between
The flash and thunder.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys.
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

SIMPLE BODILY PAIN.

492. PAIN

may be either bodily, or mental; simple, or acute. Bodily pain, is an uneasy sensation in the body, of any degree from that which is slight, to extreme torture; it may proceed from pressure, tension, separation of parts by violence, or derangement of the functions: mental pain—is uneasiness of mind; disquietude; anxiety; solicitude for the future; grief or sorrow for the past: thus we suffer pain, when we fear, or expect evil; and we feel pain at the loss of friends, or property. Pain, and the like affections, indicate a pressure or straining.



The play of *pain*
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden *gust*
Crisps the reluctant *lake*, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow; or the *blast*
Ruffles the *autumn* leaves, that, drooping, cling
Faintly, and motionless to their lov'd boughs.

What avails [*pain*],
Valor or *strength*, though *matchless*, quelled with
Which *all* subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of *pleasure* we may *well*
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not *repine*;
But live *content*, which is the calmest life;
But *pain* is perfect *misery*, the *worst*
Of evils! and, *excessive*, overturns
All *patience*.

And not a virtue in the bosom lives
That gives such ready pay as *patience* gives;
That pure submission to the ruling mind,
Fixed, but not forced; obedient, but not blind;
The will of heaven to make her own she tries,
Or makes her own to heaven a sacrifice.

The dream of the injured patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded mind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!

Anecdote. *The Philosopher Outdone.* A learned philosopher, being in his study, a little girl came for some fire. Says the doctor, "But you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put the live coals on with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

Soon shall thy *arm*, unconquered *steam* ' afar
Drag the slow *barge*, or drive the rapid *car*;
Or, on wide-waving *wings* expanded, bear
The flying *chariot*—through the fields of air.

The *brave*—do never shun the *light*;
Just are their *thoughts*, and open are their *tempers*;
Truly, without *disquiet*, they love, or hate;
Still are they found—in the fair face of *day*;
And *heaven*—and *men*—are judges of their *actions*.

Proverbs. 1. The true economy of everything is—to gather up the fragments of *time*, as well as of *materials*. 2. The earlier children are taught to be *useful*, the *better*; not only for *themselves*, but for all *others*. 3. Consider that day as *lost*, in which something has not been done for the benefit of *others*, as well as for *yourself*. 4. False *pride*, or foolish *ambition*, should never induce us to live beyond our *income*. 5. To associate with *influential* and *gentle* people, with an appearance of *equality*, has its *advantages*; especially, where there are *sons* or *daughters* just entering on the stage of *action*; but, like all other external *advantages*, they have their proper *price*, and may be bought too *dearly*; "never pay too much for the *whistle*." 6. Never let the *cheapness* of an article tempt you to *purchase* it, if you do not really need it; for *nothing* is *cheap*, that we do not want. 7. *Vanity* and *pride* must yield to the dictates of *honesty* and *prudence*.

Miscellaneous. Great Britain—has dotted over the surface of the *globe*, with her *possessions* and *military* posts; and her morning *drum-beat*, following the *sun*, and keeping company with the *hours*, circle the earth daily, with one *unbroken* strain of the martial airs of *England*. The steam-engine is on the *rivers*, and the *boatman* may rest upon his *oars*; it is in the *highways*, and begins to exert itself along the courses of *land-conveyances*; it is at the bottom of *mines*, a thousand feet below the surface of the earth; it is in the *mill* and in the *workshop* of the *truders*; it *rows*, it *pumps*, it *excavates*, it *ploughs*, it *carries*, it *draws*, it *lifts*, it *hammers*, it *spins*, it *weaves*, it *prints*; and seems to say to artisans, Leave your *manual* labor, give over your *bodily* toil, use your *skill* and *reason* to direct my power, and I will bear toil, with no *muscle* to grow *weary*, no *nerve* to *relax*, no *breast* to feel *faintness*.

VARIETIES.

Cease, mourners; cease complaint and weep no
Your friends are not dead, but gone before; [more;
Advanced a stage or two—upon the road,
Which you must travel in the steps they trode.

True valor, friends, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike.

Preach patience to the sea, when jarring winds,
Throw up the swelling billow to the sky;
And if your reason mitigate her fury,
My soul will be as calm.

Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broken loose,
And bears down all before him.

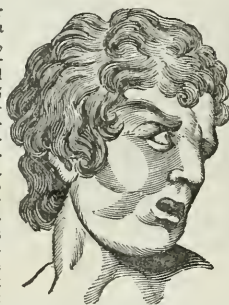
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay
Send thy arrows forth,
Strike! strike the tyrants, and avenge my tears.

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Other sins—only speak,—murder—shrieks out.
The element of water—moistens the earth;
But blood—flies upward, and bedews the heavens

ACUTE PAIN,

493. Bodily, or mental, signifies a high degree of pain, which may appropriately be called AGONY, or ANGUISH; the agony is a severe and permanent pain; the anguish an overwhelming pain: a pang—is a sharp pain, and generally of short continuance: the pangs of conscience frequently trouble the person who is not hardened in guilt; and the pangs of disappointed love are among the severest to be borne: "What pangs the tender breast of *Dido* tear!" COMPLAINING—(as when one is under violent pain,) distorts the features, almost closes the eyes; sometimes raises them wistfully; opens the mouth, gnashes the teeth, draws up the upper lip, draws down the head upon the breast, and contracts the whole body: the arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fists clenched, the voice is uttered in groans, lamentations, and sometimes in violent screams: extreme torture producing fainting and death.



Oh, *rid* me of this torture, *quickly* there,
My *madam*, with thy everlasting voice.
The bells, in time of *pestilence*, ne'er made
Like *noise*, or were in that perpetual *motion*.

All my house, [breath:]
But *now*, *streamed* like a *bath*, with her thick
A *lawyer* could not have been heard, nor scarce,
Another *woman*, such *hail* of words she let fall.

2. What! the rogue who *robbed* me! do
hang him, *drown* him, *burn* him, *flay* him
alive. 3. Hold your *tongue*, we don't want
to hear your *nonsense* about *eating*; hold
your *tongue*, and answer the *questions*, which
the *justice* is going put to you, about the *money*
I lost, and which I suppose *you* have
taken.

Hide not thy tears: weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way.
'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow!

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By a bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Anecdote. A rich *Campanian* lady, fond
of pomp and show, being on a visit to *Cornelia*,
the illustrious mother of the *Gracchii*,
displayed her *jewels* and *diamonds* ostentatiously,
and requested that *Cornelia* should
show her *jewels*. *Cornelia* turned the conver-
sation to another subject, till her sons should

return from the public schools; and when
they had entered their mother's apartment,
she, pointing to them, said to the lady,
"These are *my jewels*; the *only* ornaments
I *admirer*."

Laconics. 1. If we complained *less*, and
tried to encourage and help each other *more*, we
should find *all* our duties more easily performed.
2. *Happiness*—consists in the delight of perform-
ing *uses* for the *sake* of *uses*: that is, doing *good*
for the *sake* of good, instead of the love of *reward*,
which is a *selfish* feeling: all *selfish* feelings pro-
duce unhappiness in the degree they are *enter-
tained*. 3. If we would be *happy*, we must put
away, as far as we can, those thoughts and feel-
ings, that have reference to *self* alone, and culti-
vate the *higher* ones, that have reference to the
good of *others*, as *well* as ourselves. 4. To do
good, for the *sake* of *delight* in doing good, is a
selfish motive; but to do good to *others*, for the
sake of making *them* happy, and, in *doing* it, for-
get *ourselves*, is a *heavenly* motive. 5. If we
would act from right *motives*, we must endeavor
to put away *every* feeling, that is purely *selfish*; in
doing which, *every* effort will give us *strength*,
like the repeated efforts of a *child*, in learning to
walk. 6. *Parents* should keep their *children* from
every association that may tend to their *injury*,
either in *precept* or *practice*. 7. Love is omni-
potent.

Varieties. 1. That profusion of *lan-
guage*, and poverty of *thought*, which is called
being *spontaneous*, and *original*, is no
proof of simplicity of *heart*, or freedom of
understanding; there is more *paper* than
gold, more words than *ideas*, in this "care-
less *wealth*." 2. Combined with *goodness*
and *truth*, ORATORY is one of the most glo-
rious distinctions of man; it is a power, that
influences *all*: it elevates the affections and
thoughts to *enthusiasm*; and *animates* us
in *joy*, and *soothes* us in *sorrow*; *instructs*,
guides, and *persuades* us. 3. To *resolve* a
proposition into its simplest *elements*, we
must reason *a posteriori*; by observing the
relation of *sequences*, we are enabled to sup-
ply *antecedents*, involving the *same* relation;
thus, amounting to the *simplest* state of a
proposition.

What nothing earthly *gives*, or, can *destroy*,
The soul's calm *sunshine*. and the heartfelt *joy*,
Is *VIRTUE*'s prize.

The friends thou *hast*, and their adoption *tried*,
Grapple them to thy soul, with *hooks* of *steel*.

Mind,—can raise,
From its unseen *conceptions*, where they lie,
Bright in their mine, *forms*, *hues*, that look *Eternity*.

Is it the language of some *other* state,
Born of its *memory*? For *what*—can wake
The *soul's* strong instinct—of *another* world,
Like *music*?

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

ADMIRATION.

494. A mixed passion, consisting of wonder, mingled with pleasing emotions; as veneration, love, esteem, takes away the familiar gesture and expression of simple love: it is a compound passion, excited by something novel, rare, great, or excellent, either of persons or their works: thus we view the solar system with admiration. It keeps the respectful look and attitude; the eyes are wide open, and now and then raised towards heaven; the mouth is open; the hands lifted up; the tone of voice rapturous; speaks copiously and in hyperboles. Admiration — is looking at any thing attentively with appreciation; the admirer suspends his thoughts, not from the vacancy, but from the fullness of his mind: he is riveted to an object, which temporarily absorbs his faculties: nothing but what is good and great, excites admiration; and none but cultivated minds are very susceptible of it; an ignorant person cannot admire: because he does not appreciate the value of the thing: the form and use must be seen at any rate.



How beautiful the world is! The green earth, covered with flowers—the trees, laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky and the bright water, and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful; and He, who made it, must be beautiful.

It is a happy world. Hark! how the merry birds sing—and the young lambs—see! how they gambol on the hill-side. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple, in gladness. Yon eagle!—ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of America.

“His throne—is on the mountain-top;
His fields—the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—his dwellings are.
He rises, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun—is clear and bright;
It cannot dim his gaze.”

It is happy—I see it, and hear it all about me—nay, I feel it here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it, must be happy.

It is a great world! Look off to the mighty ocean, when the storm is upon it; to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it; to the vast forest, the interminable waste; the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the sands upon the sea-shore. It is a great, a magnificent world,—and He, who made it, oh! He is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all glory.

How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Old men and beldames, in the streets,
Do prophecy upon it dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkl'd brows, with nods, with rolling eyes
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had safely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Anecdote. It was so natural for Dr. Watts to *speake* in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to *avoid* it, he *could* not. His father was *displeased* at this propensity, and threatened to *whip* him, if he did not leave off making *verses*. One day, when he was about to put his threat in *execution*, the child *burst* into *tears*, and on his knees, said:

Pray father, do, some *pity* take,
And I will no more *verses* make.

Varieties. 1. What is a better security against *calumny*, and *reproach*, than a good *conscience*? 2. What we *commence*—from the impulse of *virtue*, we too often continue from the spur of *ambition*; *avarice*, *herself*, is the offspring of *independence* and *virtue*. 3. *Wealth*, suddenly acquired, will rarely *abide*; nothing but *quiet*, *consistent* industry, can render *any* people *prosperous* and *happy*. 4. Did you ever think seriously of the *design*, and uses of the *thumb*? 5. *Music*, in *practice*, may be called the *gymnastics* of the *affections*. 6. The difference between *honor*, and *honesty*—seems to be principally in the *motive*; as the *honest* man does that from *love* and *duty*, which the man of *honor* does, for the sake of *character*. 7. If there be *any* thing, which makes one *ridiculous*, to beings of superior *faculties*, it must be *pride*. 8. As is the *mother*, so is the *daughter*; think of this O ye mothers, and *improve*.

The rich are wise:

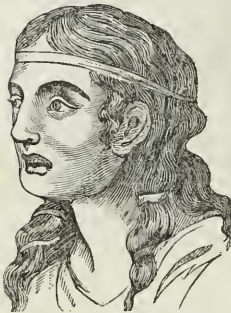
He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heav'n's physic, life's restorative.

O credulity,

Thou hast as many ears, as fame—has tongues,
Opened—to every sound of truth, as falsehood.

ADMIRATION AND ASTONISHMENT,

495. Implies confusion, arising from surprise, &c. at an extraordinary, or unexpected event: astonishment signifies to strike with the overpowering voice of thunder; we are surprised if that does, or does not happen, which we did, or did not expect; astonishment may be awakened by similar events, which are more unexpected, and



more unaccountable: thus, we are astonished to find a friend at our house, when we supposed he was hundreds of miles distant; or to hear that a person has traveled a road, or crossed a stream, that we thought impassable.

These are *thy* glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame, [then!
Thus wondrous fair! *Thyself*, how wondrous,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us—invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works: yet *these* declare
Thy goodness, beyond thought, and power divine.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion curls; the front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move their eyes?
Or, whether riding on the ball of mine,
Seem they are in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar [hairs,
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here, in her
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.—But her eyes!
How could he see to do them! having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished.

Anecdote. While Thucydides was yet a boy, he heard Herodotus recite his histories, at the olympic games, and is said to have wept exceedingly. The "Father of Historians," observing how much the boy was moved, congratulated his father, on having a child of such promise, and advised him to spare no pains in his education. Thucydides became one of the best historians of Greece.

Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fox within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation;
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
And satire our Court of Chancery.

Maxims. 1. Never consider the opinions of others in a matter that does not concern them. 2. It is of but little use to argue a point with one, whose mind is made up on the subject. 3. Beware of objections, founded on wrong ideas. 4. A woman's conclusions are generally proof against the most eloquent reasonings. 5. Look within, instead of without, for the true criterion of action, and be manly and independent. 6. Let the square and rule of life be—Is it right? 7. Be cautious in yielding your better judgment to the wishes of others. 8. We generally err, in undertaking—what we do not understand. 9. They will surely be wise, who profit by experience. 10. A clear head—makes sure work.

Temperance. Happy are they that have made their escape from the drinking custom of the world, and enrolled their names amongst the friends of Temperance; for, by so doing, they have most probably escaped from an early death. Death, not only of the body, but of the soul, for the habit of intoxication is calculated to destroy both.

Varieties. 1. When once you profess yourself a friend, be always such. 2. Blame not, before you have examined: understand, then rebuke. 3. Some people will never learn anything; for this reason, they understand everything too soon. 4. Who can calculate the importance of learning to say, No. 5. By following the order of Providence, and obeying the laws of life and being, we shall not become fatigued. 6. Abstraction, is the power, which the understanding has, of separating the combinations, which are presented to it; it is also called the power of considering qualities, or attributes of one object, apart from the rest. 7. There is a Providence in the least of man's thoughts and actions; yea, in all his common and trifling concerns.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath, is rarely found. (bound
False eloquence—like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place:
The face of Nature—we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, whate'er it skines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters—none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent—as more suitable.

A just man cannot fear;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigor of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
His innocence is armor 'gainst all these.

Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find;
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd, he play'd.

496. THE MINOR, AND SOME OF THE MAJOR PASSIONS. The following common expressions are full of meaning: such judgments are passed every day, concerning different individuals; "You might have seen it in his *eyes*: the *looks* of the man is enough; he has an *honest* countenance: his *manner* sets every one at his ease; I will trust him for his *honest face*; should he deceive me, I will never trust *any* body again; he cannot look a person in the *face*; his appearance is *against* him; he is better (or worse,) than I *look* him to be."

497. ADMONITION—assumes a grave air bordering on severity; the head is sometimes shaken at the person we admonish, as if we felt for the miseries he was likely to bring upon himself; the hand is directed to the person spoken to, and the fore-finger, projected from the rest, seems to point more particularly to the danger we give warning of; the voice assumes a low pitch, bordering on a monotone, with a mixture of severity and sympathy of pity, and reproach.



MISCELLANEOUS. 1. The habituating children to *work* for, and *serve* the poor, particularly poor *children*, with a good *will*, may *justly* be regarded, as tending to promote the reception of the highest *order* and *quality* of heavenly virtue. 2. It is not in *knowing* the will of God, but in *doing* it, that we shall be blessed. 3. The noblest aspect in which the divine majesty of the Lord can be viewed, is that, in which he *presented* himself, when he said, that he "came, not to be *ministered* unto, but to *minister*;" and how great a privilege ought *we* to esteem it to be, to follow his example. 4. What a *pity* it is, that *parents* and *teachers* are not more anxious to mend the *heart*, than furnish the *heads* of their children and pupils! 5. *Charity* is something more than a *word*, or *wish*; it is the consistent *practice* of true *wisdom*.

'Tis one thing to be *tempted*, Escalus,
Another thing—to *fall*. I not deny—
The *jury*, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, on the sworn twelve, have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they *try*; what's *open* made
To justice, that it seizes on. What know I nant,
'The *laws*, that *thieves* do pass on thieves?' 'tis preg-
The *fovel* that we find, we stoop and tak't
Because we *see* it; but what we do not see,
We *tread* upon, and never *think* of it.
You may not so extenuate *his* offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that *censure* him, do not so offend,
Let mine own *judgment* pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. He must *die*.

Maxims. 1. If a person *feels* wrong, he will be very sure to *judge* wrong, and thence do wrong. 2. Passions *strong*, judgment *wrong*, all the world over. 3. Always do the very *best* you *can*, and then you'll be a wise *man*. 4. Children should be encouraged to *do*, whatever they *undertake*, in the very best manner. 5. He who aims *low*, can never hit *exalted* objects; and he who is accustomed to do the best he can, in *lower* things, will be best prepared to attain excellence in the *highest*. 6. Children should never be allowed to fall into habits of *disorder* in anything; nor permitted to put things *out* of order, or make work for *others*. 7. Of goods, prefer the *greatest*; of evils choose the *least*. 8. Children are always more attracted and *interested* by oral instruction, than by *book* instruction.

Anecdote. A *Quaker*—was waited on by four of his *workmen*, to make their *compliments* to him, and ask for their usual *New-year's gifts*. The Quaker told them, *There are your gifts*,—choose fifteen *frances*, or the *Bible*. All took the *frances*, but a *lad*, about fourteen, who chose the *Bible*, as the Quaker said it was a *good book*; and, on *opening* it he found, between the leaves, a *gold piece* of *forty frances*. The *others* held down their heads, and the *giver* told them, he was *sorry* they had not made a better *choice*.

Varieties. 1. We cannot be *truly* just, without *prudence*, or truly *prudent*, without *justice*; because *prudence* leads us to inquire what is *just*; and *justice* alone can prevent that perversion of *intellect* taking place, which often *passes* for *prudence*, but is only *cunning*, the offspring of *selfishness*. 2. *Temperance* signifies the *right use* of the *right things*, furnished by nature for our enjoyment, so that they may not *injure*, but *benefit* us; and instead of *unfitting* us for our duties, *dispose* and *fit* us for their performance. 3. He, who is not *temperate*, is a slave to his *appetites* and *passions*; the slave of *drinking*, *gluttony* and *lust*; of *pride*, *vanity* and *ambition*; because he is not at *liberty* to be, what he was *created* to be.

The prophet spoke: when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started—from his shining throne;
Black *choler* filled his breast, that boil'd with *ire*,
And, from his *eyeballs*, flashed the *living fire*.

Of *beasts*, it is confessed the *ape*—
Comes nearest us—in human shape;
Like *man*, he imitates each *fashion*;
And *malice*—is his ruling *passion*.

I *hate*, when *vice* can bolt her arguments,
And *virtue*—has no tongue, to check her *pride*.

But not to *me* return
Day, or the sweet approach of *even* and *morn*,
But *cloud* instead, and ever-during *dark*
Surrounds me.

If sweet *content* is banished from my soul,
Life grows a *burden*, and a weight of woe.
Music—*moves* us, and we know not *why*;
We feel the *tears*, but cannot trace their *source*.

498. AFFIRMING, with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting up the right hand and eyes towards heaven; if conscience be applied to, by laying the right hand upon the breast exactly upon the heart; the voice low and solemn, the words slow and deliberate; but when the affirmation is mixed with rage or resentment, the voice is more open and loud, the words quicker, and the countenance has all the confidence of a strong and peremptory assertion.



Notes. The Duke had reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. He rose from the woolsack and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor addresses the house, then fixing his eye on the Duke (in the words of a spectator,) "with the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder," spoke as follows:

My Lords—I am amazed; yes my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions, in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable, to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do—but my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me,—not I the peerage.

Nay more,—I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament,—as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal,—as guardian of his majesty's conscience,—as lord high chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd!
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will: [wills
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
It should none spare that come within his power.

Anecdote. *Butler*, Bishop of *Durham*, and author of the *Analogy*, being applied to for a charitable subscription, asked his steward what money he had in his house; the steward informed him there were five hundred pounds. "*Five hundred pounds!*" said the bishop; "*what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession!*" And he ordered it *all* to be given to the *poor* immediately.

Bold with joy,
Forth from his lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owl Atheism,
Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

The world is still deceived by ornament.

Laconics. I have seen the *flower*—withering on the *stalk*, and its bright *leaves*—spread on the *ground*. I looked again; it sprung forth *afresh*; its stem was crowned with *new buds*, and its *sweetness* filled the air. I have seen the *sun* set in the *west*, and the shades of *night* shut in the wide *horizon*: there was no *color* or *shape*, nor *beauty*, nor *music*; *gloom* and *darkness* brooded around. I looked! the sun broke forth again upon the *east*, and gilded the *mountain-tops*; the *lark* rose—to meet him from her low *nest*, and the shades of darkness fled *away*. I have seen the *insect*, being come to its full size, *languish*, and refuse to *eat*: it spun itself a *tomb*, and was shrouded in the silken *cane*: it lay without *feet*, or *shape*, or *power* to *move*. I looked again: it had *burst* its tomb; it was full of *life*, and sailed on colored *wings* through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new *being*.

Varieties. 1. Many a young lady can chatter in French or Italian, thrum the piano, and paint a little, and yet be ignorant of housekeeping, and not know how even to make a loaf of bread, roast a piece of meat, or make a palatable soup. 2. It is a false idea to think of elevating woman to her right position of intelligence and influence in society, without making her thoroughly and practically acquainted with the details of domestic life. 3. It is wrong for either men or women, to bury themselves in their everyday avocation, to the neglect of intellectual and moral culture, and the social amenities of life: but it is still worse to give exclusive attention to the latter, and utterly neglect the former; because, in the former are involved our first and most important duties. 4. Neglected duties never bring happiness: even the best of society would fail to delight, if enjoyed at the expense of human duties. 5. That which is our duty should always take precedence: otherwise, no effort to obtain happiness can be successful.

Still—let my song—a nobler note assume,
And sing the impressive force of SPRING on man:
Then, HEAVEN—and earth, as if contending,—vie
To raise his being,—and serene—his soul.
Can he forbear—to join—the general smile
Of NATURE? Can fierce passions—vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?

The happiness—of human kind,
Consists—in rectitude of mind,—
A will—subdued to reason's sway,
And passions—practiced to obey:
An open—and a generous heart,
Refined from selfishness—and art;
Patience, which mocks—at fortune's power,
And wisdom—neither sad, nor sour.

Never forget our loves,—but always cling
To the fixed hope—th't there will be a time,—
When we can meet—unfetter'd—and be blest—
With the full happiness—of certain love.

A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected.

499. REVISION.

Having gone thro', briefly, with the *major* passions, and given illustrations of each, before dismissing these important subjects, it may be useful to present the *minor* ones; occasionally alluding to the principal ones. The accompanying engraving represents calm fortitude, discretion, benevolence, goodness, and nobility. Admiration may also be combined with amazement: surprise, (which signifies—taken on a sudden.) may, for a moment, startle: astonishment may stupefy, and cause an entire suspension of the faculties; but **AMAZEMENT** has also a mixture of perturbation; as the word means to be in a maze, so as not to be able to collect one's self: there is no mind that may not, at times, be thrown into amazement at the awful dispensations of Providence.

ADMONITION TO ACT JUSTLY.

Remember *March*, the ides of *MARCH* remember!
Did not great *Julius*—bleed for *JUSTICE*' sake?
What villain touch'd his *body*,—that did *stab*,
And not for justice?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the *foremost* man—of *all this world*,
But for supporting *robbers*, shall *we*—now—
Contaminate our *fingers* with base *bribes*?
And sell the mighty space of our large *honors*,
For so much *trash*—as may be grasped *thus*?
I had rather be a *dog*, and bay the *moon*,
Than such a *Roman*.

Anecdote. *Ethelcold*, bishop of Winchester, in king *Edgar's* time, sold the gold and silver vessels belonging to the church, to relieve the poor, during a famine, saying: "There is no reason, that the *senseless* temples of God, should abound in *riches*, while his *living* temples were perishing with hunger."

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle *stars* unite, and in *one* fate
Their *hearts*, their *fortunes*, and their *beings* blend.
Tis not the *coarser* tie—of *human* laws,
Unnatural oft, and *foreign* to the mind,
That binds their *peace*, but harmony *itself*,
Attuning all their passions into *love*;
Where *friendship*—full, exerts her *softest* power,
Perfect *esteem*, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of *soul*;
Thought, meeting thought, and *will* preventing *will*,
With boundless *confidence*: for nought but *love*
Can answer *love*, and render bliss *secure*.

Merit—seldom shows

Itself—bedecked in *tinsel*, or fine *clothes*;
But, *hermit*-like, 'tis oft'n'er us'd to *fly*,
And hide its beauties—in *obscurity*.

For places in the *court*, are but like *beds*—
In the *hospital*; where this man's *head*—lies
At that man's *foot*, and so, *lower* and *lower*.



Laconics. 1. The *idle*—often delay till *to-morrow*, what ought to be done *to-day*. 2. *Science* is the *scribe*, and *theology* the *interpreter* of God's works. 3. *Regret* is unavailing, when a *debt* is contracted; tho' a little *prudence*, might have prevented its being incurred. 4. A *loud*, or *vehement* mode of delivery, accompanied by a haughty action, may render an expression highly *offensive*; but which would be perfectly *harmless*, if pronounced properly. 5. *Dishonesty* chooses the most *expeditious* route; *virtue* the *right* one, though it be more *circuitous*. 6. Is the *soul* a mere *vapor*, a something without either *essence* or *form*? 7. Impressions, firmly *fixed* in the mind, and long *cherished*, are erased with great *difficulty*; how important, then, they should be *good* ones.

Dificulty—is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who *knows* us better than we know ourselves, and he *loves* us better too. He, that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with *difficulty* obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our *object*, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

VARIETIES.

Sleep—seldom visits *sorrow*;
When it does, it is a *comforter*.

Why, on that brow, dwell *sorrow* and *dismay*,
Where *loves* were wont to sport, and *smiles* to play?

With *equal* mind, what happens, let us *bear*,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much, for things beyond our care.

Thus, my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently are passed,
Calmly—shall I resign my breath,
In *life*—unknown,—forgot—in death.

Love—never reasons, but profusely gives;
Gives, like a thoughtless *prodigal*, its all,
And trembles then, lest it has done too little.

Tho' all seems lost, 'tis *impious*—to despair;
The tracks of *Providence*—like *rivers*—wind.

Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the *Divinity*—that stirs within us.

Still raise—for *good*—the supplicating voice,
But leave to *HEAVEN* the *measure*, and the *choice*;
Safe in *His* power, whose eye discerns *afar*
The secret *ambush* of a specious *prayer*.
Implore *His* aid; in *His* decisions rest;
Secure—whate'er He gives, he gives the *best*.
Yet, when the sense of sacred *presence* fires,
And strong *devotion*—to the *skies* aspires,
Pour forth thy *fervors*—for a healthful *mind*,
Obedient *passions*, and a *will* resigned;
For *love*, which scarce collective *man* can fill;
For *patience*, sovereign o'er transmuted *ill*;
For *faith*, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts *death*—kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods—for *man*—the laws of *heaven* ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to
With these celestial *wisdom* calms the mind, [gain,
And makes the happiness—she does not find.

Call it *diversion*. and the pill goes down.

500. Arguing requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a close, slow, and emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand; it assumes somewhat of authority, as if fully convinced of what it pleads for; and sometimes rises to great vehemence and energy of action: the voice clear, distinct, and firm as in confidence.

REASONING WITH DEFERENCE TO OTHERS.

Ay, but yet—

Let us be *keen*, and rather *cut* a little, [tleman,
Than *fall* and *bruise* to death. Alas! this *gen-*
Whom I would *save*, had a most *noble* father!
Let but your *honor* know, (whom I believe
To be most straight in *virtue*) whether, in
The working of your *own* affections, [ing,
Had time cohered with *place*, or *place* with *wish*—
Or, that the resolute acting of your *blood*, [pose,
Could have attain'd the effect of your *own* pur-
Whether you had not some time in your *life*,
Err'd in this *point*, you censure now in *him*,
And pull'd the *law* upon you.

501. AFFECTATION—displays itself in a thousand different gestures, airs, and looks, according to the character which the person affects. *Affectation of learning*—gives a stiff formality to the whole person: the words come stalking out with the pace of a funeral procession, and every sentence has the solemnity of an oracle. *Affectation*—of *pity*—turns up the goggling whites of the eye to heaven, as if the person was in a trance, and fixes them in that posture so long, that the brain of the beholder grows giddy: then comes up deep grumbling, a holy groan from the lower part of the thorax, but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation from the solid earth: thus he begins to rock, from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows; the hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head shaken with foolish vehemence; the tone of voice is canting, or a sing-song lullaby, not much removed from an Irish howl, and the words godly doggerel. **AFFECTATION OF BEAUTY, and killing**—puts a fine woman, by turns, into all sorts of forms, appearances and attitudes, but *amiable* ones: she undoes by art, or rather awkwardness, all that nature has done for her; for nature formed her almost an angel; and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*: this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off: in doing which, make as many, and as ugly grimaces, motions and gestures, as can be made; and take care that nature never peeps out; thus you may represent coquettish affectation to the life.

Anecdote. A nobleman advised a bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing, in modern style. The prelate answered him, "The difference between *your* advice and that which the *devil* gave to our Saviour—is, that *Satan* advised Jesus to change *stones* into *bread*, that the *poor* might be fed; and *you* desire me to turn the *bread* of the poor into *stones*."

A wise poor man,
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead:
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.

Cheerful looks—make every dish—a feast,
And 'tis that—crowns a welcome.

Laconics. 1. To know—is one thing, to do, is another. 2. Consider *what* is said, rather than *who* said it: and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of *him*, who delivers it. 3. These proverbs, maxims, and laconics, are founded on the *facts*, that mankind are the same, and that the *passions* are the disturbing forces; the greater or less prevalence of which, give individuality to character. 4. If parents give their children an *improper* education, whose is the *misfortune*, and whose the *crimes*? 5. The greater your *facilities* are for acquiring knowledge, the greater should be your *efforts*: and *genius*—is the *power*—of making efforts. 6. The world's unfavorable views of *conduct* and *character*, are as floating clouds, from which the *brightest* day is not free. 7. Never *marry*—but for *love*; and see that thou *lovest* only what is *lovely*.

This World. What is the happiness that this world can give? Can it defend us from disasters? Can it preserve our hearts from grief, our eyes from tears, or our feet from falling? Can it prolong our comforts? Can it multiply our days? Can it redeem ourselves, or our friends from death? Can it soothe the king of terrors, or mitigate the agonies of the dying?

VARIETIES.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Under a portrait of Milton—Dryden.

The poetry of earth is never dead!—

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run,
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's;—he takes the lead

In summer luxury;—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed

The poetry of earth is ceasing never!—

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrout a silence from the stove, there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, [arms,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
Like fairy gifts fading away; [thou art,
Thou wouldest still be ador'd, as this moment
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

503. AUTHORITY—opens the countenance, but draws the eye-brows a little, so as to give the look an air of gravity.

AUTHORITY FORBIDDING COMBATANTS TO FIGHT.

Let them lay by their *helmets* and their *spears*,
And both return *back* to their *chairs* again:—
Withdraw from us,—and let the *trumpet* sound;
Draw near—
And list what, with our *council*, we have *done*.
For that our kingdom's *earth*—should not be *soil'd*,
With that dear *blood* which it hath *foster'd*;
And for our *eyes*—doth hate the dire *aspect*,
Of civil *wounds*, plough'd up with neighbor's *swords*:
Therefore, we *banish* you our *territories*:
You, cousin *Hertford*, upon pain of *death*,
Till *twice* five summers have enriched our *fields*,
Shall not regret our fair *dominions*,
But tread the *stranger* paths of *banishment*.

504. Philosophers say, that man is a *microcosm*, or a little *world*, resembling in *miniature* every part of the *great*; and, in our opinion, the body *natural* may be compared to the body *politic*; and if that be so, how can the *Epicurean's* opinion be true, that the *universe* was formed by a fortuitous concourse of *atoms*? which we will no more *believe*, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the *alphabet* could fall by *chance* into a most *ingenious* and *learned* treatise of *philosophy*.

On pain of *death*,—no person be so *bold*
Or daring *hardy*, as to *touch* the *lists*,
Except the *marshal*, and such *officers*
Appointed to *direct* these fair *designs*.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Let fancy—*lead*,
And be it *ours*—to *follow*, and *admire*,
As well we may, the *graces* infinite
Of *nature*. Lay *aside* the sweet resource
That *winter* needs, and may at will *obtain*,
Of *authors*, chaste and good, and let us read
The *living* page, whose *every* character
Delights, and gives us *wisdom*. Not a *tree*,
A *plant*, a *leaf*, a *blossom*, but contains
A *folio* volume. We may read, and *read*,
And read *again*, and still find something *new*,
Something to *please*, and something to *instruct*,
E'en in the noisome *weed*.

Anecdote. *Eat Bacon.* Dr. *Watson*, late bishop of *Landaff*, was *enthusiastically* attached to the writings of Lord *Bacon*; and considered, that no one, desirous of acquiring real sound *knowledge*, could read the works of that great man too *often*, or with too much *care* and *attention*. It was frequently remarked by him—"If a man wishes to become *wise*, he should *eat Bacon*."

Making Resolutions. Never form a *resolution* that is not a *good* one; and, when once *formed*, never *break* it. If you *form* a *resolution*, and then *break* it, you set yourself a bad *example*, and you are very likely to *follow* it. A person may get the habit of *breaking* his *resolutions*; this is as bad to the *character* and *mind*, as an incurable *disease* to the *body*. No person can become

great, but by *keeping* his *resolutions*; no person ever escaped *contempt*, who could not keep them.

Laconics. 1. *Writing* and *printing* serve as clothing to our *ideas*, by which they become visible in *forms*, and permanent in *duration*; thus, painters speak of *embodying* the fleeting colors of beautiful *flowers*, by *firing* them in some earthly *substance*. 2. When the pupil of our *intellectual* eyes becomes adjusted to the darkness of *error*, *genuine* truth dazzles and blinds us. 3. *Habit* can only get the better of habit; but beware of changing one bad habit for another. 4. The torch of *improvement*, is destined to pass from hand to hand; and what, tho' we do not see the order? 5. When nature is *excited*, she will put forth her *efforts*; if not in a *right*, in a *wrong* way. 6. *Consent*—is the essence of marriage, the ceremonies—its *form*, and the duties—its *uses*.

Physiological Ignorance—is undoubtedly, the most *abundant* source of our sufferings: every person, accustomed to the *sick*, must have heard them deplore their *ignorance*—of the necessary consequences of those practices, by which their health has been *destroyed*: and when men shall be deeply convinced, that the *eternal laws* of *Nature* have connected *pain* and *decrepitude* with one mode of life, and *health* and *vigor* with another, they will avoid the *former*, and adhere to the *latter*. It is strange, however, to observe, that the *generality* of mankind do not seem to bestow a single *thought* on the preservation of their *health*, till it is too late to reap any *benefit* from their conviction. If *knowledge* of this kind were generally *diffused*, people would *cease* to imagine, that the human constitution was so badly contrived, that a state of general *health* could be overset by every *trifle*; for instance, by a little *cold*; or that the *recovery* of it lay concealed in a few *drops*, or a *pill*. Did they better understand the nature of *chronic* diseases, and the causes which *produce* them, they could not be so *unreasonable* as to think, that they might live as they *choose*, with *impunity*: or did they know anything of *medicine*, they would soon be convinced, that though fits of *pain* have been relieved, and *sickness* cured, for a *time*, the *re-establishment* of *health*—depends on very *different* powers and principles.

'Tis doing *wrong*—creates such *doubts*. These
Render us *jealous*, and destroy our *peace*.

Though *wisdom*—wake,
Suspicion sleeps at wisdom's *gate*, and to *simplicity*
Resigns her charge; while goodness thinks no *ill*.
Where no ill *seems*.

'Tis god-like magnanimity—to *keep*,
When most provoked, our reason *calm*, and *clear*
Christianity—depends on *fact*;
Religion—is not *theory*, but *act*.

Amid thy bowers—the *tyrant's* hand is seen,
And *desolation*—reddens all thy green.

No; there is *none*,—no ruler of the stars;
Regardful of my *miseries*,—saith *despair*.

Calm, and serene, he sees approaching *death*,
As the safe *port*, the peaceful, silent *shore*,
Where he may *rest*,—life's tedious voyage o'er.

505. BUFFOONERY—assumes a sly, arch, leering gravity; nor must it quit the serious aspect, though all should split their sides: which command of countenance is somewhat difficult, but not so hard to acquire, as to restrain the contrary sympathy—that of weeping when others weep. Examples will suggest themselves. **COMMANDING** requires a peremptory air, a severe and stern look: the hand is held out, and moved towards the person to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and sometimes it is accompanied with a significant nod of the head to the person addressed. If the command be *absolute*, and to a person unwilling to *obey*, the right hand is extended and projected forcibly towards him.

We were not born to *sue*, but to *command*;
Which, since we cannot do, to make you *friends*,
Be ready—as your *lives* shall answer it,
At *Coventry*, upon *St. Lambert's* day;
There—shall your *swords*—and *lances* **ARBITRATE**
The swelling *difference* of your settled *hate*;
Since we cannot *stay* you, you shall see
Justice—decide the victor's *chivalry*.
Lord Marshal—command our *officers* at *arms*,
Be ready—to direct these *home* alarms.

Silence, ye winds,
That make outrageous war upon the ocean:
And thou, old ocean! lull thy boisterous waves;
Ye wavering elements, be hushed as death,
While I impose my dread commands on hell;
And thou, profoundest hell! whose dreadful sway
Is given to me by fate and demi-gorgon— [gions;
Hear, hear my powerful voice, thro' all thy re-
And from thy gloomy caverns thunder the reply.
Begone! forever leave this happy sphere:
For perjurd lovers have no mansions here.
Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own *good*, or, *knowing* it, pursue.

Happiness—does not consist so much in *outward circumstances* and *personal gratifications*, as in the *inward feelings*. There can be no *true* enjoyment of that, which is not *honestly* obtained; for a sense of *guilt* infuses into it a *bitter* ingredient, which makes it *nauseous*. What pleasure can the *drunkard* have in his cups, when he knows, that every *drop* he *swallows*, is so much *dishonestly* taken from his wife and children; and, that, to *satisfy* his brutal propensity, they are deprived of the *necessaries* of *life*?

Anecdote. Dr. Franklin. The following epitaph, was written by himself, many years previous to his death: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripp'd of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will, (as he believed,) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author." He is a *parricide* to his mother's name, And with an impious hand murders her fame, That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write Libels on saints, or with foul ink require The milk they lent us.

None think the *great* unhappy, but the *great*.

Laconics. 1. Every act of *apparent* disorder and destruction, is, when contemplated aright, and taking in an immeasurable lapse of *ages*, the most perfect *order*, *wisdom*, and *love*. 2. As it respects the *history* of our race, scarcely the first *hour* of man has yet passed over our heads; why then do we speak of *partiality*? 3. In turning our eyes to the regions of *darkness*, in the history of man, as well as to those of *light*, we are induced to reflect upon our *ignorance*, as well as upon our *knowledge*. 4. The natural history of *man*, is of more importance than that of all *animals*, *vegetables*, and *minerals*; and, in mastering the former, we receive a key to unlock the mysteries of the latter. 5. Some professors of religion boast of their ignorance of *science*; and some would-be *philosophers*, treat with *contempt*, all *truths*, that are not *mathematical*, and derived from *facts*: which show the *greatest* folly?

Effects of Success. If you would *revenge* yourself on those who have *slighted* you, be *successful*; it is a *bitter* satire on their want of *judgment*, to show that you can do *without* them,—a *galling wound*—to the self-love—of *proud*, *inflated* people; but you must reckon on their *hatred*, as they will never *forgive* you.

VARIETIES.

They—never fail, who die
In a *good* cause; the *block* may soak their *gore*;
Their *heads*—may sodden in the *sun*, their *limbs*,
Be strung to *city-gates*, and *castle-walls*;
But still, their *spirits*—walk abroad. Though *years*
E lapse, and *others*—share as *dark* a doom,
They but *augment* the deep swelling thought,
Which overpowers all *others*, and conduct
The world at last—to *FREEDOM*.

The *ocean*,—when it rolls *aboud*,
The *tempest*—bursting from the *cloud*,
In one *uninterrupted* peal!

When *darkness*—sits around the sky,
And shadowy *forms*—go trooping by;
And everlasting *mountains* reel,
All, ALL of this—is *FREEDOM'S* song—
'Tis *pealed*,—'tis *pealed*—ETERNALLY.

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But Sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course has run:
When Night is in her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep,
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.
Joy loves to cull the summer flower,
And wreath it round his happy brow;
But when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossom low;
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest,
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her wither'd breast.

Oh, Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty loads thy wanton train.

506. COMMENDATION—is the expression of the approbation we have for any object, in which we find any congruity to our ideas of excellence, natural, or moral, so as to communicate pleasure: as it generally supposes superiority in the person commending, it assumes the aspect of love (but without desire and respect,) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice, with a small degree of confidence; the arms are gently spread, the hands open, with the palms upwards, directed toward the person approved, and sometimes lifted up and down, as if pronouncing praise.

You have done our pleasures very much *grace*, fair
Set a fair fashion on our *entertainment*, [ladies;
Which was not *half* so beautiful and kind;
You've added *worth* unto't, and lively *lustre*,
And *entertain'd* me with mine own *device*;-
I am to *thank* you for it.

O good old man, how *well* in thee—appears
The constant service of the antique *world*,
When service sweat for *duty*, not for *meed*!
Thou art not for the *fashion* of these times,
Where none will sweat—but for *promotion*;
And *having* that, do choke their *service* up,
Even with the *having*: it is not so with *thee*.

507. OBSERVATION. Nothing appears easier than to *observe*, yet few things are more uncommon. By *observe*—is meant to consider a subject in all its various parts; first, each part separately; then to examine its analogy with contiguous, or other possible subjects; to conceive and retain the various proportions which delineate, define and constitute the essence of the thing under consideration; to have clear ideas of these proportions, individually and collectively, as contributing to form a whole, so as not to confound them with other properties or things, however great the resemblance. The *OBSERVER* will often *see* where the unobservant is *blind*. To *observe*, is to be attentive, so as to fix the mind on a particular object, which it selects for consideration from a number of surrounding objects. To be *attentive*—is to consider some one particular object, exclusively of all others, and to analyze and distinguish its peculiarities.

Anecdote. During the *mock* trial of Louis XVI., he was asked, what he had done with a certain sum of *money*, a few thousand pounds. His voice *failed* him, and the *tears* came into his eyes at the question; at length he replied—"I LOVED TO MAKE THE PEOPLE HAPPY." He had *given* the money away in *charity*.

Sweet—was the *sound*, when oft, at *evening's* close,
Up yonder *hill*—the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with *careless* steps—and *slow*,
The mingling *notes*, came *softened*—from below:
The *swain*—responsive, as the *milkmaid* sung,
The sober *herd*, that loved to meet their *young*;
The noisy *geese*, that gabbled o'er the *pool*,
The playful *children*, just let loose from *school*, [wind,
The *watch-dog's* voice, that bay'd the whispering
And the loud *laugh*, that spoke the vacant *mind*;
These all—in soft confusion—sought the *shade*,
And filled *each* pause, the *nightingale* had made.

Laconics. 1. To devolve on *science* the duties of *religion*, or on *religion* the duties of *science*, is to bind together the *living* and the *dead*. 2. The *prevailing* error of our times is, the cultivation of the *intellectual* faculties, to the neglect of the *moral* faculties; when the former *alone* are develop'd, the child has acquired the means of doing *good* or *evil*—to *himself*, to *society*, to his *country*, or to the *world*; but *practical* goodness alone, can preserve the *equilibrium*. 3. Many persons have an unfortunate passion for inventing *fictions*, merely for the purpose of exciting amazement in their hearers. 4. Those who, without having sufficient knowledge of us, form an unfavorable *opinion* respecting us, do not injure *us*; they reflect on a *phantom* of their own *imagination*.

The heart, like a *tendrill*, accustomed to cling,
Let it go where it *will*, cannot flourish *alone*;
But will lean to the *nearest*, and *loveliest* thing,
It can twine with *itself*, and make closely its *own*.

Honor's a sacred *tie*, the law of *kings*,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That *aids* and *strengthens* virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her *actions*, where she is *not*.

False honor, like a comet—blazes *broad*,
But blazes for *extinction*. *Real* merit—
Shines—like the eternal *sun*—to shine *forever*.

She hath no *head*, and cannot *think*; she hath
No *heart*, and cannot *feel*; where'er she *moves*,
It is in *wrath*; or *pauses*, 'tis in *ruin*:
Her *prayers*—are *curses*; her *communion*—*death*;
Eternity her *vengeance*; in the blood of her *victims*,
Her red *decatalogue*—is written—(BIGOTRY.)

Of doing Injuries to Others. Propitious *conscience*, thou *equitable* and *ready* judge, be *never* absent from me! *Tell* me, *constantly*, that I cannot do the *least* injury to *another*, without receiving the *counter-stroke*; that I must necessarily wound *myself*, when I wound *another*.

NATURE ALWAYS TRUE.

Nature—never did betray
The heart, that *loved* her! 'Tis her *privilege*,
Through *all* the years of this our *life*, to lead
From joy to *joy*; for she can so *inform*
The mind, that is *within* us, so *impress*,
With *quietness* and *beauty*, and so *feed*
With *lofty* thoughts, that neither *evil* *tongues*,
Rash *judgments*, nor the *sneers* of selfish *men*,
Nor *greetings*, where no *kindness* is, nor *all*
The dreary *intercourse* of common *life*
Shall e'er *prevail* against us, or disturb
Our cheerful *faith*, that *all* that we behold
Is full of *blessings*. Therefore, let the *moon*
Shine on thee in thy solitary *walk*;
And let the misty *mountain* winds be free
To *blow* against thee; and, in *after* years,
When these wild *ecstasies* shall be matured
Into a sober *pleasure*; when thy mind
Shall be a *mansion* for all lovely *forms*,
Thy *memory* be a *dwelling*-place
For all *sweet* sounds and *harmonies*, oh! then,
If *solitude*, or *fear*, or *pain*, or *grief*,
Should be thy portion, with what *healing* thoughts
Of tender *joy* wilt thou remember *me*,
And these my *benedictions*.

508. THE PASSIONS. *Plato* calls the *passions*, the *wings* of the *soul*. According to this metaphor, a *bird* may be considered as the *type* of it; and, in applying this figure to the several characters of *men*, some are *eagles*, others are *bats* and *owls*; a few are *swans*, and many are *geese*; no *phoenix* among them all. In another place, he styles the *passions* the *chariot-horses* of the *soul*; by which is implied, that though *strong* and *fleet*, they should be under *command*.

COMPLAINING OF EXTREME PAIN.

Search, there; nay, probe me; search my wounded Pull,—draw it out,— [reins,

Oh! I am shot! A forked burning arrow—
Sticks across my shoulders: the sad venom flies
Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
Ha! what a change of torments I endure!

A bolt of ice—runs hissing—thro' my body:
'Tis sure—the arm of death; give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Why turnest thou from me? I'm alone
Already, and to the seas complaining.

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve, or joy; to hope, or fear?
Why should we anticipate our sorrows?
'Tis like those, who die—for fear of death.

509. CURIOSITY—opens the *eyes* and *mouth*, lengthens the *neck*, bends the body forward and fixes it in one posture, with the hands nearly as in admiration with astonishment: when it speaks, the *voice*, *tone* and *gesture* are nearly as in *inquiry*, which see; also *Desire*, *Attention*, *Hope* and *Perplexity*.

CURIOSITY AT FIRST SEEING A FINE OBJECT.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say what thou seest yonder.

Mir. What! is't a spirit?
Lo, how it looks about! believe, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath
 As we have, such. [such senses

Mir. I might call him
 A thing divine, for nothing natural,
 I ever saw so noble.

510. DENYING—what is *affirmed*, is but an affirmation of the contrary, and is expressed like affirmation, pushing the open right hand from one, and turning the face another way. Denying a favor—see *refusing*, denying an *accusation*.

“If I in act consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty—of stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in that beauteous clay,
Let hell—want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Anecdote. The *Os-ti-ack Boy*. A *Russian* was traveling from *Tobalsk* to *Reresow*; and, on the road, stopped a night at the hut of an *Ostiack*. In the morning, on continuing his journey, he found he had lost his *purse*. The *son* of the *Ostiack*, about *fourteen*, had found the *purse*; but, instead of taking it up, he went and told his *father*; who was *equally* unwilling to touch it, and ordered the boy to cover it with some *bushes*. On the *Russian's* return, he stopped at the same *hut*; the *Ostiack* did not recognize him. He related the

story of his loss, and when he had finished, “*You are welcome,*” said he, “*my son here will show you where it is; no hand has touched it, but the one that covered it, that you might receive what you had lost.*”

Laconics. 1. Owe *nothing*—to your advancement, save your own unassisted exertions, if you would retain what you acquire. 2. When *passion* rules us, it deprives of *reason*, suspends the faculty of *reflection*, blinds the *judgment*, and precipitates us into acts of *violence*, or *excesses*; the *consequences* of which we may forever deplore. 3. With those who are of a gloomy turn of mind, be *reserved*; with the *old*, be *serious*; and with the *young*, be *merry*. 4. In forming matrimonial alliances, *undue* effort is made to reconcile everything relating to *fortune*, and *family*; but very little is paid to congeniality of *dispositions*, or accordance of *hearts*. 5. *Moral* knowledge is to be sought from the *Word* of *God*; *scientific* knowledge from the *works* of *God*. 6. By *union*—the most *trifling* beginnings *thrive* and *increase*; by *disunion*—the most *flourishing*—fall to the ground. 7. Is not the *union* of *CAPITAL*, *TALENT* and *LABOR*, the *SALVATION* of the *WORLD*, *temporally* and *spiritually*?

Varieties. 1. Good neighborhoods supply all wants; which may be thus illustrated. Two neighbors, one—*blind* and the other—*lame*, were called to a distant place; but how could they obey? The *blind* man carried the *lame* one, who directed the carrier where to go. Is not this a good illustration, of *faith* and *charity*? *Charity*—acts, and *faith*—guides; i. e. the *will*—impels, and he *understanding*—directs. 2. Superficial writers, like the *mole*, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

Trifles make the *sum* of human things,
 And half our misery from our *foibles* springs;
 Since life's best joys—consist in *peace* and *ease*,
 And few can save or serve, but all can please;
 Oh! let the *ungentle* spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness—is a great offence.

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray,
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky;
 How beautiful is night!
 Who, at this untimely hour,
 Wanders o'er the desert sands?
 No station is in view,
 Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
 The mother and her child;
 The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
 They, at this untimely hour,
 Wander o'er the desert sands.

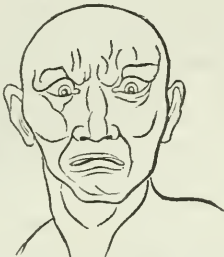
Delay—leads to impotent and snail pace'd beggary,

511. DISMISSING—with *approbation*, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open and palm upward, gently raised towards the person: with *displeasure*—besides the look and tone of voice that suit displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out towards the person dismissed, the back part of the hand towards him, and the countenance, at the same time, turned away from him.

Chatillon says to king John:
Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. J. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning—in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! Be thou as the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honorable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to't: farewell, Cha-ti-lon!

512. DIFFERING—in sentiment, may be expressed nearly as *Refusing*, which see; and *Agreeing* in opinion, or being convinced, is expressed nearly as granting, which also see.—**DISTRACTION**—opens the eyes to a frightful wideness, rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object, distorts every feature;



gnashes with the teeth; agitates all parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters hideous bellowings—exclamations—blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach, and, if restrained, tears its own flesh and destroys itself. See the engraving, indicating dread, abhorrence, &c. **DOTAGE**, or infirm old age, shows itself by talkativeness; boasting of the past; hollowness of the cheeks; dimness of sight; deafness; tremor of voice; the accents, through default of the teeth, scarcely intelligible; knees tottering; hard wheezing; laborious groaning; the body stooping under the insupportable weight of years, which will soon crush it into the dust, whence it had its origin.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest; die in port.
Age should fly, concurse, cover in retreat,
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon!

Where—should'st thou look for kindness?
When we are sick, where can we turn for succor;
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world—looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go—to meet a warmer eye,
With such sure confidence—as to a mother?
The world may scowl, acquaintance may forsake,
Friends may neglect, and lovers know a change;
But, when a mother—doth forsake her child,
Men lift their hands, and cry, "A prodigy!"

Gluttons are never generous.

Varieties. 1. The most disgusting vices—are often concealed under the fairest exterior. 2. A knowledge of the human heart, is, by no means, detrimental to the love of all mankind. 3. One person cannot render another—*indispensable*; nor can one supply the place of another. 4. The least failing of an individual often incites a great outcry; his character is at once darkened, trampled on, destroyed; but treat that person in the right way, and you will be astonished at what he was able and willing to perform. 5. He who cannot listen, can perform nothing, that deserves the name of wisdom and justice. 6. He had respectable talents and connections; but was formidable to the people, from his want of principle, and his readiness to truckle to men in power. 7. Every vicious act, weakens a right judgment, and defiles the life.

These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Formed infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storms.

For my past crimes—my forfeit life receive:
No pity for my sufferings—here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness—in the grave.

For soon, the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom—must fade,
As that—will strip the verdant shade.

True love's the gift, that God has given,
To man alone, beneath the heaven;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which, HEART to HEART, and, MIND to MIND,
In BODY, and in SOUL can bind.

Anecdote. *Stan-is-laus*, king of Poland, was driven from his dominion by Charles XII. of Sweden; he took refuge in Paris, where he was supported at the expense of the court of France. Some person complained to the duke of Orleans, (then *regent*), of the great expense of the exiled monarch, and wished that he should be desired to leave. The duke nobly replied: "Sir, France has ever been, and I trust ever will be, the refuge of unfortunate princes; and I shall not permit it to be violated, when so excellent a prince as the king of Poland comes to claim it."

The winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements—and seasons, all declare—
For what—the eternal MAKER—has ordained
The powers of man; we feel, within ourselves,
His energy divine. He tells the heart,
He meant, he made us—to behold, and love,
What HE beholds and loves, the GENERAL orb
Of life—and being; to be great—like him,
Beneficent, and active. Thus, the men,
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his—the relish of their souls.

An honest soul—is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor—upon the ocean's calm;
But, when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill—and majesty.

513. EXHORTING, OR ENCOURAGING. is earnest persuasion, attended with confidence of success; the voice has the softness of love, intermixed with the firmness of courage; the arms are sometimes spread, with the hands open, as entreating; occasionally the right hand is lifted up, and struck rapidly down, as enforcing what is said. In a general, at the head his army, it requires a kind, complacent look, unless matters of offence have passed, as neglect of duty, &c.

But wherefore do you *droop*? Why look you sad?
Be great in *act*, as you have been in *thought*:
Let not the world—see *fear* and sad *distrust*,
Govern the motive of a *kingly* eye;
Be stirring with the *time*; be *fire*—with *fire*;
Threaten the *threatener*, outface the brow
Of bragging *horror*; so, shall *inferior* eyes,
That borrow their behavior from the *great*,
Grow great by *your* example; and put on
The dauntless spirit of *resolution*;
Show *boldness*, and aspiring *confidence*.
What! shall they seek the *lion* in his *den*,
And *fright* him there, and make him *tremble* there?
Oh, let it not be said! *Forage*, and *run*,
To meet *displeasure* farther from the *doors*,
And *grapple* with him, ere he come so *nigh*.

514. FAINTING—produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together—every sinew and ligament unstrung; the color flies from the vermilion cheek, the sparkling eye grows dim; down the body drops, as helpless and senseless as a mass of clay, to which it seems hastening to resolve itself.

And lo! sad partner of the genial care,
Weary and faint—I drive my goats afar.

Weariness—

Can snore upon the *flint*, when rusty *sloth*,
Finds the downy *pillow—hard*.

Anecdote. A poor *priest* came one day, to Louis XI. of France, when this monarch was at his devotions, in the church, and told him, the *bailliffs* were about to *arrest* him for a sum, he was unable to *pay*. The king ordered him the money; saying—"You have chosen your time to address me very luckily. It is but just that I should show some compassion to the *distressed*, when I have been entreating *God* to have compassion on *myself*."

ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

Oh, that the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense,
His temporal field so cautious not to lose;
So careless quiter of his eternal foes.
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the king's sake, the brunt of battles bear,
But—for the *King* of king's sake—do not *swear*.

How many bright [high!

And splendid lamps shine in heaven's temple
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night.

Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So fram'd all by their Creator's might, [die.

That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall

There is a *lust* in man—no power can *tame*,
Of loudly publishing—his *neighbor's* shame;
On *eagle's* wings—immortal *scandals* fly,
Whilst *virtuous* actions are but *born—to die*.

Extremes. The sublime of nature is the sky, sun, moon, stars, &c. The profound of nature, is, gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common, as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain, that any thing of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

Varieties. 1. The arts are divided into the *useful*, and the *polite*, the *fine*, and the *elegant*; some are for *use*, and others for *pleasure*; *Elocution* is of a *mixed* nature, in which *use* and *beauty* are of nearly co-equal influence; *manner* being as important as *matter*, or more so. 2. Our government, is a government of *laws*, not of *men*; but it will *lose* this character, if the laws furnish no *remedy* for the violation of vested *rights*. 3. Nature has given us *two eyes* and *two ears*, and but *one tongue*; that we should *see* and *hear* more than we *speak*. 4. The *weariness* of study is removed by *loving* it, and valuing the *results* for their *uses*. 5. The three kingdoms of *nature*, are the *Mineral*, the *Vegetable*, and the *Animal*: *minerals* are destitute of *organization* and *life*; *vegetables*, or plants, are *endowed* with *organization* and *life*, but are *destitute* of *voluntary motion* and *sense*; while *animals*—possess them *all*.

As some lone miser, visiting his store, [it o'er,
Bends o'er his *treasures*, and counts and recounts
Hoards after hoards—his rising *raptures* fill,
Yet still—he *sighs*; for hoards are wanting still:
Thus, to my breast, alternate *passions* rise,
Pleased with each *bliss*, th't *Heaven* to us supplies;
Yet oft a *sigh* prevails, and *tears* will fall,
To see the hoard of *human bliss*—so *small*.

The *flighty* purpose—is never undertook,
Unless the *deed* go with it; from this moment,
The firstlings of my *heart*, shall be
The firstlings of my *head*; and even *now*, [done.
To crown my thoughts with *acts*, be it *thought* and
It is *jealousy's* peculiar nature,
To swell *small* things to *great*; nay, out of *nought*
To conjure *much*; and then to lose its *reason*,
Amid the hideous *phantoms*—it has found.

If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe,
Squeeze out the humor of such spongy souls,
As lick up every idle vanity.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!

How vain all outward effort to supply
The soul with joy! the noontide sun is dark,
And music—discord, when the heart is low.

515. FATIGUE—from severe or hard labor, gives a general languor to the body; the countenance is dejected, the arms hang listless; the body, (if not sitting, or lying along,) stoops as in old age; the legs, if walking, drag heavily along, and seem, at every step, to bend under the weight of the body; the voice is weak, and hardly articulate enough to be understood.

I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself, and for two nights, together—
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*—
When from the mountain-top *Pisanio* show'd thee,
Thou wast within my ken. Ah me! I think
Foundations—fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved.

516. GRAVITY—seriousness, as when the mind is fixed, or deliberating on some important subject, smooths the countenance, and gives it an air of melancholy; the eye-brows are lowered, the eyes cast downwards, and partially closed, or raised to heaven: the mouth shut, the lips composed, and sometimes a little contracted: the postures of the body and limbs composed, and without much motion; the speech, if any, slow and solemn, and the voice without much variety.

Fathers! we once again are met in council:
Cesar's approach hath summoned us together,
And *Rome*—attends her fate—from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success—still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia—gave him *Rome*. *Egypt*—has since
Received his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is Cesar's.
Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
Or *Scipio's* death? *Nimidia's* burning sands
Still smoke with blood;—'tis time we should decree
What course to take; our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Lybia's* sultry deserts. [fix'd
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission? *Sempronious*—speak.

Anecdote. How to prize good Fortune.
In the year preceding the French revolution, a servant girl, in Paris, drew a prize of fifteen hundred pounds. She immediately called on the parish priest, and generously put two hundred louisd'ors into his hands, for the relief of the most indigent and industrious poor in the district; accompanying the donation with this admirable and just observation, "Fortune could only have been kind to me, in order that I might be kind to others."

True Eloquence, is good sense, delivered in a natural and unaffected way, without the artificial ornament of tropes and figures. Our common eloquence is usually a cheat upon the understanding; it deceives us with appearances, instead of things, and makes us think we see reason, whilst it is only tickling our sense.

Essential honor must be in a friend,

Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end, [know.

And dares not sin, though sure that none should
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

Laconics. 1. We too often form hasty opinions, from external appearances, assumed merely for deception, by the wolf in sheep's clothing. 2. While prosperity gilds your days, you may reckon many friends; but, if the clouds of adversity descend upon you, behold, they flee away. 3. Cowards boast of their fancied prowess, and assume an appearance of courage, which they do not possess. 4. The life of the true christian, is not one of melancholy, and gloominess; for he only resigns the pleasure of sin, to enjoy the pleasure of holiness. 5. The blessings of peace cannot be too highly prized, nor the horrors of war too earnestly deprecated; unless the former is obtained, and the latter—averted, by a sacrifice of principle. 6. The conqueror is regarded with awe, and the learned man commands our esteem; but the good man alone is beloved.

They words—had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth, so sweetly well,
They dropp'd—like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness—where they fell.

Can gold—gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man—an angel might beget;
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but who has found a friend in thee.
All—like the purchase; few—the price will pay;
And this—makes friends—such miracles below.

Honor and Virtue. Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and forever. Honor is the most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house, to build our monument. She is contracted in her views, inasmuch as her hopes are rooted in earth, bounded by time, and terminated by death. But virtue is enlarged and infinite in her hopes, inasmuch as they extend beyond present things, even to eternal; this is their proper sphere, and they will cease only in the reality of deathless enjoyment. In the storms, and in the tempests of life, honor is not to be depended on, because she herself partakes of the tumult; she also is buffeted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and steadfast, because it is cast into heaven. The noble Brutus worshiped honor, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her a shadow and a name. But no man can purchase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose value must ever increase with the price it has cost us. Our integrity is never worth so much as when we have parted with our all to keep it.

Similitudes—are like songs in love;
They much describe, tho' nothing prove.

517. CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, BOASTING—is hope elated, security of success in obtaining its object; and **COURAGE** is the contempt of any unavoidable danger in the execution of what is resolved upon: in both, the head and whole body are erected rather gracefully, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the accents strong, round, full-mouthed, and not too rapid; the voice firm and even. **BOASTING**,—*exaggerates* these appearances by loudness, blustering and railing, what is appropriately called *swag-gering*; the eye-brows drawn down, the face red and bloated, mouth pouts, arms placed akimbo, foot stamped on the ground, large strides in walking, voice hollow, thundering, swelling into bombast; head often menacingly, right fists clenched, and sometimes brandished at the person threatened.

Base men, that use them, to so base effect:

But truer stars—did govern Proteus' birth:

His words—are bonds; his oaths—are oracles;

His love—sincere; his thoughts—immaculate:

His tears—pure messengers—sent from his heart,

His heart—as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

518. GIVING OR GRANTING,—when done with an unreserved good will, is accompanied with a benevolent aspect, and kind tone of voice: the right hand open, with the palm upward, extending toward the person favored, as if giving what he asks; the head at the same time inclining forward, as indicating a benevolent disposition and entire consent: all indicative of how heartily the favor is granted, and the benefactors joy in conferring it.

GIVING A DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE.

If I have too *severely* punished you,
Your *compensation* makes amends; for I
Have given you here a *thread* of mine own *life*,
Or *that* for which I *live*, whom once again
I tender to thy hand; *all* thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast *strangely* stood the test. Here, afore heav'n,
I *ratify* this my rich gift: *Ferdinand*,
Do not *smile* at me, that I *boast* her off;
For thou wilt find she will *outstrip* all *praise*,
And make it *halt* behind her.

Then—as my gift—and thine own *acquisition*—
Worthily purchas'd—take—my DAUGHTER.

Impatience. In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that, with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which He, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon those who bear it well.

Anecdote. Clemency. *Alphonsus*, king of *Naples* and *Sicily*, so celebrated in history for his *clemency*, was once asked, why he was so favorable to *all* men; even to *those* most notoriously *wicked*? He replied, "Because *good* men are won by *justice*; the *bad*, by *clemency*." Some of his ministers *complained* to him, on another occasion, of this *clemency*; when he exclaimed, "Would you

have *lions* and *tigers* to rule over you? Know you not that *cruelly*—is the attribute of *wild beasts*; *clemency*—that of *man*?"

Varieties. 1. There is *no* person so *little*, but the *greatest* may sometimes need his *assistance*: hence, we should *all* exercise *clemency*, when there is an *opportunity*, towards those in our power. This is illustrated by the fable of the *mouse* and the *lion*: when the *lion* became entangled in the toils of the *hunter*, he was released by the *mouse*, which gnawed asunder the cords of the *net* in consideration of having been spared his *own* life, by the royal beast, on a *former* occasion. 2. It is a universal *principle*—that an *essence* cannot *exist* out of its *form*; nor be *perceived* out of its *form*; nor can the *quality* of a form be perceived, till the form *itself* is an object of *thought*: hence, if an *essence* does not present itself in *form*, so that its form can be *seen* in *thought*, it is totally impossible to *know* anything about, or be *affected* with, that essence. 3. The truths of *religion*, and the truths of *science*, are of different *orders*; though sometimes *blended*, yet never actually *confounded*: *theology*—is the *sun*, and *science*—the *moon*—to reflect its light and *glory*.

My Mother. Alas, how *little* do we appreciate a *mother's* tenderness while *living*! How *heedless*, are we, in *youth*, of all her *anxieties* and *kindness*! But when she is *dead* and *gone*; when the *cares* and *coldness* of the world come *withering* to our *hearts*; when we experience how *hard* it is to find *true* sympathy, how few *love* us for *ourselves*, how few will *befriend* us in our misfortunes; then it is, that we think of the *mother* we have lost.

The love of *praise*, howe'er conceal'd by *art*,
Reigns—*more* or *less*, and *glows*—in *every* heart:
The *proud*—to *gain* it, toils on *toils* endure,
The *modest*—*shun* it—but to make it *sure*.

Think not the *good*,
The *gentle* deeds of *mercy*—thou hast done,
Shall die *forgotten* all; the *poor*, the *prisoner*,
The *fatherless*, the *friendless*, and the *widow*,
Who *daily*—own the *bounty* of thy *hand*,
Shall cry to *heaven*, and pull a *blessing* on thee.
Tir'd Nature's sweet *restorer*, balmy *Sleep*!
He, like the *world*, his *ready* visits pays
Where *Fortune* smiles; the *wretched* he *forsakes*;
Swift on his downy pinions, *flies* from *grief*.

In Nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
Can chance of seeing first, thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things, which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first degree.

520. GRATITUDE—

puts on an aspect full of complacency; (see Love;) if the object of it be a character greatly superior, it expresses much submission: the right hand is open with the fingers spread, and press'd upon the breast just over the heart, expresses, very appropriately, a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation. The engraving represents the deep-felt emotions of a noble mind.



O great Sciolto! O my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,
(Forget—but 'tis impossible,) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason—
Be banish'd from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert, among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The midnight cold, and the noontide scorching heat,
To be the scorn—of earth, and curse of heaven.

521. A man is never the less an artist, for not having his tools about him; or a musician, because he wants his fiddle: nor is he the less brave, because his hands are bound, or the worse pilot, for being upon dry ground. If I only have will to be grateful, I am so. As gratitude is a necessary, and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue: so obvious, that wherever there is life, there is place for it: so cheap, that the covetous man may be gratified without expense: and so easy, that the sluggard may be so likewise without labor.

To the generous mind,
The heaviest debt—is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.

'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature.

When gratitude—o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgments as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

Anecdote. The bill of indictment, preferred against John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, &c., was as follows: "John Bunyan hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church, to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and destruction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king," &c., was convicted, and imprisoned twelve years and six months.

And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.

Views of Truth. We see truths through the medium of our own minds, as we see objects around us thro' the atmosphere; and, of course, we see them not as they are in themselves, but as they are modified by the quality of the medium thro' which we view them; and, as the minds of all are different, we must all have different views of any particular truth; which is the reason, that differences of opinion exist, and always will exist: hence, it is no argument against truth, that men have different views of it; and because they must have different views, it is no reason why they should quarrel about their opinions; for good uses, and not matters of opinion, are the touch-stone of fellowship. Thus it is, that the all of religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good, from a love of doing good. While we agree, and are united in doing good, we should not fight among ourselves, about mere matters of opinion; still, we must not be indifferent about them; for truth is necessary to give form to goodness; and every good person will naturally desire to know the truth, that he may regulate his conduct by it; and thus, acquire the greatest and highest degree of goodness.

Varieties. 1. The young—are slaves to novelty; the old—to custom. 2. The volume of nature, is the book of knowledge, and he becomes the wisest, who makes the best selections, and uses them properly. The greatest friend of truth—is time; her greatest enemy—prejudice; and her constant companion is humility. 4. The best means of establishing a high reputation is—to speak well, and act better. 5. Be studious, and you will be learned; be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich; be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy; be virtuous, and you will be happy. 6. He, who governs his passions, does more than he, who commands armies. Socrates, being one day offended with his servant, said, "I would beat you, if I were not angry. 7. The best mode of gaining a high reputation, is—to be—what you appear to be. Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd, Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes, Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold; How blessings brighten—as they take their flight!

Deep—as the murmurs of the falling floods;
Sweet—as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony, or swells, or dies!
The pulse of avarice—forgot to move;
A purer rapture—fills the breast of love;
Devotion—lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity—heaves a softer sigh.

I, solitary, court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
Of nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm, or brighten;—like that Syrian lake,
Upon whose surface, morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain; for all beneath is dead!

All is silent—'twas my fancy!

Still—as the breathless interval—between the flash and thunder.

522. To act a Passion properly, we must never attempt it, until the *imagination* has conceived clearly and distinctly, a strong and vivid *idea* of it, and we feel its influence in our inmost *soul*; then, the *form*, or *image* of that idea, will be impressed on the appropriate muscles of the *face*, and communicate, instantly, the same impressions to the muscles of the *body*; which, whether *braced*, or *relaxed*, (the idea being either *active* or *passive*,) by *impelling*, or *retarding* the flow of the affection, will transmit their *own* sensation to the *voice*, and rightly dispose the proper *gesture*.

COURAGE, DISTRACTION.

A generous *few*, the vet'ran hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight, with
Heroic fire, *inspired* each other,
Resolved on death; *disdaining* to survive
Their dearest country. "If we fall," I cried,
"Let us not *tamely* fall, like passive cowards;
No; let us *live*, or let us *die* like MEN;
Come on, my friends, to *Alfred* we will cut
Our glorious way; or, as we nobly *perish*,
Will offer, to the genius of our country,
Whole hecatombs of Danes."
As if *one* soul had moved them all,
Around their heads, they flashed [Danes!
Their flaming *falchions*—"Lead us to those
Our country! VENGEANCE!" was the gen'ral cry!

523. PASSIONS. 1. The *passions* and *desires*, like the two twists of a *rope*, mutually mix *one* with the *other*, and twine *inextricably* round the heart; producing *good*, if *moderately* indulged; but certain *destruction*, if suffered to become inordinate. 2. *Passion*—is the great *mover* and *spring* of the soul: when men's passions are *strongest*, they may have *great* and *noble* effects; but they are then also, apt to lead to the greatest *evils*.

Anecdote. *Pungent Preaching.* An old man being asked his *opinion* of a certain *sermon*, replied, "I liked it very well, except that there was no *pinch* to it. I always like to have a *pinch* to every sermon."

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood.
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been, by need, to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For even that indigence which brings me low,
Makes me myself, and him above, to know;
A good which none would challenge, few would
A fair possession, which mankind refuse. [choose,
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'rest part of all, the eye.

Darkness—the curtain drops on life's dull scene.

Laconics. 1. When we behold a *full grown man*, in the perfection of *rigor* and *health*, and the splendor of *reason* and *intelligence*, and are informed that "God created *man* in his *own image*, after his *own likeness*;" we are attracted with tenfold interest to the examination of the *object*, that is placed *before* us, and the *structure* of his *mind* and *body*, and the succinct *developments* of the *parts* and *proportions* of each. 2. A *workingman* without *tools*, tho' he has the best *designs* and most perfect practical *skill*, can do nothing *useful*; without *skill*, his *design* could do nothing with the *best* of *tools*; and without *design*, his *skill* and *tools* would be both inoperative: thus again, three distinct *essentials* are seen to be necessary in *every* thing.

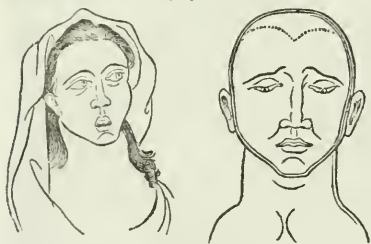
Mercy! I know it not,—for I am miserable;
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells,
This is her home, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night—sits screaming o'er the roof;
Grim spectres—sweep along the horrid gloom;
And naught is heard, but wailing and lamenting.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes! it totters!
And the nodding ruin falls to crush us!
'Tis fallen! 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!
A waving flood—of bluish fire swells o'er me!
And now, 'tis out; and I am drowned in blood!
Ha! what art thou? thou horrid, headless trunk!
It is my *Hastings*:—see! he wafts me on;
Away! I go: I fly: I follow thee!

Varieties. 1. Can actions be *really* good, unless they proceed from good *motives*? 2. By *doubting*, we are led to *think*; or, consider whether it be so, and to collect *reasons*, and thereby to bring that truth *rationally* into our minds. 3. The effects of *music*—are produced directly upon the *affections*, without the intervention of *thought*. 4. What shall we do, to obtain *justice*, when we are *injured*? Seek recompense at *law*, if at all. 5. Suppose a person *insults* us in such a manner, that the *law* cannot give us *redress*? Then *forgive* him. 6. In the *Lord*, are infinite *love*, infinite *wisdom*, and infinite *power* or *authority*,—which three essential *attributes*—constitute the *only* God of *heaven* and *earth*. 7. The *New Testament* was divided into *verses*, in 1551, by *Robert Stevens*, for the convenience of reference to a *Concordance*; and the *Old Testament* is supposed to have been divided into *verses*, about the same *time*; those *divisions*, of course, are of no *authority*; nor are the *punctuations*.

All live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it, the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming:
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service. All admit it,
All practice it; and he, who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state. So wags the world.
What is this world? Thy school, O misery!
Our *only* lesson, is—to learn to *suffer*;
And he who knows not that, was born for *nothing*.

524. DESPAIR. Shakspeare has most exquisitely depicted this passion, where he has drawn cardinal Beaufort, after a most ungodly life, dying in despair, and terrified with the murder of duke Humphrey, to which he was accessory. The first example is Despair, the second, Despair and Remorse.

If thou be'st *Death*, I'll give thee England's *treasures*,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me *live*, and feel no *pain*.
Bring me to my trial, when you *will*;
Died he not in his *bed*? where *should* he die?
Can I make men *live*, whether they *will* or *no*?
Oh! *torture* me no *more*; I *will* confess.
Alive again? then *show* me where he is;
I'll give a thousand *pounds* to look upon him.
He hath no *eyes*,—the *dust*—hath *blinded* them;
Comb down his *hair*; *look*! *LOOK*! it stands *upright*,
Like *lime*-twigs—to catch my winged *soul*;
Give me some *drink*, and bid the *apothecary*
Bring in the strong *poison*, that I *bought* of him.
Henceforth—let no man—trust the *first false* step
To *guilt*. It hangs upon a *precipice*,
Whose deep *descent*, in fast *perdition* ends.
How *far*—am I plunged down, beyond all *thought*,
Which I this *evening* framed!
Consummate *horror*! *guilt*—beyond a *name*!
Dare not my soul repent. In *thee*, repentance
Were *second* guilt, and 'twere blaspheming *heaven*
To *hope* for mercy. My pain can only *cease*
When gods want power to *punish*. Ha! the *dawn*!
Rise, never *more*, O! *sun*! let *night* prevail.
Eternal *darkness*—close the *world's* wide scene:
And *hide* me—from *myself*.



525. GRIEF is disappointment, devoid of hope; but muscles braced instantly, imply hope strongly, and a spirited vivacity in the eye, is the effect of pleasure and elevation. They are inconsistent with a passion that depresses, which grief manifestly does; because depression slackens the nerves, and unbraced nerves deject the looks and air, necessarily; therefore, a relaxed mien, and languid eye, form the truest picture of natural sorrow. The smaller engraving represents vacant grief, and the other deep silent grief.

I'll go, and, in the *anguish* of my heart,
Weep o'er my child,—if he *must* die, my life
Is wrapt in *his*; and shall not *long* survive;
'Tis for *his* sake, that I have suffered life,
Groaned in *captivity*, and outlived *Hector*,
Yes, my *As-ty-a-nax*! we will go *together*;
TOGETHER—to the realms—of *night*—we'll go.

Anecdote. Lesson from a Spider. King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitering the army, lay alone in a *barn*. In the *morn-*
ing, still reclining on his pillow of straw, he

saw a spider climbing up one of the *rafters*; the insect *fell*, but immediately made a *second* attempt to ascend; and the hero saw, with regret, the spider fall the *second* time; it then made a *third* unsuccessful attempt. With much interest and concern the monarch saw the spider baffled in its aim *twelve times*; but the *thirteenth* essay was *successful*; when the king, starting up, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me *perseverance*: I will follow its *example*. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On *one* fight more hangs the independence of my *country*." In a few days, his anticipations were *realized*, by the glorious victory at the battle of Bannockburn, and the defeat of Edward the Second.

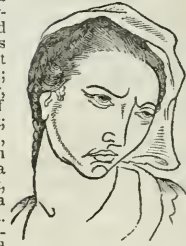
Varieties. 1. The *bee*—rests on *natural* flowers, never on *painted* ones, however imitatively the color may be laid on; apply this to *all* things. 2. The rapidity with which the *body* may travel by *steam*, is indicative of the progress which the *mind* is about to make; and improvements in *machinery*—represent those which are developing in the art of *teaching*. 3. *Equal* and *exact* justice to *all*, of whatever *slate*, or *persuasion*, *religious* and *political*. 4. What is *matter*? and what are its essential *properties*, and what its primeval *form*? 5. How much more do we know of the nature of *matter*, than we do of the essential properties of *spirit*? 6. What is the origin of the *earth*, and in what *form* did it originally exist,—in a *gaseous*, or *igneous* form? 7. Everything that exists, is designed to aid in *developing* and *perfecting* both *body* and *mind*: the *universe* is our school-house.

DESPAIR makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of *fear*, of *laziness*, and *impatience*; it argues a defect of *spirit* and *resolution*, and oftentimes of *hon-esty* too. I would not despair, unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of *fate*, and signed and sealed by *necessity*.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is *mine*;
My name is *Constance*; I was *Goffrey's* wife;
Young *Arthur*—is my *son*,—and he is *lost*.
I am not mad; I would to heaven I *were*;
For *then*, 'tis like I should *forget* myself.
Oh, if I *could*, what *grief*—I should forget!
Preach some *philosophy*—to make me mad,
And, cardinal, thou shalt be *canonized*;
For being not mad, but *sensible* of grief,
My *reasonable* part produces *reason*,
That I may be *delivered* of these woes,
And teaches me to *kill*, or *hang* myself;
If I were *mad*, I should *forget* my son,
Or madly think a bale of *rags* were he.
I am not mad; too well I feel
The diffused *plague* of each calamity.

Make thy demand on *those*, who own thy power;
Know, I am still beyond thee; and tho' *fortune*
Has *stripp'd* me of this train, this pomp of *greatness*,
This *outside* of a king, yet still—my *soul*
Fixed *high*, and on herself alone dependent,
Is ever *free* and *royal*; and even *now*,
As at the head of *battle*, does *defy* thee.

526. JEALOUSY is doubtful anger, struggling against faith and pity; it is a tenderness resisted by resentment of suspected injury; the nerves braced strong, imply determination of revenge and punishment; while, at the same time, a soft passive hesitation in the eye, confesses a reluctance at the heart, to part with, or efface a gentle and indulged idea. Again, it is rage at a concluded infidelity; and then, the eye receives and flashes out sparklings of inflamed ideas, while the muscles, contracting the will's violence, from a repressive disposition of the heart, grow slack, and lose their spring, and so disarm and modify the enraged indignation. Now from this unsettled wavering in the balance of the purpose, when the heart and judgment weigh each other, and both scales alternately preponderate, is induced a glowing picture of jealousy.



Oh! what *dam-ned* minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
O jealousy! thou bane of social joy!
Oh! she's a monster, made of contradictions!
Let truth, in all her native charms appear,
And with the voice of harmony itself
Plead the just cause of innocence traduced;
Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,
She sees, nor hears. And yet, let slander whisper,
Rumor has fewer tongues than she has ears;
And Argus' hundred eyes are dim and slow,
To piercing jealousy's.

527. THE FRUITS. Men, instead of applying the salutary medicines of philosophy and religion to abate the rage, and recover the temper of their vitiated imaginations, cherish the disease in their bosoms, until their increasing appetites, like the hounds of Actæon, tear into pieces the soul they were intended to enliven and protect.

Jealousy—is like

A polish'd glass, held to the lips, when life's in doubt:
If there be breadth, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

Jealous rage—is but a hasty flame,
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature,
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought,
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.

Where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And, in a peaceful hour, doth cry, kill, kill;
Disteinpering gentle love with his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so bless'd! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorrd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the
spider!

Anecdote. Lord Gadshy, over the entrance of a beautiful *grotto*, had caused this inscription to be placed,—“Let nothing enter here but what is good.” Dr. Rennel, the master of the temple, who was walking over the ground, with much point asked—“Then where does your lordship enter?”

Everything Useful. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are designed for the nourishment, clothing, habitation, recreation, delight, protection and preservation of the human race; *abuse* does not take away use, any more than the falsification of truth destroys the truth; except, with those who do it. Everything which is an object of the senses, is designed to aid in developing the most external faculties of man; and what is of an economical and civil nature, and what is imbibed from parents, teachers, and others, and also from books, and reflections upon them all, is useful for perfecting the rational faculties of the mind: and all divine truths are designed to perfect the human mind, and prepare it for receiving a spiritual principle from the Lord, our Creator and Redeemer.

Varieties. 1. *A fit Pair.* A Dandy is a thing, in pantaloons, with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane, and white handkerchief, two broaches and a ring on his little finger. A Coquette is a young lady, with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants. 2. The sunshine of prosperity—has attractions for all, who love to bask in its influence, hoping to share in its pleasures. 3. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the beautiful ocean and the starry firmament are contemplated with pleasure, by every one, who has a soul. 4. A man should not be ashamed to own, that he has been in the wrong; which is only saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. 5. The love of truth and goodness, is the best passion we can indulge. 6. A woman's life, is the history of the affections; the heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire, and there she seeks for untold treasures. 7. The best and noblest conquest, is that of reason over our passions, and follies.

Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

Oh jealousy!
Love's eclipse! thou art in thy disease
A wild, mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

528. JUDGING—demands a grave, steady look, with deep attention, the countenance altogether clear from any appearance, either of *disgust*, or *favor*: the pronunciation slow, distinct, and emphatical, accompanied with little action, and that very grave.

JUDGING ACCORDING TO STRICT LAW.

If you *refuse*—to wed *Demetrius*—

Either must you die the death, or *abjure*,
Forever, the society of men.

Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, not yielding to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;

For *aye*—to be in a shady cloister mew'd;
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.

Take time to *pause*, and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,

For everlasting bond of fellowship.)

Upon that day, either prepare to die,

For disobedience to your father's will,

Or else—to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,

Or on *Diana's* altar to protest—

For *age*—austerity—and single life.

Miscellaneous. 1. In opening a cause, give a general view of the grounds on which the charge is made, and of the extent, magnitude, tendency, and effect of the crime alleged.

2. There is some consolation for dull authors, that the confectioner may put good into their books, if they fail to do it themselves.

3. Uncle Toby's oath: "The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery, with the oath, blushed—as he gave it in; and the recording angel—dropped a tear upon it, and blotted it out forever.

4. Would not many persons be very much surprised, if their ideas of heavenly joys, should be exhibited hereafter, to show them their falsity? 5. Beauty is given, to remind us, that the soul should be kept as fair and perfect in its proportions, as the temple in which it dwells; the spirit of beauty flows in, only where these proportions are harmonious.

6. Can any one be a lover of truth, and a searcher after it, and yet turn his back on it, when presented, and call for miracles? 7. The aphorism, "Know thyself," is soon spoken, but one is a long time in obeying it; *Gracian*—was placed among the seven wise men of Greece, for having been the author of the maxim; but never, replied the sage, was any one placed there for having performed it.

Who painted Justice blind, did not declare
What magistrates should be, but what they are:

Not so much, 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
In their just scales alike; but, because they,
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,

They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.

Justice, painted blind,
Infers, his ministers are obliged to hear
The cause; and truth, the judge, determine of it;
And not sway'd or by favor, or affection,

By a false gloss, or corrected comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true.

Anecdote. In the early period of the French revolution, when the throne and the altar had been overturned, a Benedictine monastery was entered, by a devastating band, its inmates treated with wanton and unprovoked cruelty, and the work of demolition and plunder going on,—when a large body of the inhabitants rallied, drove the spoilers away, but secured the ringleaders, whom they would have severely punished, had not the abbot, who had received the worst indignities from these very leaders, rushed forward to protect them. "I thank you, my children," said he, "for your seasonable interference; let us, however, show the superiority of religion, by displaying our clemency, and suffering them to depart." The ruffians were overpowered by the abbot's humanity, fell at his feet, entreated his benediction and forgiveness.

But yonder—comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach

Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks—in boundless majesty abroad;

And sheds the shining day, that, burnish'd, plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring
High gleaming from afar. [streams,

Varieties. 1. Should we be governed by our feelings, or by our judgment? 2. Earths, waters, and atmospheres—are the three general elements, of which all natural things are made. 3. The human body is composed of all the essential things which are in the world of nature. 4. The three periods of our development are—infancy, including the first seven years; childhood—the second seven, and youth—the third seven; the close of which,—is the beginning of manhood. 5. Adolescence—is that state, when man begins to think, and act—for himself, and not from the instruction, and direction of others. 6. The cerebellum, and consequently, the voluntary principle of the mind, never sleeps; but the cerebrum, and of course, the reasoning faculty—does. 7. Beware of the erroneous opinion, that you must be remarkably original; and that to speak, and write, unlike anybody else, is a great merit.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read—in the eyes of others,
As feel—in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer.

He stood up
Firm in his better strength, and like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin, white hairs—had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief,
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.



529. MALICE, or *Spite*, is a habitual malevolence, long continued, and watching occasion to exert itself on the hated object; this hateful disposition sets the jaws and gnashes the teeth, sends blasting flashes from the eyes, stretches the mouth horizontally, clinches the fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner to the body; the tone of voice, and expression, are much the same as in anger, but not so loud; which see. These two engravings represent, the smaller one, revengeful hatred, and the other, abhorrence, fear, contempt, without power, or courage.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian,
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rates of usance, here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him—once upon the hip,
I will feed fat—the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
(Even there where merch'nts most do congregate),
On my bargains, and my well-won thrift;
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

530. MELANCHOLY, or *Fixed Grief*, is gloomy, sedentary, and motionless. The lower jaw falls, the lips are pale, the eyes cast down, half shut, the eyelids swollen and red, or livid tears trickling silently and unmixed, with total inattention to anything that passes. Words, if any, are few, and those dragged out rather than spoken; the accents weak and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of words and sentences.

There is a stupid weight—upon my senses;
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult, and the noise of life. [like it;
Would—it were death; as sure, 'tis wondrous
For I am sick of living. My soul is peel'd:
She kindles not anger, or revenge,
Love—was the informing, active fire within:
Now that is quenched, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle—with its kindred earth.

The glance
Of melancholy—is a fearful gift;
What is it, but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near—in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality—too real!

Moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grief and comfortless despair.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.

MELANCHOLY—discloses its symptoms according to the sentiments and passions of the minds it affects. An ambitious man fancies himself a lord, statesman, minister, king, emperor, or monarch, and pleases his mind with the vain hopes of even future preferment. The mind of a covetous man sees nothing but his *re or spe*, and looks at the most valuable objects with an eye of hope, or with the fond conceit, that they are already his own. A love-sick brain adores, in romantic strains, the lovely idol of his heart, or sighs in real misery, at her fancied frowns. And a scholar's mind evaporates in the fumes of imaginary praise and literary distinction.

Anecdote. *Routs.* "How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routs*? Why, *rou*, formerly signified—the defeat of an army; and when soldiers were all put to flight, or to the sword, they were said to be *routed*!" "This title has some propriety too," said an observer of men and things, "for at these meetings, whole families are frequently routed out of house and home."

Varieties. 1. *Agriculture*—is the true foundation of all trade and industry; and of course, the foundation of individual and national riches. 2. When the moon, on a clear, autumnal evening, is moving through the heavens in silent glory, the earth—seems like a slumbering babe, smiling in its sleep, because it dreams of heaven. 3. The truths of science are not only useful, in themselves, but their influence is exceedingly beneficial in mental culture. 4. Let your amusements be select and temperate, and such as will fit you for the better performance of your duties; all others are positively injurious. 5. Raise the edifice of your virtue and happiness, on the sure foundation of true religion, or love to God, and love to man. 6. That will be well and speedily done in a family or community, when each one does his part faithfully. 7. *Eloquence*—is the power of seizing the attention, with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, till the hearer has received the conviction, that the speaker intends.

That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death—is the privilege of human nature,
And life, without it, were not worth our taking;
Thither—the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthen's down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here, let me breathe my last.
Charmed, with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem—to my parting soul.

On the sands of life
Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves a print,
Time cannot wash away; while Joy trips by
With steps so light and soft, that the next wave
Wears his faint foot-falls out.

And coming events—cast their shadows before.

531. PARDONING—differs from *acquitting*, in this—the *latter*—means *clearing* a person, after trial, of guilt; whereas, the *former*—supposes guilt, and signifies merely *delivering* the guilty person from *punishment*; *pardoning* requires some degree of severity of aspect, and tone of voice, because the pardoned one is not an object of active, unmixed approbation; otherwise, its expression is much the same as granting; which see.

PARDONING A CRUEL PERSECUTION.

We *pardon* thee; live on, the state hath need of
Humility and gratitude for this our gift, [men.
May make a *man* of thee.

Great souls—forgive not injuries, till time
Has put their *enemies* within their power,
That they may show—*forgiveness*—is their own.
That thou may'st see the *difference* of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy *life*, before thou ask it:
For *half* thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*;
The other half—comes to the general state;
Which *humbleness*—may drive into a *fine*.

532. PERPLEXITY, IRRESOLUTION, ANXIETY, are always attended with some degree of fear; it collects the body together, as if for gathering up the arms upon the breast, rubs the forehead, the eyebrows contracted, the head hanging on the breast, the eyes cast downward, the mouth shut, the lips compressed; suddenly, the whole body is agitated, alters its aspect, as having discovered something; then, falls into contemplation as before; the motions of the body are restless and unequal; sometimes moving quick, and sometimes slow; the pauses, in speaking to another, long, the tone of voice uneven, the sentences broken and unfinished; sometimes talks to himself, or makes grimaces, and keeping half of what arises in the mind.

Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by—she's *dead*.
'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;
The noise was high;—ha! no more *moving*?
Still as the *grave*. Shall she come in? we're *good*?
I think she *stirs* again. No. What's the best?
If she *come* in, she'll speak to my *wife*.

Anecdote. Peter the Great made a law, in 1722, that if any nobleman *beat*, or *ill-treated* his *slaves*, he should be looked upon as *insane*, and a *guardian* be appointed, to take care of his *person* and *estate*. The great monarch once struck his *gardener*, who, being a man of great *sensibility*, took to his *bed*, and *died* in a few days. *Peter*, on *hearing* of this, exclaimed, with *tears* in his eyes: I have civilized my *subjects*; I have conquered other *nations*; yet I have not been able to *civilize* and *conquer* myself.

There is no *remedy* for time *misspent*,
No *healing*—for the waste of *illness*,
Whose very *languor*—is a *punishment*
Heavier than *active* souls—can *feel* or *guess*.
O hours of *indolence*—and *discontent*,
Not *now*—to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know—this span of life was lent
For *lofty duties*, not for *selfishness*;
Not to be whiled away in aimless *dreams*,
But to improve *ourselves*—and serve *mankind*,
Life—and its choicest *faculties* were given.
Man should be ever *better*—than he *seems*:
And shape his *acts*, and discipline his *mind*,
To walk adorning *earth*, with hope of *heaven*!

28

Admiration and Love. There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects, and terrible; the latter on small ones, and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.

Laconics. 1. Every one, who would be an orator, should study *Longinus* on the sublime. 2. Many of our books, containing pieces for declamation, remind one of a physician's leaving *medicine* with a patient, without directions how to take it. 3. Would it not be well for some *competent* person to compile a work, to be called "*Songs of the People*;" for all *trades* and *avocations*? 4. *Letters* and *words* are like the notes of a *tune*, representative of *sounds* and *ideas*. 5. *Descriptive* speech and writing, are like *landscape* painting. 6. The *natural* world is an *allegory*, the meaning of which we may find in *ourselves*. 7. Were a spectator to come from the other world, into many of our congregations, he would regard the *singing*, and perhaps the *worship*, as *any* thing but *devotional*.

Varieties. 1. He, who will peep into a *drawer*, will likely be tempted to take something out of it; and he, who steals a *cent* in his *youth*, will be very apt to steal a *dollar* in *manhood*. 2. A great *change* in life, is like a cold *bath* in *winter*; we all hesitate to make the *first plunge*. 3. The farther you *advance* in any art, or science, the *more* will you be delighted with simplicity of *manner*, and less attracted by superficial *ornament*. 4. One of the grand objects of education is—to collect *principles* and apply them to *practice*; and when this is *generally* done, mankind will be brought nearer to *equality*. 5. It is as impossible for us to *understand* a thing, without having the *image* of it on the retina of the *mind's* eye, as it is to *see* any thing, without having its image on the retina of the *bodily* eye. 6. Is not the *education* of *children*, for *time* and *eternity*, the highest *social*, *civil*, *moral* and *religious* duty, we are called upon to perform?

PLEASURE OF PIETY.

A Deity—*believ'd*, is joy *begun*;
A Deity *ador'd*, is joy *advanc'd*;
A Deity *belov'd*, is joy *matu'r'd*.
Each branch of piety *delight* inspires:
Faith—builds a bridge from *this* world to the *next*,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its *horror* hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our *joy*,
That joy *exalts*, and makes it sweeter *still*;
Pray'r's ardent opens *heav'n*, lets down a *stream*
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of *man*—in audience with the *Deity*.
Some—ne'er advance a judgment of their *own*,
But catch the spreading *notions* of the *town*;
They *reason* and *conclude*—from *precedent*,
And *own* stale notions, which they ne'er *invent*.
Some judge of authors' *names*, not *works*; and then
Nor *praise*, nor *blame* the *writings*, but the *men*.

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533. MODESTY—is a diffidence of ourselves, accompanied with delicacy in our sense of whatever is mean, indirect, or dishonorable, or a fear of doing these things, or of having them imputed to us. Submission is an humble sense of our inferiority, and a quiet surrender of our power to a superior. Modesty bends the body forward; has a placid, downcast countenance, bends the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character; the voice is low, the tone submissive, and the words few. Submission adds to them a lower bending of the head, and a spreading out of the arms and hands, downwards towards the person submitted to.

Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test of my metal,
Before so noble, and so great a figure,
Be stamped upon it.

O noble sir!

Your ever kindness doth wring tears from me;
I do embrace your offer, and dispose,
From henceforth, of poor *Claudia*.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines more bright;
Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all.

534. PRIDE. When our esteem of ourselves, or opinion of our own rank or merit is so high, as to lessen the regard due to the rank and merit of others, it is called *pride*: when it supposes others below our regard, it is contempt, scorn, or disdain. *Pride* assumes a lofty look, bordering on the look and aspect of *anger*. The eyes full and open, but with the eye-brow considerably drawn down, the mouth pouting out, but mostly shut, and the lips contracted: the words walk out and strut, and are uttered with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; the hands sometimes rest on the hips, with the elbows brought forward in the position called a-kinbo; the feet at a distance from each other, and the steps long and stately. Obstinacy—adds to the aspect of pride.

Worcester! get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty—might never yet endure
The moody frontier, of a servant's brow;
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
Did'st thou not think, *such* vengeance must await
The wretch that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes, irreverent, unprepared, uncalled, [him,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gifts?

Anecdote. One of the emperors of China met a procession, conducting some malefactors to punishment. On being informed of the facts, he burst into tears; when one of his courtiers endeavored to comfort him, saying, "In a commonwealth, there must be punishment; it cannot be avoided, as mankind now are." His majesty replied, "I weep not, to see those men prisoners, nor to see them chastised; I know the good must be protected from the bad; but I weep, because my time is not so happy as that of old was, when the virtues of the princes were such, that they served as a bridle to the people, and their example was sufficient to restrain a whole kingdom."

To recount Almighty works,
What words, or tongue, or seraph—can suffice?

Punishments. There are dreadful punishments enacted against *thieves*; but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing, and of being imprisoned, or dying for it.

Varieties. 1. Some politicians consider honesty excellent in theory,—and policy safe in practice; thus admitting the absurd theory, that principles entirely false, and corrupt in the abstract, are more salutary in their practical manifestation, than principles essentially good and true. 2. In public and private life, in the learned and unlearned professions, in scenes of business, and in the domestic circle, the masterpiece of man is decision of character. 3. The moral sense of the people, is the sheet-anchor, which alone can hold the vessel of state, amidst the storms that agitate the world. 4. True religion has nothing to fear, but much to hope, from the progress of scientific truths. 5. A writer or speaker should aim so to please, as to do his hearers and readers the greatest amount of good. 6. It is not the part of a lover of truth, either to cavil or reject, without due examination. 7. Ill manners are evidence of low breeding.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills, when sons of Dullness write.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame.
And lasting diamond writes his name.

All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth: or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions [der,
Thro': men's hearts and faces are so far asun-
That they hold no intelligence.

Something heavy on my spirit,
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between
And man, an everlasting mist. [man

SONNET.

Like an enfranchised bird, that wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamored heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty:
But like that helpless bird (confid' so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar,)
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd chain.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away,
While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

535. PROMISING is expressed by benevolent looks, a soft but earnest voice, and sometimes by inclining the head, or nod of consent: the hands open with palm upward, toward the person to whom the promise is made: *sincerity* in promising is expressed by laying the hand gently on the hearer.

I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, it shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad companion of this faithful breast;
While life, and thought remain.

Where'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee;
'Tis but my shadow, that I take away.

536. REFUSING,—when accompanied with displeasure, is done nearly the same way as *dismissing* with displeasure: *without it*—it is done with a visible reluctance, that occasions the bringing out the words slowly, with such a shake of the head, and shrug, as is natural on hearing something that gives us a screw of the shoulders, and hesitation in the speech, as implies perplexity between *granting* and *refusing*; as in the following example of refusing to lend money:

They answer—in a joint—and corporate voice,
That *now*—they are at *fault*—want *treasure*—cannot
Do—what they would; are sorry, (you are honorable)—
But yet they could have wished—(they know not)—
Something hath been amiss—(a noble nature
May catch a *venom*)—would all were well—'tis pity;
And so intending other serious matter,
After distasteful looks—and other hard *fractions*—
With certain half caps, and cold-moving words—
They frown me into silence.

Pride. The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from *pride*. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves, but by undervaluing our neighbors; and we commonly most undervalue those, who are, by other men, thought to be wiser than we are; and it is a kind of *jealousy* in ourselves that they are so, which provokes our *pride*.

They said, her cheek of youth was beautiful,
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the white rose there;
But grief did lay his icy finger on it,
And chill'd it—to a cold and joyless statue.

Anecdote. Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together one day, mutually lamented the want of a picture of *Fielding*; "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "For heaven's sake, hold," said Hogarth, "remain as you are a few minutes;" he did so, while the painter sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection: and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have of the admired Tom Jones.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives, contentedly, between
The little—and the great,—
Feels not the wants—that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues—that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbiting—all his state.
The tallest pines—feel most—the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower—
Comes heaviest—to the ground.
The bolts—that span the mountain side,
His cloud-capt eminence—divide;
And spread the ruin round.

Nature—is frugal, and her wants are few.

Laconics. 1. We must be instructed by all things of one thing, if we would know that one thing thoroughly. 2. The evolution of the natural sciences, amounts to the creation of a new sphere, in the human mind. 3. All truths, scientific, philosophical and theological, are in perfect harmony with each other. 4. The use, or effect, which produces the end, must be the first point of analytic inquiry; i. e. first the fact, or result, and then, the reasoning upon it. 5. When it is impossible, to trace effects to visible causes, the mental sight must take up, and complete the operation. 6. There is a universal analogy between all the spheres of creation, natural, mental and spiritual, and between nature, and all things in human society. 7. Nature—is simple and easy, it is man that is difficult and perplexed.

Genius. They say of poets, that they must be born such; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and so, indeed, must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel; but with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they still must be. Nature gives a bias to respective pursuits; and this strong propensity is what we mean by genius. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost*; nor Homer his *Iliad*; nor Newton his *Principia*, without immense labor.

Light grief is proud of state, and courts compassion;
But there's a dignity—in cureless sorrow,
A sullen grandeur, which disdains complaint;
Rage is for little wrongs—despair—is dumb.

Let coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly;
And justly—dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.
Protected by that hand, whose law,
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue—smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

Varieties. 1. When you can do it, without injury to truth and mercy, always avoid a quarrel and a lawsuit. 2. When the foundation of our hope is assailed, ought we not to contend, earnestly, for the faith once delivered to the saints? 3. When there is a right desire, and an untiring industry, there will, eventually, be the reward of light. 4. They, who understand most of a subject, will be very indulgent to those, who know but little of it. 5. If we are unwilling to do anything for ourselves, how can we expect others will do much for us? 6. Every deceiver, whether by word, or deed, is a liar; and no one, that has been once deceived by him, will fail to shun, if not despise him.

Whether present, or absent, you always appear,
A youth—most bewitchingly pleasant,
For when you are present, you're absent—my dear;
And when you are absent—you're present.
How charming—is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.
And a perpetual feast—of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Seming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just nor brave;
But where religion doth—with virtue join,
It makes a hero—like an angel shine.

537. REMORSE, or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head; draws down the eye-brows; the right hand beats the breast; the teeth gnashes with anguish, and the whole body is strained, and violently agitated: if strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition, the eyes are raised, (tho' with great appearance of doubting and fear,) to the throne of mercy, and immediately cast down again to the earth; then floods of tears are seen to flow; the knees are bended, or the body prostrated on the ground; the arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs and groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling. The engraving indicates a noble mind in distress.



The heart,

Pierced with a sharp remorse for guilt,
Disdains the costly poverty of *hecatombs*,
And offers the best sacrifice—*itself*.

Blest tears—of soul-felt-penitence!

In whose *benign, redeeming* flow—

Is felt the *first*—the *only* sense—

Of guiltless joy—that guilt can know.

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe,

By beauty—to repentance given,

Though *bitterly*—on earth they flow,

Shall turn to *fragrant balm*—in *Heaven*!

538. SECURITY—diminishes the passions; the mind, when left to *itself*, immediately *languishes*; and, in order to *preserve* its ardor, must be every moment supported by a *new* flow of passion. For the same reason, *despair*, though *contrary* to security, has a *like* influence.

539. RAILLERY, in *sport*, without *real* animosity, puts on the aspect of *cheerfulness*, and sometimes a kind of simple laughter,—and the tone of voice is sprightly. With *contempt* or *disgust*, it casts a look *asquint* from time to time, at the object, and quits the *cheerful* aspect, for one mixed between an affected *grin* and *sourness*; the upper lip is drawn up with a smile of *disdain*: the arms sometimes set a-kimbo on the hips, and the right hand now and then thrown out towards the object, as if they were going to strike one a back-handed blow; voice rather *loud, arch* and *meaning*; sentences *short*, expressions *satirical*, with *mock-praise* occasionally intermixed.

You have done that, which you *should* be sorry for.
There is no *terror*, Cassius, in your *threats*;
For I am arm'd so strong in *honesty*,
That they pass by me as the idle *wind*,
Which I *respect* not. I did send to you,
For certain sums of *gold*, which you *denied* me;
For I can raise no money by *vile* means.
No—Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for *drachmas*, than to wring—
From the *hard* hands of *peasants*, their vile trash,
By any *indirection*. I did send
To you for *gold*—to pay my *legions*;
Which you *denied* me; was that done, like *Cassius*?

Should I—have answered Caius *Cassius* thus?
When *Marcus Brutus*—grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal-counters from his *friends*,
Be ready—*gods*, with all your *thunderbolts*,
Dash him to *pieces*!

Anecdote. A young gentleman, (the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing *Gibbon's* works,) made his appearance, at an assembly, dressed in *green* and *gold*. Being a *new face*, and extremely *elegant*, though he was not overstocked with *sense*, he attracted much *attention*, and a general murmur prevailed, to know who he was. A lady replied, loud enough to be heard by the stranger, "Oh! don't you *know* him? It is young *Gibbon*, bound in *calfs*, and *gilt*; but not *lettered*."

Seeing Right. He, only, sees *well*, who sees the *whole*, in the *parts*, and the *parts*, in the *whole*. I know but three *classes* of men; those who see the *whole*, those who see but a *part*, and those who see *both* together.

Varieties. 1. He, who *lives well*, and *believes aright*, will be *saved*; but he, who does not live well, and believe *aright*, cannot be saved. 2. Let times be *ever* so good, if you are *slothful*, you will be in *want*: but let times be *ever* so bad, if you are *diligent* in the performance of duty, you will *prosper*. 3. The *reptile*, in *human* form, should be avoided with great *care*. 4. If the *sun* is to be seen by its *own* light, must not the *truth* be seen in like *manner*? The *soundest* argument will produce no more *conviction* in an *empty* head, than the most superficial *declamation*; as a *feather* and a *guinea* will fall with *equal* velocity, in a *vacuum*. 5. As *light*—has no *color*, *water*—no *taste*, and *air*—no *odor*, so, *knowledge* should be *equally* pure, and without *admixture*. 6. We should have a *glorious* conflagration, if all, who cannot put fire into their *books*, would consent to put their *books* into the *fire*. 7. The union of *truth* and *goodness*—is like that of *water* and *fire*, which nothing can resist.

As up the tower of knowledge slow we rise,
How wide and fair the opening prospect lies!
But while the view expands, the path grows steeper,
The steps more slippery, and the chasm's deeper:
Then why climb on? Not for the prospect's beauty,
Not for the triumph, but because 'tis duty.

What thing is love, which naught can countervail?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.

And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,

As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.

Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,

And can be bought with nothing but with self.

We see but *half* the causes of our deeds,

Seeking them wholly in the *outer* life,

And heedless of the encircling *spirit-world*,

Which, tho' *unseen*, is felt, and sows in us

All gems of *pure*, and *world-wide* purposes.

O fortune! thou canst not divide

Our bodies so, but that our hearts are tied,

And we can love by letters still, and gifts,

And dreams.

It is in *rain*, that we would *coldly* gaze—

On such as smile upon us; the heart—must

Leap kindly back—to kindness.

540. REPROVING—puts on a stern aspect; roughens the voice, and is accompanied with gestures, not differing much from that of threatening, but not so lively; it is like reproach, (which see,) but without the sourness and ill-nature.

ILLUSTRATION. What *right* have you, to waste your *time*, which is the *state's*; your *health*, which makes time *worthful*, and the life of *goodness* in you, which makes *living* all your *acts*? Answer me—what *right* have you to wrong *yourself*, and all the *world*?

How comes it, Cassio, you are thus *forgot*;
That you unlace your *reputation* thus,
And spend your rich *opinion*—for the name,
Of a *night brawler*? Give me *answer* to it.

RESIGNATION.

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul; [less?
For, are not thy transgressions *great* and *number*-
Do they not *cover* thee—like rising *floods*?
And *press* thee—like a weight of *waters* down?
Does not the hand of *righteousness*—afflict thee?
And who—shall *plead* against it? who shall say—
To *Power Almighty*, thou hast done *enough*;
Or bid his dreadful rod of *vengeance* stay?
Wait then, with *patience*, till the circling *hours*
Shall bring the time—of thy appointed *rest*,
And lay thee down—in *death*.

Duties of Society. Every *right* produces a corresponding *duty*: hence, may be inferred the *positive* duty of society, to give every individual, born in its bosom, an adequate *education*. For if society has a right to the *services* of every one of its members,—this right necessarily involves some *duties*; and what can that duty more *directly* be, than that society should give to *all* its children, *such* an education, as will fit them for the services it intends to *exact* from them in after life? And if parents are *unable* to give their children such an education, it is the duty of society to *assist* them; and if they are *unwilling*, society ought to take the *place* of parents, and perform the *duty* of the parents. No one can violate the laws of *God*, nor the government of the *world*, with *impunity*; and the more sacred the *trust*, the more *terrible* will be the effects of a *disregard* of them.

Each *substance* of a grief—hath twenty *shadows*,
Which *show* like grief itself, but are *not* so:
For *sorrow's* eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides *one* thing entire—to many objects;
Like *perspectives*, which, *rightly* gazed upon,
Show nothing but *confusion*; eyed *awry*,
Distinguish *form*.

Too Common. *Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness.* How *melancholy* and *heart-rending*—to reflect upon the vast number of professing christians—of all orders, who show, by their *deeds*, that they are under the influence of these *infernal passions*; altho' in their *sabbath* devotions, they may *pray* against them with their *lips*, and entreat their *Maker* to enable them to *keep* the law which says, "Thou shalt not bear *false witness* against thy *neighbor*." Let a man of *one* branch of the church, *leave* it, even from the *best* of motives, and join *another*, which happens to *differ* from it in religious belief, and how soon the air is rent with the *political* cry, "*Shoot the deserter*." Nothing seems *too bad* for the disaffected to say about their marked

victim; whose *departure* from them tacitly calls in question the infallibility of their *doctrines*, and thereby wounds their *self-love*, which makes them care more for their *party*, than for the progress of *truth*. What is the *character, business, peace and happiness* of the supposed offender, to *them*, when bent on his *destruction*? Alas! how *unlike* the conduct of the *true christian*! Thus is seen the rottenness of "*profession*, without *principle*."

Dead Languages. That man must have a strange value for *words*, when he can think it worth while to hazard the *innocence* and *virtue* of his son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of *knowledge* in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.—*Locke*.

Anecdote. *Dandies.* As lady Montague was walking through a public garden with a *party*, she was very much annoyed by an impertinent *coxcomb*, who was continually making some foolish *observation*. On approaching one of the *temples*, over which there was a *Latin inscription*, she took *advantage* of it, to expose his *ignorance*, in the hope of putting him to *silence*. "Pray sir," said she, "be kind enough to *explain* that inscription to us." "Madam," said he, with an affected air, "I really do not know what it *means*, for I see it is *dog Latin*." "How very *extraordinary* it is," said lady Mary, "that *puppies* should not understand their *own language*."

IMAGINATION.

The *lunatic*, the *lover*, and the *poet*,
Are, of *imagination*, all compact:
One—sees more *devils*, than vast *hell* can hold;
That—is the *madman*: the *lover*, all as *frantic*,
Sees *Helen's* beauty—in a brow of *Egypt*:
The *poet's* eye, in a fine *frenzy* rolling, [heaven;
Doth glance from *heaven* to *earth*, from *earth* to
And, as *imagination* bodies forth
The *forms* of things *unknown*, the *poet's pen*
Turns them to *shapes*, and gives to airy *nothing*,
A local *habitation*, and a *name*.
Such tricks hath strong *imagination*;
That, if it would but *apprehend* some *joy*,
It *comprehends* some *bringer* of that *joy*;
Or, in the *night*, imagining some *fear*,
How easy is a *bush*—supposed a *bear*?
An *honest* soul—is like a *ship* at *sea*,
That sleeps at anchor—upon the *occasion's* calm;
But, when it *rages*, and the wind blows *high*,
She *cuts* her way—with *skill* and *majesty*.

Varieties. 1. What is the difference between *acute* and *chronic* disease? 2. It is *folly* for an eminent man to think of escaping *censure*, and a *weakness* to be affected by it. 3. If we had it in our power to *gratify* every wish, we should soon feel a *surfeit*. 4. When anything below God—is the supreme object of our *love*, at some time or other, it will be an object of *sorrow*. 5. *Truth*—is its own witness, and fears not a *free* and impartial *examination*; it seeks to be seen in its own resplendent brightness. 6. By *confessing* our faults to *others*, we contribute very much towards putting them *away*, and *confirming* ourselves *against* them. 7. Which is *worse*—to worship the *works* of our own hands, or the *creations* of our own *imagination*?

541. SCORN. is negligent anger; it insinuates therefore, by a voluntary slackness, or disarming of the nerves, a known, or concluded essence of all power in the united object, even to make the defence seem necessary: and the unbraced muscles are assisted in this show of contemptuous disregard, by an affected smile upon the eye, because slack nerves, if at the same time the looks were also languid, would too much resemble sorrow, or even fear; whereas, the purpose is disdain and insult: and tho' in more provoking serious cases, where scorn admits disturbance, it assumes some sense of anger, it must still retain the slack unguarded languor of the nerves, lest it should seem to have conceived impressions of some estimable and important weightiness, where its design is utter disregard and negligence.



*Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods;
When went there by an age, since the sun shone,
But it was fawned with more than one man?
When could they say, till now, who talked of Rome,
That her wide walls—encompassed but one man!*

542. LANGUAGE OF FEELING. There is an original *element* in our natures, a connection between the *senses*, the *mind* and the *heart*, implanted by the Creator, for pure and noble *purposes*, which cannot be reasoned away. You cannot *argue* men out of their senses and feelings; and, after having wearied yourself and others, by talking about *books* and *history*, set your foot upon the *spot*, where some great and memorable exploit was achieved, especially, with those whom you claim *kindred*, and your heart *swells* within you. You do not now *reason*; you *feel* the inspiration of the place. Your cold philosophy vanishes, and you are ready to put off your *shoes* from your *feet*; for the place whereon you stand is holy. A language which *letters* cannot shape, which *sounds* cannot convey, *speaks*, not to the *head*, but to the *heart*; not to the *understanding*, but to the *affections*.

The player's profession,—
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face;
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
To this one standard, make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret, learn to *feel*:
Or fool, or monarch, happy or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthening oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And, in the depth of midnight, force a day.

Anecdote. To a man of *exalted* mind, the *forgiveness* of injuries, is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction, than obtaining *vengeance*. The Roman emperor, Adrian, who was skilled in all the accomplishments of *body* and *mind*, one day seeing a person, who had *injured* him, in his *former* station, thus addressed him, "You are *safe* now; I am emperor."

Braying. There are braying *men* in the world as well as braying *asses*; for, what's *loud* and senseless *talking*, *huffing*, and *swearing*, any other then a more *fashionable* way of *braying*?

Varieties. 1. *Idlers*—should leave the *industrious* to their labor, and visit only those who are as idle as *themselves*. 2. There are *some* minds, which, like the *buzzard's* eye, can pass *heedlessly* over the beauties of nature, and see nothing but the *carcase*, rotting in the corner. 3. He, is *well* constituted, who *grieves* not for what he has *not*, and *rejoices* for that he *has*. 4. *True* ease in writing, speaking and singing, comes from *art*, not *chance*. 5. When once a man *falls*, all will *tread* on him. 6. The *action* should always keep time with the *emphasis* and the *voice*: it should be the result of *feeling*, not of *thought*.

His words were *fire*, both *light* and *heat*! At once
With *zeal* they *warned* us and *convinc'd* with *real*—
I had *read* and *heard* of eloquence before, [son.
How 't is *despotic*—takes the heart by *storm*,
Where'er the ramparts, prejudice, or use,
Environ it withal; how, 'fore its march,
Stony *resolves* have given way like *flax*;
How it can *raise*, or *lay*, the mighty surge
Of popular *commotion*, as the *wind*,
The *wave* that frets the sea—but, till *to-day*,
I never proved its *power*. When he *began*,
A *thousand* hearers pricked their ears to list,
With each a different heart; when he left off,
Each man could tell his *neighbor's* by his *own*.

Rage—is the *shortest* passion of our souls.
Like narrow *brooks*; that rise with sudden *show'rs*,
It swells in *haste*, and *falls* again as soon.
Still, as it *ebbs*, the *softer* thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver—*love*—supplies its place.

VIRTUE THE BEST TREASURE.

Virtue, the *strength* and *beauty* of the *soul*,
Is the best gift of *Heav'n*: a *happiness*—
That, even above the *smiles* and *frowns* of fate,
Exalts great nature's favorites: a *wealth*
That ne'er *encumbers*; nor to *baser* hands
Can be transferr'd. It is the only good—
Man justly *boasts* of, or can call his *own*.
Riches—are oft by *guilt* and *baseness* earn'd.
But for one end, one *much*-neglected use,
Are *riches* worth our *care*; (for nature's wants
Are *few*, and without *opulence* supplied.)
This *noble* end is—to produce the *soul*:
To show the *virtues* in their fairest *light*;
And make *humanity*—the minister
Of bounteous *Providence*.

I stand—as one upon a *rock*,
Environ'd—with a *wilderness* of *sea*;
Who marks the waxing *tide*—grow *wave* by *wave*,
Expecting *ever*, when some *envious* surge
Will, in his *brinish* bowels, *swallow* him.

543. SHAME—or a sense of appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders, covers it with blushes, hangs the head, casts down the eyes, draws down and contracts the eye-brows; either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say anything, in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, confounds his utterance, and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in countenance: all which only heightens his confusion and embarrassment.

Oh my dread Lord—

I should be *guiltier*—than my *guiltiness*,

To think—I can live *undiscernible*,

When I perceive your *grace*, like *power divine*,

Hath looked upon my *passes*; then, good prince,

No longer session—hold upon my *shame*,

But let my *trial*—be my own *confession*;

Immediate sentence then, and sequent *death*,

Is all the *grace* I beg.

Hard Questions. In every step, which *reason* takes in *demonstrative* knowledge, must there be intuitive *certainty*? Does the power of *intuition*, imply that of *reasoning*, when combined with the faculty of *memory*? In examining those processes of *thought*, which conduct the mind, by a series of *consequences*, from *premises* to a *conclusion*, is there any *intellectual* act whatever, which the joint operation of *memory*, and what is called *intuition*, does not sufficiently *explain*? What is the distinction between the *elements* of reasoning, and the *principles* of reasoning? If the *elements* of reasoning are employed to connect the *concatenations* in an argument; and if an argument could not be made *without* the elements of reasoning; does it follow, that the *elements* of reasoning imply the *principles* of reasoning? If, in every step which *reason* takes in demonstrative knowledge, there must be intuitive *certainty*, does this *necessarily* imply anything more, than that, *without* the intuitive power, we could not know when *one* link in the chain was completed?

544. SURPRISE AT UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

Gone to be *married*; gone to swear a *peace*!

False blood to *false* blood joined! Gone to be *friends*!

Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*? and *Blanch* these *pro-*

It is not so: thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard? [*vinces*?

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be! thou dost but say 'tis so;

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

What means that *hand*—upon that *breast* of thine?

Why holds thine eye—that lamentable *rheum*,

Like a proud *river*—peering o'er his bounds?

Be there sad sighs—*confirmers* of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word—whether thy tale be true?

Anecdote. To Cure Sore Eyes. "Good-morning, landlord," said a man the other day, as he stepped into a tavern to get something to drink. "Good-morning, sir," replied mine host; "how do you do?" "Oh, I don't know," said the man, raising his goggles, and wiping away the *rheum*; "I'm plagued most to death with these pesky sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em." "Willingly," said the merry host. "Wear your goggles over your mouth, wash your eyes in brandy, and I'll warrant a cure."

Vice—oft is hid in *virtue's* fair disguise,

And, in her honor'd form—escapes inquiring eyes.

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a *weakness*, if it suppresses his *virtue*, and hides it from the world, when he has, at the same time, a mind to exert himself. A *modest* person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because *nobody* envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

Miscellaneous. 1. It is a striking feature in the present day, that men are more and more inclined to bring old sayings and doings to the test of questions, as these—what do they mean? and what for? and consequently, are beginning to awake from a long mental sleep, and to assert their right to judge and act for themselves. 2. Great hinderance to good is often found in the want of energy in the character, arising from an individual not having accustomed himself to try and do his best, on all occasions. 3. Whoever would become a person of intelligence and prudence, in any of the departments of life, must early accustom himself and herself to look for the meaning of his own and others' sayings; and consider well the end and object of his own, and others' doings.

For often *vice*—provok'd to shame—

Borrows the color—of a virtuous deed:

Thus, *libertines*—are chaste, and *misers*—good,

A coward—valiant.

That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets

What clear renown—it used to wear;

Whose blush remains, when *Virtue* sets,

To show her sunshine—has been there.

A flush, [cheek,

(As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her

Then linger'd there forever) look'd like health

Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip;

Like the rich crimson—of the evening sky,

Brightest—when night is coming.

Wise men—ne'er sit and wait their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms,

What tho' the mast—be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he

Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry—and courage—might have sav'd?

Varieties. 1. It is wrong to affront anybody; and he who does it, must expect to be paid in his own coin. 2. Many persons, in easy circumstances, often ruin themselves, by attempting to vie with the rich. 3. Do not the works of God, as well as his Word—teach lessons of wisdom? 4. Everything tends to produce its likeness; the idle make their associates idle; the libertine—corrupts the innocent; the quarrelsome—create broils; gamblers—make gamblers, and thieves,—thieves. 5. Are thinking and motion—all the actions of which we can conceive? thinking—being an act of the mind, as motion is of matter? 6. Which invention is more important, that of the mariner's compass, or the art of printing? 7. When we truly love God, we shall also love one another.

The real patriot—bears his private wrongs,
Rather than right them—at the public cost.

545. SUSPICION: JEALOUSY. Fear of another's endeavoring to prevent our attainment of the desired good, raises our SUSPICION; and *suspicion* of his having obtained, or *likely* to obtain it, raises, or constitutes JEALOUSY. Jealousy between the sexes—is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety grief, pity, suspicion, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, sadness, and every other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore, to express it well, one should know how to represent all these passions by turns, and often several of them together: it shows itself by *restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety*, and absence of mind. Sometimes it bursts out into piteous complaints and weeping: then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile: immediately the face, clouded with general gloom, shows the mind over-cast again with horrid suspicions, and frightful imaginations; thus the *jealous*—is a prey to the most tormenting feelings, and is alternately tantalized with *hope*, and plunged into *despair*.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?

546. HANDS, FEET AND ARMS. Observe accurately, the different positions of the *feet, hands, arms, &c.* of the oratorical and poetical engravings, and that of the passions; and study out the various *causes, or subjects*, and states of *thoughts and feelings, prompting* them; and, in *imitating* them, there will often be suggested to you the appropriate feeling and thought. *Each* engraving should be made a particular subject of *study*; and there is more matter on a page of *engravings*, than on any *printed* page; but, in speaking, never *think* about making gestures; let them be the result of unrestrained *feeling*, and they will be more likely to be *right*: guard, sedulously against all *affectation*, and do nothing you do not *feel* and *think*. If these hints and suggestions are not of use to you, *more* would be of but little service; and to illustrate every one, and many *more*, you will find an *abundance* of examples in the *work*; which is designed for *those who think*.

Would he were *fatter*; but I *fear* him not:
Yes, if *my* name were *liable* to fear,
I do not *know* the man, I should avoid
So soon as this spare Cassius. He *reads* much;
He is a great *observer*, and he looks
Quite *through* the deeds of men.
He loves no *plays*; he hears no *music*;
Seldom he *smiles*; and smiles in such a *sort*,
As if he *mocked* himself, and scorned his *spirit*,
That could be *moved* to smile at anything.
Such men as *he*, be never at *heart's* ease,
Whilst they behold a *greater* than themselves,
And therefore, are they very *dangerous*.

Anecdote. Queen Caroline, having observed that her daughter, the princess, had made one of the *ladies* about her, *stand* a long time, while the princess was *talking* to her, on some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a suitable *reprimand*. Therefore, when the princess came, in the evening, to *read* to her mother, as usual, and was drawing a chair to sit down, the queen said to her,

No, my dear, you must not *sit*; for I intend to make you *stand*, this evening, as long as you made lady B— remain in the *same* position.

Laconic. There is no difference between *knowledge* and *temperance*; for he, who knows what is *good*, and embraces it, who knows what is *bad*, and avoids it, is *learned* and *temperate*. But they, who know very well what *ought* to be done, and yet do quite *otherwise*, are *ignorant* and *stupid*.

Varieties. 1. What is the difference between *possessing* the good things of life, and *enjoying* them? 2. In our *intercourse* with others, we should ascertain what *they* wish to *hear*; not what *we* wish to *say*. 3. *True* politeness may be cherished in the *hovel*, as well as in the *palace*; and the most *tattered* clothing, cannot conceal its *charms*. 4. Is not *true religion*—*eternally the same*, whatever may be the *conduct* of its *professors*? 5. *Humility*—learns the lessons from *itself*; while it never *scorns* the instructions of *others*. 6. *Beauty*—*gains nothing*, and *homelessness*—*loses much*, by *gaudy attire*. 7. *Music*—tends to *harmonize* and *melodize* the *affections* and *thoughts*, as well as to *animate*, and *lubricate* the *inventive* faculties. 8. *Everything* that originates in *order*, is *truth*, which *manifests* itself by virtue of its *inherent light*. 9. The *groves* and the *woods* are the musical *academies* of the singing *birds*. 10. *Time* and *space* are confined to *matter*.

As *Nature* and *Garrick* were talking one day,

It chanced they had *words*, and fell out;

Dame *Reason* would fain have *prevented* a fray,

But could not, for both were so *stout*.

Says *Garrick*, I honor you, madam, 'tis true,

And with pride, to your laws, I submit;

But *Shakspeare* paints *stronger* and *better* than you,

All critics of taste will admit.

How! *Shakspeare* paint better and stronger than I,

(Cries *Nature*, quite touch'd to the soul;)

Not a word in his volumes I ever could see,

But what from *my* records he stole.

And thou, wicked thief,—nay, the story I'll tell,

Whenever I paint, or I draw,

My pencils you filch, and *my colors* you steal,

For which thou shalt suffer the law;

And when on the stage, in full *lustre* you shine,

To me all the praise shall be given:

The *toil* shall be *yours*, and the *honor* be *mine*,

So *Nature* and *Garrick* are even.

Foul jealousy, that turnest love divine

To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart

With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,

And feed itself with self-consuming smart,

Of all the passions in the mind, thou vilest art.

O, let him far be banished away,

And in his stead let love forever dwell;

Sweet love, that doth his golden wings embay

In blessed nectar, and pure pleasure's well,

Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.

The soul of man—

Createth its own destiny of power;

And, as the *trial*,—is intense *here*,

His being—hath a nobler strength in *heaven*.

O marriage! marriage! what a curse—is thine,

Where *hands*, alone, consent—and *hearts*—abhor

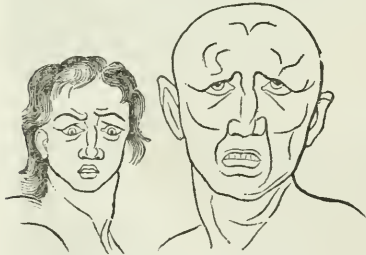
247. TEACHING, INSTRUCTING. EXPLAINING. INCUPLICATING, OR GIVING ORDERS, requires a mild, serene air, sometimes approaching to an authoritative gravity; the features and gestures altering according to the age, or dignity of the pupil, or audience, and importance of the subject discussed. To youth, it should be mild, open, serene, and condescending. To equals and superiors, modest and diffident; but, when the subject is of great dignity and importance, the air and manner of conveying the instruction, ought to be firm and emphatical; the eye steady and open, the eyebrow a little drawn over it, but not so much as to look dogmatical; the voice strong, steady, clear; the articulation distinct; the utterance slow, and the manner approaching to confidence, rather peremptory.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect your gilly-flowers and carnations?

Per. I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
Which nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we
A gentler scion to the wildest stock; [marry
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

548. LANGUAGE OF THE FEET. The feet advance or retreat, to express desire or aversion, love or hatred, courage or fear, dancing or leaping,—is often the effect of joy and exultation; stamping of the feet expresses earnestness, anger or threatening. Stability of position and facility of change, general ease and grace of action, depend on the right use of the feet; see the whole length engravings, a large part of which is to be imitated, not with any specific recitations in view, but for the purpose of disciplining the limbs and muscles.



PITIALE.

TERROR.

The bay-trees, in our country, are all wither'd,
And meteors—fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon—looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets—whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy—by rage and war.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his is,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother.

Laconics. 1. It is very easy, when a child asks a silly question, to show that it is so; and, if the question cannot be answered, it is better to say so at once; for a child has too much common perception to expect that his parent knows every thing; but to refuse to answer, without giving a reason, impresses the child, that his parent is unkind and unreasonable. 2. The very sight of a child ought to inspire a parent, or teacher, with the thought, "What can I say to be useful to him? or what can I say to please him?" 3. The habit of talking familiarly and usefully to his children, to each according to his capacity, is an invaluable quality in a parent, and its exercise will be delightful to both. 4. Let it be a rule with us, in all cases, never to charge want of charity, except where we can, from a want of justice.

Anecdote. Sir Isaac Newton—possessed a remarkably mild and even temper. On a particular occasion, he was called out of his study, to an adjoining apartment, when his favorite little dog, named *Diamond*, threw down a lighted lamp among his papers, and the almost finished labors of many years, were consumed in a few moments. Sir Isaac soon returned, and beheld, with great mortification, his irreparable loss; but he only exclaimed, with his usual self-possession, "O *Diamond*, *Diamond*! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done."

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarreling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst, that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsiders; wear them, like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforced, us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Varieties. 1. Is toleration a duty for others, and not for ourselves? 2. One blessing of life, my dear friend, is—to give. 3. It is no proof of freedom from error, that we are acute in distinguishing the errors of others; this shows that all reformers, are men of like passions with ourselves. 4. National industry is the principal thing, that can make a nation great; it is the vestal fire, which we must keep alive, and consider that all our prosperity is coupled with its existence. 5. If we are fit for heaven, are we not fit for earth? 6. It is better to live contentedly in our condition, than to affect to look bigger than we are, by a borrowed appearance. 7. Give your children education rather than fine clothes, or rich food. 8. Love—never reckons; the mother does not run up a milk score against her babe.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore, my age—is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, my heart of heart.

549. VENERATION. In religious veneration, the body always bends forward, as if ready to prostrate itself before the Lord of Hosts; the arms are spread out, but modestly, as high as the breast, and the hands are open; the tone of voice is submissive, timid, trembling, weak, suppliant; the words are brought out with a visible anxiety, approaching to hesitation; they are few, and slowly pronounced; nothing of vain repetition, haranguing, flowers of rhetoric, or reflected figures of speech; all simplicity, humility, lowliness, such as become a worm of dust. When presuming to address the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity; yet dwelleth with the meek and contrite spirit, that trembleth at His Word. In intercession for our fellow creatures, and in thanksgiving, we naturally assume a small degree of cheerfulness, beyond what is clothed in confession and deprecation: all affected ornaments in speech or gesture, in devotion, are very censurable. Example:

Hail, *Source of Being! Universal Soul*
Of *heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!*
To Thee—I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched."

Almighty God,—'tis right,—'tis just,
That earthly forms should turn to dust;
But oh! the sweet—transporting truth,
The soul—shall bloom—in endless youth.

550. NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS. The *hand*—has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings: *raising* the hands towards heaven, with the palms united, expresses *devotion and supplication*; *wringing* them, *grief*; throwing them towards heaven, *admiration*; *defected* hands, *despair and amazement*; *folding* them, *idleness*; holding the fingers *intertwined*, *musings* and *thoughtfulness*; holding them forth together, *yielding and submission*; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, *solemn appeal*; waving the hand from us, *prohibition*; extending the *right* hand to any one, *peace, pity, and safety*; scratching the *head*, *care* and perplexing *thought*; laying the *right* hand on the *heart*, *affection* and *solemn affirmation*; holding up the *thumb*, *approbation*; placing the right forefinger on the *lips* perpendicularly, bidding *silence*, &c. &c. In these, and many other ways, are manifested our sentiments and passions by the action of the body: but they are shown principally in the *face*, and particularly in the turn of the *eye*, and the *eyebrows*, and the infinitely various motions of the *lips*.

551. WONDER—is inquisitive fear: and as it is inquisitive, it is steadfast, and demands firm muscles: but as it is fear, it cannot be properly expressed without the mark of apprehension and alarm. Were this alarm too much disturbed, full of motion and anxiety, it would then be *Fear* instead of *Wonder*, and would carry no consistence, with braced muscles; it is therefore perved, because inquisitive, with purpose of defence: and so, this application of alarm, with resolution to examine steadfastly, must constitute a nervous, awful, fixed attentiveness, and give the picture of the passion naturally. The effect of wonder is, to stop, or hold the mind and body in the states and positions in which the idea or object strikes us.

Says the earth to the moon, "You're a pilf'ring jade,
What you steal from the sun, is beyond all be-
Fair Cynthia replies, "Hold your prate, [lief;"

The partaker—is as bad as the thief."

Anecdote. The benevolent and immortal John Howard, a celebrated English philanthropist, having settled his accounts, at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to employ it, in defraying the expenses of a journey to London; or for any other amusement she might prefer. "What a pretty cottage," she replied, "would this build for a poor family?" The charitable hint met his approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With a'rice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more,
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heav'n, has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Varieties. 1. When we are polite to others, entirely for our own sakes, we are *deceitful*; for nothing selfish has truth and goodness in it. But there is such a thing as true politeness, always kind, never deceitful. 2. The outward forms of politeness, are but the expressions of such feelings, as should dwell in every human heart. 3. True politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart, and an observing mind. 4. Will the ruling propensities of the parent, be transmitted to the child, and affect, and give bias to his character? 5. Foolish people are sometimes so ambitious of being thought wise, that they often run great hazards in attempting to show themselves such. 6. Guilt may attain temporal splendor, but can never confer real happiness. 7. The principles, which your reason and judgment approve, avow boldly, and adhere to steadfastly; nor let any false notions of honor, or pitiful ambition of shining, ever tempt you to forsake them.

A TALE OF WONDER.

Now the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy
Who, who is so merry and gay? [wine flows;
Lemona is happy, for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lay hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, and, with tripping
Bruno danc'd thro' the maze of the hall; [so light,
Lemona retir'd, and her maidens in white,
Led her up to her chamber, and bid her good night,
Then, went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood—now extended his claws,
And from under the bed did he creep; [paws;
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out
To feed—on the angel—asleep. [his jaws,

He seiz'd on a vein, and gave such a bite,
And he gave, with his fangs, such a tug—

She shriek'd! Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright;
The guests follow'd after, when bro't to the light,
"O have mercy!" they cried, "WHAT A BUG!"

You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so.

552. VEXATION, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame; and, besides expressing itself with looks, tones, gestures and restlessness of perplexity, adds to these complaint, fretting, lamentation, and remorse.

ON NEGLECTING ONE'S DUTY.

O what a *rogue* and *peasant* slave am I;
Is it not *monstrous*, that this *player* here,
But in a *fiction*, in a *dream* of passion,
Could force his *soul* so to his own *counsel*,
That, from *her* working, all his *visage* warmed;
Tears in his *eyes*, *distraction* in his *aspect*,
A broken voice, and his whole *function* suiting,
With forms to his conceit; and all for *nothing*;
For *Hec-u-ba*! What's *Hec-u-ba* to him, or he, to
That he should *weep* for her? [Hecuba,

553. LANGUAGE OF THE HEAD. Every part of the body contributes to express our thoughts and affections; hence the necessity of training the *whole* man. The head is sometimes erect, denoting courage, or firmness; at others, down, or reclined, expressive of sorrow, grief and shame; again, it is suddenly drawn back, with an air of disdain, or shaken, as in dissent; or brought forward in assent; sometimes it shows, by a significant nod, a particular object, or person; threatens by one set of movements, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by another. Private practice must make all involuntary.

As yet—'tis *midnight* deep. The weary *clouds*,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid *gloom*.

Now, while the drowsy *world* lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *night*,
And *contemplation*, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling *senses* all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of *life*!

Ye ever *tempting*, ever cheating *train*!

Where are you now? and what is your *amount*?

Vexation, *disappointment*, and *remorse*.

Sad, *sick'ning* thought! And yet, deluded *man*,

A scene of crude disjointed visions *past*,

And broken *slumbers*, rises still resolv'd,

With new flush'd *hopes*, to run the giddy *round*.

554. LANGUAGE OF THE FACE. The face, being furnished with a great variety of *muscles*, does more in manifesting our *thoughts* and *feelings*, than the whole body besides; so far as *silent* language is concerned. The change of *color*—shows *anger* by *redness*, *fear*—by *paleeness*, and *shame*—by *blushes*; every feature contributes its *portion*. The mouth open, shows one state of mind; closed, another, and gnashing the *teeth*—another. The forehead *smooth*, and eye-brows easily *arched*, exhibit *joy*, or *tranquillity*; *mirth* opens the mouth towards the *ears*, crimps the *nose*, half shuts the *eyes*, and sometimes suffuses them with *tears*; the *front*, wrinkled into frowns, and the *eye-brows* overhanging the *eyes*, like *clouds* fraught with *tempests*, show a mind agitated with *ply*.

There is a *history*—in all men's lives,

Figuring the *nature* of the times deceased:

The which observed, a man may *prophecy*,

With a *near* aim, of the *main* chance of things

As yet not come to *life*; which, in their *seeds*,

And weak *beginnings*, lie *intreasured*.

Luxury—gives the mind a *childish* cast.

Moderation in Disputes. When we are in a condition to overthrow *falsehood* and *error*, we ought not to do it with *vehemence*, nor *insultingly* and with an air of *contempt*; but to lay open the *truth*, and with answers, full of *mildness*, to *refute* the *falsehood*.

Anecdote. An amiable youth, lamented deeply, the recent death of a most affectionate parent. His companion made an effort to console him, by the reflection, that he had *always* behaved towards the deceased with *duty*, *tenderness* and *respect*. "So I thought," replied the son, "while my parent was *living*; but *now* I recollect, with *pain* and *sorrow*, many instances of *disobedience*, and *neglect*, for which, alas! it is too late to make *atonement*."

Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchange'd—for all the dazzling *gems*.

That gaily sparkle in *ambition's* eye;

His are the joys of *nature*, his the *smile*,

The *cherub* smile of *innocence* and *health*,

Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,

He *wipes* it soon: for hark! the cheerful voice

Of *comrades* calls him to the *top*, or *ball*;

Away he hies, and *clamors* as he goes,

With *glee*, which causes him to tread on *air*

Reason. Without *reason*, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every *wind* and *wave*, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the *next* billow will *dispose* of us; whether it will dash us against a *rock*, or drive us into a quiet *harbor*.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart *untainted*?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel *just*;

And he, but *naked*, though lock'd up in *steel*,

Whose *conscience*—with *injustice* is corrupted.

Varieties. 1. The *dullest* creatures are sometimes as dangerous as the *fastest*. 2. He, who puts a man off from time to time, is never right at *heart*. 3. What can *reason* perform, unassisted by the *imagination*? While *reason* traces and compares *effects*, does not *imagination* suggest *causes*? 4. Whenever we are more inclined to *persecute* than *persuade*, we may be certain, that our zeal has more of *self-love* in it, than *charity*; that we are seeking *victory*, more than *truth*, and are beginning to feel more for *ourselves*, than for *others*, and the cause of *righteousness*. 5. Is it possible, without *divine aid*, to obey the *commandments*? 6. As soon think of sending a man into the *field*, without good *tools*, as a child to *school*, without proper *books*. 7. What is more *low* and *vile*, than *lying*? and when do we lie more *notoriously*, than in *disparaging*, and finding *fault* with a thing, for no other reason, than because it is out of our power to accomplish it?

Rise with the *lark*, and with the *lark* to *bed*.

The breath of *night's* destructive to the *hue*

Of every flower that blows. Go to the *field*,

And ask the humble *daisy*, why it *sleeps*

Soon as the *sun* departs. Why close the *eyes*

Of *blossoms* infinite, ere the still *moon*

Her oriental *veil* puts off? *Think* why,

Nor let the *sweetest* blossom be exposed,

That *nature* boasts, to *night's* untimely damp.

There is no *merit*, when there is no *trial*;

And, till *experience*—stamps the mark of *strength*,

Cowards—may pass for *heroes*, *faith*, for *falsehood*.

555. The *eyes*, considered only as *tangible* objects, are, by their very *forms*, the windows of the *soul*—the fountains of *life* and *light*. Mere *feeling* would discover, that their *size* and *globular shape* are not unmeaning. The *eye-brow*, whether gradually *sunken*, or boldly *prominent*, is equally worthy of attention : as likewise are the *temples*, whether *hollow*, or *smooth*. That region of the face, which includes the *eye-brows*, *eyes* and *nose*, also includes the chief region of the *will* and *understanding*.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
And other of such *vinegar* aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of *smile*,
Though *Nestor* swear the jest be *laughable*.

556. The *images* of our secret agitations are particularly painted in the eyes, which appertain more to the *soul*, than any other organ ; which seem affected by, and to participate in all its emotions ; express sensations the most lively, passions the most tumultuous, feelings the most delightful, and sentiments the most delicate. The eye—explains them in all their force and purity, as they take birth, and transmits them by traits so rapid, as to infuse into other minds the fire, the activity, the very image, with which themselves are inspired. It receives and reflects the intelligence of thought and warmth of the understanding.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind :
Coop'd up he seem'd, in earth and seas confin'd ;
And struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out :
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the straight dimensions wide.
Death only, this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul—how small a body holds.

557. LANGUAGE OF THE EYES. The eye is the chief seat of the soul's expression ; it shows the very *spirit* in a visible form. In every different state of mind, it appears differently : joy—brightens and opens it ; grief, half closes, and drowns it in tears ; hatred, and anger, flash from it, like lightning ; love—darts from it in glances, like the orient beam ; jealousy—and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts through the eyes ; and devotion—raises them, or throws them back on the mind, as if the soul were about to take its flight to heaven.

From women's eyes—this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still—the right Promethean fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish—all the world ;
Else none at all—in aught—proves excellent.
Old age—is honorable ; the spirit—seems
Ready—for its flight—to brighter worlds,—
And that strange change, which men miscall decay,
Is renovated life. The feeble voice,
With which the soul attempts to speak its meaning,
Is like the sky-lark's note, heard faintest, when
Its wing soars highest ; and whose hoary signs,
Those white and reverend locks, which move the
Of thoughtless rivals, seem to me like snow, [scorn
Upon the Alpine summit,—only proving—
How near it is—to heaven.

Anecdote. *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee*. About the year 1720, there were two musical parties in England ; one in favor of two *Italians*, *Buo-non-ci-ni* and *At-ti-to*, and the other admirers of *Handel* : and the contention running high, *Dean Swift*, with his usual acrimony in such cases, wrote the following epigram :

Some say, that signior *Buononcini*,
Compared to *Handel's* a mere ninny :
Others do swear, that to him—*Handel*
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange—that such high contests should be
'Twixt *tweedle-dum*—and *tweedle-dee*.

True Phenology—treats of the manifestations of man's feelings and intellect ; his heart and his head ; his will and understanding ; and their related objects, physical and moral ; principles, giving a knowledge of one's original character ; of his excellencies and talents, and how to make the most of them ; of his defects, and how to remedy them ; of reasoning and persuading—of education and self-government : a system of mental and moral philosophy, challenging investigation.

Varieties. 1. All are modest, when they feel that they are estimated, at what they consider their just value ; and incline to presume, in the proportion they feel they are slighted. 2. It signifies but little—to wish well, without doing well ; as to do well, without willing it. 3. None is so great, but that he may one day need the help, or feel the unkindness—of the meanest of mortals. 4. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish : for he learns to economize his time. 5. A ready recollection of our knowledge, at the moment we have use for it, is a rare and important acquisition. 6. The passions are pleaders, and their violence sometimes goes directly to the heart. 7. As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it is whole or not, so, men are known by speeches and actions, whether they are wise or foolish.

All the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that,
And mercy then, will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation—blush, and tyranny—
Tremble at patience.

That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chemic compounds are,
Each—with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far.

We—ignorant of ourselves,
Beg after our own harm, which the wise powers
Deny us—for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing our prayers.

So very still that echo seems to listen ;
We almost hear the music of the spheres,
And fancy that we catch the notes of angels.

High stations tumult, but not bliss create.

557. THE MOUTH. *Who* does not know how much the *upper lip* betokens the sensations of taste, desire, appetite, and the endearments of love? how much it is curled by *pride* or *anger*, drawn thin by *cunning*, smoothed by *benevolence*, and made placid by *effeminacy*? how love and desire, sighs and kisses, cling to it by indescribable traits. The *under lip* is little more than its *supporter*, the easy *cushion* on which the crown of *majesty* reposes. The chaste and delicate *moult*, is one of the *first* recommendations we meet with in common life. *Words* are the *pictures* of the *mind*; we often judge of the *heart* by the *portal*; it holds the flaggon of *truth*, of *love*, and enduring *friendship*.

If there's on earth a cure

For the *sunk heart*, 'tis *this*—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way!—
To hear thy angel *eloquence*—to see
Those virtuous *eyes* forever turn'd on me;
And, in *their* light, re-chasten'd silently,
Like the stain'd web, that whitens in the sun,
Grow *pure*—by being purely *shone* upon!

558. LANGUAGE OF THE ARMS AND HANDS. The arms are sometimes *both* thrown out; at others the *right* alone; they are lifted up as high as the face, to express *wonder*, or held out before the breast to show *fear*; when spread forth with open *hands*, they express *lesire* and affection; or clasped in *surprise* on occasions of sudden *grief* and *joy*; the *right* hand *clenched*, and the arms *brandished*—*threaten*; the arms set *a-kinbo*, (one hand on each *hip*), makes one look *big*, or expresses *contempt*, or *courage*.

As a beam—o'er the face of the waters—may glow,
While the tide—runs in darkness and coolness below,
So, the cheek may be tinged—with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart—to ruin—runs darkly the while.
One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade—alike, o'er our joys, and our woes;
To which life—nothing darker, or brighter, can bring,
For which joy—has no balm, and affliction—no sting!
Oh! *this* thought, in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch—in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun—play round it in vain,
It may smile—in its light—but it blooms not again!

559. QUINCTILLIAN says, that with the hands, we solicit, refuse, promise, threaten, dismiss, invite, entreat, and express aversion, fear, doubting, denial, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession and penitence. With the hands we describe, and point all circumstances of time, place and manner of what we relate; with them we also excite the passions of others and soothe them, approve or disapprove, permit, prohibit, admire and despise; thus, they serve us instead of many sorts of *words*; and, where the language of the *tongue* is unknown, or the person is *deaf*, the language of the *hands* is understood, and is common to *all* nations.

Between two worlds—life hovers like a star,
Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:
How little—do we know that which we are!

How less—what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide—rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles; as the old—burst, new—emerge,
Lash'd—from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires—heave, but like some passing waves.

Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all th't I can do.

U

Laconics. 1. There is no great necessity for us to be anxious about what good works we shall do, in order to salvation; because the business of religion is—to shun *all* evils as *sins*. 2. Never be so sinfully inconsistent, as to tell a child, that such and such things are *naughty*, and then, because his self-will is unyielding, leave him to persist in doing it; better, far better would it be, to let the poor child do wrong, in ignorance. 3. Every one should receive a scientific, civil, and religious education, and then he will be fitted for the life that now is, and that which is to come. 4. Teach children what is *good* and *true*, and lead them to goodness, by precept and example. 5. Gratitude is the sure basis of an amiable mind.

Anecdote. *Right of Discovery.* A gentleman, praising the personal charms of a very homely woman, before Mr. *Foot*, the comedian, who *whispered* to him, "And why don't you lay *claims* to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right—by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer*."

Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the *laws*, the *rights*,
The generous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age, by your renowned *forefathers*,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood;)
O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our *lives*, in thy possession, happy,
Or our *deaths* glorious—in thy just defence.

Varieties. 1. Will the time ever arrive, when the *air* will be as full of *balloons*, as the *ocean* now is with *ships*? 2. Reading *history* and *traveling*, give a severe trial to our *virtues*. 3. It is not right to feel contempt for *any* thing, to which God has given *life* and *being*. 4. Four things belong to a *judge*: to hear *cautiously*, to answer *wisely*, to consider *soberly*, and to give judgment without *partiality*. 5. Regard *talents* and *genius*, as solemn *mandates* to go forth, and labor in your sphere of *usefulness*, and to keep *alive* the sacred fire among your *fellow men*; and turn not these *precious* gifts, into servants of *evil*; neither *offer* them on the altar of *vanity*, nor *sell* them for a mess of *potage*, nor a piece of *money*. 6. The *last* war between the United States and England, commenced on the 18th of June, 1812, and continued two years, eight months and eighteen days; when did it *end*? 7. Let us manage our time as well as we can, there will yet some of it remain *unemployed*.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay!
Princes, and lords, may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

The kindest, and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion—to forbear;
And every day, in which they live,
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

Full many a shaft—at random sent,
Finds mark—the archer never meant;
And many a word—at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound—a heart that's broken.

560. POLYGLOTT OF BODY AND MIND. Thus, we see that the *body*, in connection with the *mind*, speaks *many* languages; and *he* is a learned *elocutionist*, who *understands* and can *speak* them. In view of which, well might *Hamlet* exclaim, "WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN!" Observe *well* this strange being, as embodied in the works of the *painter*, and *statuary*: in what *kingly* wondrous manner, appear his force of *altitude* and *looks*! Who, but would *covet* the glorious art of making the flat *canvas* and rocky *marble*, utter *every* passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of the *spectator*, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of a *Shakspeare*! Is it any wonder that masterly *action*, joined with powerful *elocution*, should be *irresistible*? If *poetry*, *music*, and *statuary*, is good, is not *oratory* more excellent! for in *that* we have them *all*.

Woe for those, who trample o'er a *mind*!
A deathless thing. They *know* not what they *do*,
Or what they *deal* with! Man, perchance, may
The *flow'r* his *step* hath bruised; or light anew [bind
The *torch* he quenches; or to *music*—wind
Again the *lyre*—string from his *touch* that flew;
But, for the *soul*!—oh! *tremble*, and *beware*.—
To lay *rude hands*—upon *God's* mysteries *there*!

561. THE WRITTEN PAGE can but ill express the nicer shades of sentiment, passion, and emotion which the *poet* has painted. There are depths of *thought*, which the *eye* cannot penetrate—and sublimities of *flight*, which it cannot reach. The *loveliest* and *sublimest* of written *poetry*—even that contained in sacred *scripture*—cannot speak to the *eye* with that vivid *power* and intensity of *expression*, drawn from it by the human voice, when trained to the *capacity* given to it, by the Creator. Hence, the ordained efficiency of *preaching*; hence, the trembling of *Felix*, as the great *Apostle* reasoned—"of *righteousness*, *temperance*, and *judgment* to come." So, with the production of the most *consummate* human genius:

For ill—can *poetry* express,
Full *many* a tone—of thought sublime;
And *sculpture*, mute and motionless,
Steals but *one* glance from time.
But, by the mighty *actor's* power,
Their *needed* triumphs come:
Verses—ceases—to be airy *thought*
And *sculpture*—to be dumb.

562. The following—is an example of the *sublime*, falling far short of a *hyperbole*; for, as St. John *observes*, "even the *WORLD ITSELF*—could not contain the *books*, that should be written" on the subject of INFINITE LOVE and INFINITE WISDOM—displayed in man's REDEMPTION and SALVATION.

Could we, with *ink*, the *OCEAN* fill,
Were the whole *earth*—a *PARCHMENT*—made,
Were every single *stick*—a *QUILL*,
And every *man*—a *SCRIBE* by *trade*;
To *write* the *LOVE* of *God*—to *man*,
Would drain the *OCEAN* dry;
Nor would the *scroll*—contain the *plan*,
Tho' *stretch'd*—from *SKY* to *SKY*.

The *mind*—untaught,
Is a dark *waste*, where *fiends* and *tempests* howl;
As *Phaëbus*—to the *world*, is *science*—to the *soul*.

Anecdote. No hero was more distinguished in ancient times, than Alexander the Great, king of *Macedon*. His courage was *undaunted*, his ambition *boundless*, his friendship *ardent*, his taste *refined*; and what was very *extraordinary*, he seems to have *conversed* with the same fire and spirit, with which he *fought*. *Philip*, his father, knowing him to be very *swift*, wished him to run for the *prize*, at the *Olympic games*. "I would comply with your request," said Alexander, "if *KINGS* were to be my *competitors*."

The ocean—when it rolls aloud—

The tempest—bursting from her cloud,
In one uninterrupted peal!

When darkness sits amid the sky;

And shadowy forms go trooping by;

And everlasting mountains reel—

All—all of this is Freedom's song—

'Tis pealed—'tis pealed eternally!

And all, that winds and waves prolong,

Are anthems rolled to Liberty!

Varieties. 1. Although the *truth* can never come to *condemn*, but to *save*, the world has ever pronounced its *condemnation*. 2. Garbled *extracts* from any work, are no more a correct *representation* of the work, than *stone*, *mortar*, *boards*, *glass*, and *nails*, are a fair specimen of a splendid *palace*. 3. Never let private *interest*, *poverty*, *disgrace*, *danger*, or *death*, *deter* you—from asserting the *liberty* of your *country*, or from transmitting to *posterity*, the sacred *rights* to which you were *born*. 4. What are the pleasures of the *body* senses, without the pleasures of the *soul*? 5. *Themistocles*, when asked to play the *lute*, replied, I cannot play the *fiddle*, but I can make a little *village* a great *city*. 6. The *skin*—co-operates with the *lungs* in purifying the *blood*. 7. *How* shall we know that the *American* government, is founded on the true principles of human *nature*? By learning what the true principles of human nature are and an extensive induction of *facts*, derived from the study of *history*, and our own *observation*.

Yet, though my *dust*—in *earth* be laid,

My life—on *earth*—withdrawn;

'Twill be—but as a fleeting shade

Of *night*—before the *dawn*!

For I shall spring—beyond the *tomb*,

To *new*—immortal prime,

Where all is *light*, and *life*, and *bloom*;

And no more *winter*—time.

I had a friend, that *lov'd* me:

I was his *soul*: he *liv'd* not, but in *me*:

We were so close within each *other's* breast,

The *rivets* were not found, that *join'd* us *first*,

That does not *reach* us *yet*: we were so *mix'd*,

As meeting *streams*; both to *ourselves* were *lost*,

We were one *mass*; we could not *give*, or *take*,

But from the *same*: for he was *I*; *I*, he:

Return, my better half, and give me all *myself*,

For thou art *all*!

If I have any joy when thou art *absent*,

I *grudge* it to *myself*: methinks I *rob*

Thee—of thy *part*.

Stillest streams

Of *water* fairest *meadows*; and the *bird*,

That *flutters* least, is longest on the *wing*.

563. GESTURE, or a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the *body* to the *subject*, is an essential part of *oratory*; and its *power* is *much* greater than that of *words*: for it is the language of *nature*, and makes its way to the *heart*, without the utterance of a single *word*: it affects the *eye*, (which is the quickest of *all* our senses,) and of course, conveys impressions more speedily to the *mind*, than that of the *voice*, which affects the *ear* only. *Nature*, having given to every *sensation* and *feeling* its proper *outward* expression, what we often *mean*, does not depend so much on our *words*, as on our *manner* of *speaking* them. *Art*—only adds *ease* and *gracefulness*, to what *nature* and *reason* dictate. Study the *Gesture Engravings* thoroughly.

All natural objects have
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,
And has connection, by some unseen chain,
With its original source and kindred substance:
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,
Sky-cleaving hills, and in the vast air,
The starry constellations; and the sun,
Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould,
A coexistence and community.



MADNESS AND TERROR.

Stretch of Thought. A fellow-student, in consequence of too close application to study, and neglect of proper *diet* and *exercise*, became partially *deranged*; but being very *harmless*, it was thought best that he should go and come when, and where he pleased; in hope of facilitating his restoration. One Saturday afternoon, he went out through the *gardens* and *fields*, and gathered every variety of flowers, from the modest *violet* to the gaudy *sunflower*,—with which he adorned himself from head to foot, in the most fantastical manner; in which condition he was displaying his imaginary kingly power, on a hillock in the college green, just as the president and one of the professors were going up to attend chapel prayers; when the former observed to the latter—what a great pity that such a noble mind should be thus in ruins! the maniac *hearing* what he said, rose majestically upon his throne, and with a most piercing look and voice, exclaimed; “What is that you say, old president! *you* presume to talk *thus* about *me*? *Solomon*, in all his *glory*, was not arrayed as I am. *You* old *sinner*, come *here*; and I will tear you *limb* from *limb*,—and scatter you through infinite *space*; where *Omniscience* cannot find you, nor *Onnipotence* put you *together* again.

A Great Mistake. The sons of the *rich* so often die *poor*—and the sons of the *poor* so often die *rich*, that it has grown into a *proverb*; and yet, how many parents are laboring and toiling to accumulate *wealth* for their children, and, at the same time, raising them up in habits of *indolence* and *extravagance*. Their sons will scatter their property much sooner than they can gather it together. Let them have their *heads* well stored with useful *knowledge*, and their *hearts* with sound and virtuous *principles*, and they will ordinarily take care of *themselves*. However *affluent* may be his circumstances, yet every parent inflicts upon his son a lasting *injury*, who does not train him up to habits of *virtue*, *industry* and *economy*.

Anecdote. Francis I., king of France, (opponent and rival of Charles V., of Germany,) consulting with his generals, how to lead his army over the *Alps* into *Italy*, his fool, Amarel, sprung from a corner, and advised him to consult how to bring them *back* again.

A child is born. Now take the germ, and make it

A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews

Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it

In richest fragrance, and in purest hues;

When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,

The shelter of affection—ne'er refuse,

For soon, the gathering hand of death will break it

From its weak stem of life,—and it shall lose

All power to charm; but, if that lonely flower

Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,

O, who shall say, that it has lived in vain,

However fugitive—its breathing hour?

For virtue—leaves its sweets wherever tasted,

And scatter'd truth is never, never wasted.

Varieties. 1. All those, who have presented themselves at the door of the world, with a great truth, have been received with stones, or hisses. 2. Who has not observed the changed, and changing condition of the human race? 3. We are indebted to the monastic institutions for the preservation of ancient libraries. 4. No good can bring pleasure, unless it be that, for the loss of which we are prepared. 5. They, who sacrifice at the altar of Apollo, are like those, who drink of the waters of Claros; they receive the gift of divination, they imbibe the seeds of death. 6. The same misconduct which we pardon in ourselves, we condemn in others; because we associate a palliation with the one, which we cannot perceive in the other. 7. What constitutes true marriage?

Sheba—was never

More cautious of wisdom, and fair virtue,

Than this pure soul shall be;

Truth—shall muse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts—still counsel her.

Can you raise the dead!

Pursue, and overtake—the waves of time?

Bring back again—the hours, the days,

The months, the years, that made me happy?

The heart has tendrils—like the vine,

Which round another's bosom twine,

Outspringing from the living tree—

Of deeply-planted sympathy;

Where flowers— are hope, its fruits—are bliss,

Beneficence—its harvest is.

564. VEHEMENCE OF ACTION. *Cicero*—very judiciously observes, that a speaker must *remit*, occasionally, the vehemence of his *actions*, and not utter every passage with all the force, of which he is *capable*; so as to set off, more strongly, the *emphatical* parts; as *painters* make their figures stand out *bold-er*, by means of *light and shades*: there are always *strong points*, as they may be called, in every well written piece, which must always be attended to,—thus *hill and dale*, *mountain and precipice*, *cataract and gulph*: always keep some *resources*, and never utter the *weaker* with all your energy; for if you do, there will be a failing in the *strong points*—the most *pathetic* parts.

In *peace*, there's nothing so *becomes* a man,
As modest *stillness*, and *humility*;
But, when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the *tiger*;
Stiffen the *sinews*, summon up the *blood*,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd *rage*;
Then lend the eye a terrible *aspect*;
Let it pry through the portage of the *head*,
Like the brass *cannon*; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful *ocean*.
Now set the *teeth*, and stretch the *nostril* wide;
Hold hard the *breath* and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on! you noblest English.

465. THE FOREHEAD. To what spectator can the *forehead* appear uninteresting? Here, appear *LIGHT and GLOOM*; *JOY and ANXIETY*, *STUPIDITY, IGNORANCE, and VICE*. On this brazen tablet are engraved *MANY* combinations of *SENSE and of SOUL*. Here, all the *GRACES* revel, and all the *CYCLOPS* thunder. Nature has left it *bare*, that by it, the countenance may be *ENLIGHTENED and DARKENED*. At its *lowest* extremities, *THOUGHTS*—appear changed into *ACTS*; the mind *HERE* collects the powers of *RESISTANCE*; and *HERE* headlong *OBSTINACY*, or wise *PERSEVERANCE* take up their fixed abode.

That brow, which was, to me,
A blooming heaven (it was a heaven, for there
Shone forth twin stars of excellence, so brightly,
As though the winds of paradise had fann'd
Their orb'd lustre, till they beam'd with love;) *That brow*—was as the sleep-imprison'd lake,
Treasuring the *beauty*—of the deep blue *skies*,
Whose charm'd *slumber*, one small *breath* will ruffle.

Anecdote. A commonwealth's man, in *England*, on his way to the *scaffold*, for *truth's* sake, saw his *wife*, looking at him from the *tower* window, and standing up in the *cart* he waved his *hat*, and cried, "To *HEAVEN*, my love, to *HEAVEN*, and I leave you in the *storm* awhile."

Well might Lord Herbert write his love—
Were not our souls—*immortal* made,
Our *equal* love—would make them such.

'Tis sweet to know,—there is an eye—will mark,
Our coming, and look brighter,—when we come.

O, colder—than the *wind*, that freezes
Founts, that but now—in *sunshine* played,
Is that congealing pang, which seizes
The bursting *bosom*, when betrayed.

Three Modes of Forming Theories.

One—to imagine them, and then search for facts to sustain, prove and confirm them; *one*—to collect facts, which are only effects, and out of them to form theories; and *one*—to observe all these facts, and look through them to their causes; which causes constitute the only true theories: then, all known or probable effects, will not only confirm such theories, but they can be explained by these theories. Hence, the true theories of all things, will explain and demonstrate all things, so far as they can be seen and understood; i. e. rationally perceived, according to the state and capacity of the human mind. That which enables one to explain a thing, analytically and synthetically, is the true cause or theory of that thing; thus, true theories are the causes of things, and facts are the legitimate effects of those things. **THE ENDS OF THINGS.** There is one step higher, which must be taken, and then we shall have all, that the human mind can conceive of, or think about; which is the end of things: thus we have ends, causes, and effects; beyond which sphere, man cannot go; for every thing, object or subject, concerning which we can feel, think or act, is either an end, a cause, or an effect; the latter only, are accessible to our senses: the other must be seen intellectually: i. e. in a region of mind above our senses.

Varieties. 1. Can what is *incomprehensible*, be an object of thought? 2. *Humanity, justice, and patriotism*—are qualities—of universal benefit to mankind. 3. The only way to expel what is false from the mind, is to receive the opposite truth. 4. *Faith*—is saving, when we learn truths from the Bible, and live according to them. 5. A man is said to be square, when he does not, from injustice, incline to this or that party. 6. The power of the muscles, is derived through the nerves, as the power of good is from truth. 7. Nothing remains with us, that is not received in freedom.

Look nature through; 'tis revolution all: [night
All change; no death. Day—follows night, and
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth—takes the example. See, the Summer, gay
With her green chaplet—and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter, gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away;—
Then, melts into the Spring. Soft Spring, with
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south, [breath
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend—
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
Say, dear, will you not have me?
Then take the kiss—you gave me;
You elsewhere would, perhaps, bestow it,
And I would be as loath—to owe it;
Or, if you will not take the thing—once given,
Let me—kiss you, and then, we shall be even.

And then, alone, would I mourn;
And count the hours, till his return,
For when—did woman's love expire,
If fondly fanned—the holy fire?
He, that doth public good—for multitudes,
Finds few—are truly grateful.

566. DEMOSTHENES, the most eminent of *Grecian* orators, was born 35 years before the christian era, and died by poison, self-administered, to escape the vengeance of *Antipater*, 322 B.C. He was celebrated on account of the *fire*, *strength*, and *vehemence* of his eloquence, which was excited in rousing the Athenians to



war with the *Macedonians*, and in defeating his rivals, who were bribed by the latter. The characteristics of his oratory were, *strength*, *sublimity*, *piercing energy* and *force*, aided by an *emphatic*, and *vehement* elocution; he sometimes, however, degenerated into *severity*. In reading his orations, we do not meet with any sentiments that are very exalted: they are generally bounded by *self-love* and a love of the *world*. His father died when he was seven years old; and his *guardians* having wasted his property, at the age of seventeen, he appeared against them at the *court*, and plead his own cause *successfully*; which encouraged him to speak before the assembly of the *people*; but he made a perfect failure: after which, he retired, studied and practised in *secret*, until he was twenty-five, when he came forward again, and commenced his brilliant career.

An honest statesman—to a prince—is like

A cedar, planted by a spring, which bathes its

Roots: the grateful tree—rewards it—with the shadow.

By tedious toil,—no passion is expressed:

His hand, who feels the strongest, paints the best.

567. MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the most distinguished of the *Roman* orators, was born 106 years before the birth of Christ; and died at the age of 63. He made the *Greeks* his model; and, as an orator, he possessed the *strength* of *Demosthenes*, the *copiousness* of *Plato*, and the *severity* of *Isocrates*. His first teacher was the poet *Archias*;



and in elocution he was taught by *Apollo-nius Molo* of *Rhodes*; after which he visited *Athens*. and on his return was made *quaestor*, and then *consul*; when he rendered the greatest service to the *state*, by the suppression of the conspiracy of *Catiline*; he was afterwards banished, and voluntarily retired to *Greece*, but was soon honorably recalled; after which, he undertook the *praetorship* of *Cilicia*. In the civil wars of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, he adhered to the party of the latter; and after the battle of *Pharsalia*, was reconciled to *Cæsar*, but was soon slain by *Pompey*, at the instigation of *Marc Antony*.

568. EVE. Are not good sense, and good humor of more advantage than beauty? When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describing *Eve*, in *paradise*, and relating to the angel, the impressions he felt on seeing her, at her first creation, he does not represent her—like a *Grecian Venus*, by her shape, or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them; and gave them their power of charming:

Grace—was in all her steps, heaven—in her eye,
In every gesture—dignity, and love.

Anecdote. A Humane Driver Rewarded. A *Macedonian soldier*, was one day leading before *Alexander* a mule laden with gold for the king's use; and the beast being so tired, that he could not go, or sustain the load, his driver took it off, and, with great difficulty, carried it himself a considerable way. *Alexander*, seeing him just sinking under the burden, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Do not be weary yet; try and carry it through to the tent, for it is all thy own."

Faint not, heart of man! though years waste slow!

There have been those, that, from the deepest caves,
And cells of night, and fastness, below
The stormy dashing of the ocean-waves,—

Down, farther down—than gold lies hid, have nurs'd
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
On the bright day, like weakners from the graves!

Varieties. 1. When we go out, let us consider what we have to do; and when we return, what we have done. 2. There are many subjects, that are not easily understood; but it is easy to misrepresent them; and when arguments cannot be controverted, it is not difficult for the uncharitable—to calumniate motives. 3. A man's true character is a greater secret to himself, than to others; if he judge himself, he is apt to be partial; if he asks the opinions of others, he is liable to be deceived. 4. Really learned persons never think of having finished their education, for they are students during life. 5. The insults of others can never make us wretched, or resentful, if our hearts are right; the ripper, that stings us, is within. 6. Beware of drawing too broad and strong conclusions—from feeble and ill-defined premises. 7. When human policy wraps one end of the chain round the ankle of a man, divine justice rivets the other end round the neck of the tyrant. 8. All who have been great, without religion, would undoubtedly have been much greater, and better—with it.

QUALITIES—SURPASSING LOVELINESS.

She had read

Her father's well-filled library—with profit,—
And could talk charmingly. Then she would sing,
And play, too, passably,—and dance with spirit;
She sketch'd from nature well, and studied flowers,
Which was enough, alone, to love her for;
Yet she was knowing—in all needle-work,—
And shone—in dairy,—and in kitchen, too,—
As in the PARLOR.

The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God,
Surveys far on—the endless line of life;
Values his soul; thinks of eternity;
Both worlds considers, and provides for both;
With reason's eye—his passions guards; abstaining
From evil; lives on hope—on hope, the fruit
Of faith; looks upward; purifies his soul;
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house;
And drinks—with angels—from the fount of bliss.

569. RHETORICAL ACTION—respects the attitude, gesture, and expression of the countenance. Words cannot represent certain peculiarities; they depend on the actor. Simplicity, or a strict adherence to the modesty of nature—correctness—or adaption to the word—and beauty, as opposed to awkwardness—are the principal marks of good action. Beauty belongs to objects of sight. Action should be easy, natural, varied, and directed by passion. Avoid affectation and display; for they disgust. The best artists are famous for simplicity, which has an enchanting effect. Profuse decorations indicate a wish to supply the want of genius by multiplying inferior beauties. There is in every one an indescribable something, which we call nature, that perceives and recognizes the inspirations of nature; therefore, after bringing your voice under your control, if you enter fully into the spirit of the composition, and let your feelings prompt and govern your action, you cannot greatly err. The victory is half won when you fully feel and realize what you read or speak. Resolve to acquire the power, the witchery, the soul of elocution—that lightning of ancient times which poured a blaze of light on the darkest understanding, and that thunder which awakens the dead.

They never fail—who die

In a great cause: the *block*—may soak their *gore*:
Their *heads*—may sadden in the *sun*; their *limbs*
Be strung to *city gates*—and *castle walls*—
But *still*—their *spirit* walks abroad. Tho' *years*
Elapse, and *others*—share as *dark a doom*,
They but *augment* the *deep* and *swelling* thoughts
Which overpower all *others*, and conduct
The world, at last, to *FREEDOM*.

570. This system teaches you to harmonize matter and manner, to imbibe the author's feelings, to bring before you all the circumstances, and plunge amid the living scenes, and feel that what you describe is present, and actually passing before you. Speak of truths as truths, not as fictions. Give the strongest, freest, truest expression of the natural blendings of thought and emotion; break thro' all arbitrary restraint, and submit, after proper trainings, to the suggestions of reason and nature. Let your manner be earnest, collected, vigorous, self-balanced. In the *introduction*, be respectful, modest, conciliatory, winning, rather mild and slow; in the *discussion*, clear, energetic; in the *application*, animated, pathetic, persuasive.

All—some force obey!

Gold—will *dissolve*, and *diamonds*—melt away;
Marble—obeys the *chisel*, and the *saw*;
And *solar*—beams—a rock of *ice* will thaw;
The *flaming forge* o'ercomes well-temper'd *steel*;
And *flinty glass*—is fashioned at the *wheel*:
But man's rebellious *heart*—no *power* can bend,
No *flames* can *soften*, no *concussion*—rend;
Till the pure spirit *soften*, *pierce* and *melt*,
And the warm *blood*—is in the *conscience* felt.

571. Look your hearers in the face—give yourself, body and soul, to the subject—let not the attention be divided between the manner and matter. Practice in private to establish correct habits of voice and gesture, and become so familiar with all rules as not to think of them when exercising. The head, face, eyes, hands, and upper part of the body are principally employed in oratorical action. The soul speaks most intelligibly in the muscles of the face, and through the eye, which is the chief seat of expression; let the internal man, and the external

correspond. An erect attitude, and a firmness of position, denote majesty, activity, strength; the leaning—affection, respect, earnestness of entreaty, dignity of composure, indifference, dis-ease. The air of a person expresses a language easily understood. The husbandman, dandy, gentleman and military chief bespeak the habits and qualities of each. The head gently reclined, denotes grief, shame; erect—courage, firmness; thrown back or shaken—dissent; forward—assent. The hand raised and inverted—repels, more elevated and extended—surprise, astonishment; placed on the mouth—silence; on the head, pain; on the breast—affection, or appeal to conscience: elevated—defiance; both raised and palms united—supplication; gently clasped—thankfulness; wrung—agony.

Anecdote. *Tyrolese Songs.* In the mountains of *Tyrol*, hundreds of *women* and *children*—come out, at *bed-time*, and sing their national *songs*, until they hear their *husbands*, *fallers*, and *brothers*, answer them from the *hills* on their return *home*. Upon the shore of the *Adriatic*, the wives of the *fishermen* come down, about *sunset*, and sing one of their *melodies*. They sing the *first* verse, and then *listen*—for sometime: then they sing a *second*; and so on, till they hear the *answer* from the *fishermen*, who are thus guided to their *homes*.

Hail *memory*, hail! in thy exhaustless *mine*,
From *age*—to *age*, unnumbered *treasures* shine!
Thought, and her shadowy *brood*, thy *call* obey,
And *place*, and *time*, are subject to thy *sway*!
Thy pleasures *most* we feel, when *most alone*,
The *only* pleasures we can call our *own*.
Lighter than *air*, *Hope's* summer visions fly,
If but a *fleeting cloud* obscure the *sky*;
If but a beam of sober *Reason* play,
Lo! *Fancy's* fairy frost—work melts away:
But, can the wiles of *art*, the grasp of *power*,
Snatch the rich *relics* of a well-spent *hour*?
These, when the trembling *spirit* takes her flight,
Pour round her path a *stream* of living *light*,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of *rest*,
Where *VIRTUE*—triumphs, and her *sons* are *blest*.

Varieties. 1. *Costume*, when once regulated by *true science*, and *art*, remains in unchangeable good taste; comfortable, convenient, as well as *picturesque* and *becoming*. 2. In 1756, a white headed old *woman*—died in *London*, whose hair sold for 244 dollars to a ladies' *periwig* maker. 3. In some countries, *intellect* has sway; in some—*wealth*; and in others—*beauty* and *rank*; but the most powerful influence in the best societies, is *goodness* combined with *truth* in *practice*. 4. *Merit*—in the *inheritor*, alone makes valid an inheritance of glory in *ancestry*. 5. Why does *new sweet* milk become *sour*—during a *thunder* storm? 6. Why can no other nation make a *Chinese* *gong*? 7. Is not the *American* government founded upon the true principles of human *nature*? 8. How prone *many* are, to worship the *creature* more than the *Creator*! 9. When *apparent* truths are taken, and confirmed for *real* ones, they become *fallacies*. 10. *Actions*—show *best* the *nature* of the law of *life*; and *deeds*—show the *man*.

In all thy humors, whether *grave* or *mellow*,
Thou'rt such a *touchy*, *testy*, *pleasant* fellow; [thee,
Hast so much *wit*, and *mirth*, and *spleen* about
That there's no living *with* thee, or *without* thee.

572. The emphatic strokes of the hand accompany emphasis; its elevated termination suits high passion; horizontal—decision; downward movement—disapprobation. Avoid excess, violence and constancy of action; gentleness, tranquillity and dignity prevail more. What is the appropriate gesture in this? “Light are the outward signs of evil thought; within, *within*—’twas there the spirit wrought.” Middle finger of the right hand points to the body—its fore-finger gently laid in the palm of the left, in deliberation, proof, or argumentation—sometimes it is pressed hard on the palm. The left hand often acts with great significance with the right; rarely used alone in the principal gestures, except when something on the left hand is spoken of, as contradistinguished from something on the right, and when two things are contrasted. Motion of the hands should correspond with those of the eyes. Rules say, “Do not raise the hands above the head;” but if natural passion prompts them—it will be well done; for passion knows more than art.

Our thoughts are boundless, tho’ our frames are frail,
Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay:
Though *darken’d*—in this poor life, by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In *Truth’s* eternal sunbeams; on the way
To *Heaven’s* high capitol—our car shall roll;
The temple—of the *power*, whom all obey;
That is the mark—we tend to, for the soul
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

573. Keep the hands out of your pockets—don’t finger your watch-key or chain—let your business influence you. Feel your subject thoroughly and speak without fear: have a style and manner of your own, for an index to yourself. Expression is the looking out of the soul, through the eyes, which are its windows, into the natural world. The body should generally be erect: not constantly changing, nor always motionless—declining in humiliation—rising in praise and thanksgiving; should accompany motion of the hands, head, and eyes; never turn your back on the audience. Do not appear haughty, nor the reverse; nor reel the head to one shoulder—nor stand like a post; avoid tossings of the body from side to side, rising on tip-toe, writhing of the shoulders. Study well the engravings; their position, gracefulness and awkwardness: some are designated for both—discriminate, which to imitate, which to avoid—refer *within*, to your own nature, for dictation—and never adopt any gesture that you do not make your own by appropriation. All gestures must originate within. Let everything you do and say correspond.

The Muse of inspiration—plays
O’er every scene; she walks the forest-maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet *man*—regards it not!
She whispers round; her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger—freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart—to thaw them into song.

574. Some of the sources of faults in action, are unmanly diffidence, which makes one appalled at his audience, or makes him fear to stir, lest he make a mistake; and servile imitation—whence is a want of action, excess or awkwardness, or undue regard to improper models. Do not become an artificial, made-up character, a compound of affectation and imitation, a poor creature of borrowed shreds and patches: preserve your own identity.

Of those few fools who with ill stars are curst,
Sure scribbling fools, call’d poets, fare the worst:
For they’re a set of fools which Fortune makes,
And after she has made them fools, forsakes.

In *man* or *woman*, but far *most* in *man*,
And *most* of *all*—in *man* that *ministers*
And serves the *altar*, in my *soul*—I *loathe*
All *affectation*. ‘Tis my perfect *scorn*;
Object—of my implacable *disgust*.
What!—will a *man* play *tricks*, will he indulge
A *silly*—fond conceit—of his fair *form*
And just *proportion*, fashionable *mien*,
And pretty *face*, in presence of his *God*?
Or, will he seek to dazzle me with *tropes*,
As with the *diamond* on his *lily hand*,
And play his brilliant *parts* before my eyes
When I am hungry for the BREAD of LIFE?
He mocks his *Maker*, prostitutes and shames
His noble *office*, and, instead of *truth*,
Displaying his *own* beauty, starves his *flock*.
Therefore, avaunt all *attitude* and *stare*,
And start theatric, practis’d at the *glass*!
I seek divine *simplicity*—in him,
Who handles *things* *divine*; and *all*—besides,
Tho’ learn’d with *labor*, and tho’ much admir’d
By curious eyes, and judgments ill-inform’d,
To me is *odious*—as the nasal *twang*
Heard at *conventicle*, where *worthy* men,
Misled by *custom*, strain *celestial* themes
Through the press’d nostril, *spectacle*-bedstrid.

Anecdote. *Indian Virtue.* A married woman, of the *Shawnee* Indians, made this beautiful reply—to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. “*Oulman*, my husband,” said she, “who is forever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person.”

So dear to Heaven—is saintly chastity,
That when a soul—is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels—lackey her,
Driving far off—each thing of sin, and guilt;
And, in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse—with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam—on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it, by degrees, to the soul’s essence,
Till all—be made immortal!

Varieties. 1. Children learn but little from what they read, while the attention is divided between the sense and making out the words. 2. Few parents and teachers are aware of the pre-eminent importance of oral over book instruction. 3. Truths, inculcated without any sense of delight, are like seeds, whose living germ has been destroyed; and which, therefore, when sown, can never come to anything. 4. The idea of the Lord, coming into the world, to instruct us, and make us good, is an idea particularly delightful to young children, as well as to those of riper years. 5. We were not created—to live on the earth, one moment in vain; every moment has a commission, connected with eternity; and each minute, improved, gives power to the next minute, to proceed with an accelerated ratio and impulse.

Let talkers talk; stick thou to what is best,
To think of pleasing all, is all a jest.

Let conquerors—boast
Their fields of fame: he, who in virtue, arms
A young, warm spirit—against beauty’s charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

575. Stability of position, facility of change, and general grace of action, depend on the right use of the feet; [see the engravings of them,] the motions of children are graceful, because prompted by nature: see how the different passions affect their countenances; what a pity they are not kept on in this way, without being led by their teachers into captivity to bad habits. Keep your mind collected and composed; guard against bashfulness, which will wear off by opposition. One generally has confidence in doing anything with whose manner he is familiar. Assurance is attained by—1, entirely mastering your subject, and a consciousness that what you have to deliver is worth hearing—2, by wholly engaging in it, mind intent on it, and heart warmed with it: never be influenced by approbation or disapprobation; master yourself; but how can you unless you know yourself?

Think'st thou—there are no *serpents* in the world,
But those, which slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot, that presses them?
There are, who, in the path of social life,
Do bask their spotted skins—in *Fortune's* sun,
And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame
Is chang'd to secret, festering, sore disease—
So deadly—is the wound.

576. Look at the limbs of a willow tree, gently and variously waving before the breeze, cutting curved lines, which are lines of beauty; and cultivate a graceful, easy, flowing and forcible gesticulation. Adapt your action, as well as vocal powers, to the occasion and circumstances—the action to the word, and the word to the action. A young speaker may be more various than an old one. Do not act words instead of ideas; i. e. not make gestures to correspond, when you speak of anything small, low, up, large, &c. Let the voice, countenance, mien, and gesture, conspire to drive home to the judgment and heart, your impassioned appeals, cogent arguments, strong conclusions, and deep convictions. Let Nature, guided by science, be your oracle, and the voice of unsophisticated feeling your monitor. Fill your soul with the mighty purpose of becoming an orator, and turn aside from no labor, shrink from no effort, that are essential to the enterprise. Self-made men are the glory of the world.

Man—is a *harp*, whose chords *elude* the sight;
Each yielding harmony, disposed aright:
The screws reversed,
Ten thousand *thousand* strings at once go loose,—
Lost, till he *tune* them, all their *power* and use.

I have read the instructed volume,
Of human nature; there, long since, have learned,
The way—to conquer men—is by their passions:
Catch—but the ruling foible of their hearts,
And all their boasted virtues—shrink—before you.

577. EDUCATION—is a companion, which no misfortune can suppress, no cline destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home—a friend, abroad—an introduction; in solitude a solace, in society, an ornament. It lessens vice, it guards virtue; it gives, at once, a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? a splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating, between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

It is a note

Of upstart greatness—to observe and watch
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind—
Neglects, and scorns.

Anecdote. Somewhere. One gentleman riding in a stage-coach, with another, observed to him,—“Sir, I think, I have seen you somewhere.” “I presume you have, Sir,” replied the other; “for I have been there very often.”

Brute force—may crush the heart, but cannot kill;

The mind, that thinks, no terrors can compel;

But it will speak at length, and boldly tell

The world its weakness, and its rights; the night

Our race so long has grop'd through, since man fell

From his imagin'd Eden of delight,

Must, will, ere long, retire from Truth's fast dawning light.

Varieties. 1. Mind may act on mind, though bodies be far divided. 2. A bold man, or a fool must be he, who would change his lot with another. 3. A wise man,—scorneth nothing, be it ever so small or homely. 4. Mind—is a perpetual motion; for it is a running stream, from an unfathomable source, the depth of the DIVINE INTELLIGENCE. 5. Nature—is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes; Art—the shadow of his wisdom, and copieth his resources. 6. In a dream, thou mayest live a lifetime, and all be forgotten in the morning. 7. A letter timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection. 8. As frost to the bud, and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship. 9. Confidence—cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate. 10. Those hours are not lost, that are spent in cementing affection. 11. Character—is mainly modeled, by the cast of the minds that surround it. 12. The company a man chooseth, is a visible index of his heart.

A drainless shower

Of light—is poetry; 'tis the supreme of power;

'Tis night—slumbering on its own right arm.

A generous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,

Is like the steely vigor of the bow,

Still holds its native rectitude, and bends

But to recoil more forceful.

Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing

Though th' ungrateful subjects of their favors [good,

Are barren in return.

Cowards—are scar'd with threat'nings; boys are

Into confessions; but a steady mind [whipp'd

Acts of itself,—ne'er asks the body counsel.

The mind—is full

Of curious changes, that perplex itself,

Just like the visible world; and the heart—ebbs

Like the great sea; first flows, and then retires,

And on the passions doth the spirit ride,

Through sunshine—and in rain, from good—to ill,

Then to deep vice, and so on—back to virtue;

Till, in the grave, that universal calm,

We sleep—the sleep of death.

Virtue, while 't is free from blame,

Is modest, lovely, meek, and unassuming;

Not apt, like fearful vice, to shield its weakness

Beneath the studied pomp of boastful phrase,

Which swells, to hide the poverty it shelters;

But, when this virtue—feels itself suspected,

Insulted, set at nought, its whiteness stain'd,

It then grows proud, forgets its humble worth,

And rates itself—above its real value.

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

578. SUGGESTIONS. The author is aware, from *experience*, that there are *many* things tending to discourage a new *beginner* in declamation; *one* is, a consciousness of his own *awkwardness*; which teaches us the importance of knowing *how* to do a thing, before attempting it in the presence of *others*. Let him select a *short*, and *ordinary* piece, first, and commit it *perfectly* to memory, and be *sure* that he understands every *word* of the author. Never appear in an *improper dress*; let your clothing be *clean* and *neat*, and properly adjusted to the body; neither too *loose*, nor too *tight*. Never be influenced, *one way* or *another*, by what your *companions* may say, or do; be your *own* master, and feel *determined* to succeed; at the same time, you may be as *modest* and *unassuming* as you please, the *more* so the *better*: let your *subject* and *object* be to you *ALL IN ALL*.

Applause—

Waits on *success*: the *fickle multitude*,
Like the *light straw*, that floats along the *stream*,
Glide with the *current still*, and follow *fortune*.
Men judge *actions*—always by *events*:
But, when we manage, by a *just foresight*,
Success—is *prudence*, and *possession*—*right*.

579. OUR BOOK. In this *abridged* outline of the *Principles of Elocution*, the author has endeavored to appreciate the *age* and *state* of those, who will be likely to *read*, or *study* the work; for it is designed for *both* purposes; and if the *reader*, or *student*, shall experience a *tithe* of the pleasure in rightly *using* it, as the *author* has in *writing* it, his aspirations will be fully realized. The more these subjects are *examined*, and their principles applied to *practice*, the more will it be *seen* and *felt*, that no one can become a *GOOD ELOCUTIONIST*, unless he studies *BODY* and *MIND*, *MATTER* and *SPIRIT*; and makes the results his *own*, by actual *appropriation*; *science* and *art*, *theory* and *practice*, must go hand in hand, to *develop* and *perfect* us for *EARTH* or *HEAVEN*.

If you did know—to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know—for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for *what* I gave the ring,
And how *unwillingly*—I left the ring,
When *nought* would be accepted—but the ring,
You would *abate* the strength of your *displeasure*.

As *travelers*—oft look back, at *eve*,
When *eastward*—darkly going,
To gaze—upon that light—they *leave*,
Still faint *behind* them—*glowing*,—
So, when the close of *pleasure's* day—
To *gloom* hath *near* consign'd us,
We turn—to catch one *fading ray*
Of *joy*, that's left *behind* us.

Miscellaneous. 1. A *wise man*—is willing to profit by the errors of *others*; because he does not, under the impulse of *pride*, *condemn* and *despise* them; but, while his *judgment*—disapproves, his *heart*—*pities* them. 2. It is the constant *tendency* of man, when in a *perverted* state of the will, and according to the *state* of such *perversion*, to make the *reason*, or understanding, *everything*, and to pay *little* or *no* attention to the state of the *affections*; and also to regulate his *actions* more by *external*, than *internal* considerations; *this* state and tendency is the *cause*

of the prevalence of the pride of *science* in the *literary* world. 3. The *true christian* has no confidence in mere *feelings*, or in that sort of *good*, which, being without *truth*, its appointed *guide* and *protector*, is *transient* and *inoperative*.

Anecdote. A *Wise Decision*. Eliza *Anbert*, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discarded a gentleman, to whom she was to have been *married*, because he ridiculed *religion*. Having given him a gentle *reproof*, he replied, "that a man of the *world* could not be so *old-fashioned*, as to regard *God* and *religion*." Eliza *started*; but, on *recovering* herself, said, "From *this* moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard *religion*, I cease to be *yours*. He, who does not *love* and *honor* *God*, can never love his *wife*, *constantly* and *sincerely*."

Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven;

A spark of that immortal fire

With angels shared, by Alla given,

To lift from earth our low desire

Devotion wafts the mind above,

But Heaven itself descends in love;

A feeling from the Godhead caught,

To wean from self each sordid thought;

A ray of him who form'd the whole;

A glory circling round the soul!

Varieties. 1. Neglect not time *present*; despair not of time *past*; never despair. 2. *Infamy*—is where it is *received*. If thou art a *mud wall*, it will *stick*,—if *marble*, it will *rebound*. If thou *storm* at it, it is *thine*; if thou *contemn* it,—it is *gone*. 3. *Ridicule* seems to dishonor, worse than dishonor itself. 4. It is *heaven*, on *earth*, to have the mind move in *charity*, rest in *Providence*, and turn on the *truth*. 5. A *long* life may be passed without finding a *friend*, in whose *understanding* and *virtue*, we can equally *confide*, and whose *opinion* we can value at once for its *justice* and *sincerity*. 6. A *weak* man, however *honest*, is not qualified to *judge*. 7. A man of the *world*, however penetrating, is not fit to *counsel*. 8. What is the great, *essential* evil of *intemperance*? The *voluntary* extinction of *reason*. 9. What breaks the *heart* of the drunkard's *wife*? It is not, that he is *poor*; but, that he is a *drunkard*. 10. How shall we *arrest*, how *suppress* this great evil! To *rescue* men, we must act on them *inwardly*, and *outwardly*; by giving *strength within*, to withstand the *temptation*, and *remove* the temptation *without*.

Thou sun, (said I.) fair light!

And thou enlightened earth, so *fresh*, and *gay*;

Ye *hills*, and *dales*, ye *rivers*, *woods* and *plains*,

And ye, that live and move, fair *creatures*, tell,

Tell—if you know, how *came* I thus; how *here*?

Flowers—are the alphabet of *angels*, whereby

They write on *hills*, and *fields*, mysterious *truths*.

Riches, like *insects*, when *concealed*, they lie,

Wait but for their *wings*, and in their *season*, *fly*.

N. B. The latter part of the work is much abridged, and portions of the original matter omitted, to make more room for the Readings and Recitations, and still keep the book, within what are deemed proper limits: this will rationally account for its incoherency, as well as brevity.—One more last word to the pupil. FEEL RIGHT—THINK RIGHT, AND ACT RIGHT, AND YOU SHALL BECOME ALL THAT YOU ARE CAPABLE OF, AND ALL THAT YOU CAN DESIRE.

Notes. In these exercises, there is a continual recurrence of the preceding principles, and all designed for *thinkers* and *workers*. As there are no such things as TIME and SPACE belonging to the mind, the nearer we approach to their annihilation, the more readily can we memorize: for which reason small type are used; and also variety, for the purpose of assisting in the preservation of the sight, and maintaining our independence of spectacles: in consideration of which, it should be observed, that books must be read, by varying their distances from the eyes; sometimes quite near, at others farther off: also practice the sight in looking at surrounding objects, in their proper positions from nearest to farthest.

580. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. Among various excellent arguments—for the immortality of the soul, there is *one* drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing, almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years, he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present.

Man does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in *animals*, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a *man*—can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.

Would an infinitely wise Being—make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents, that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified?

How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on *this* world as only a nursery for the *next*, and believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear, in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence *here*, and afterwards, to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread, and flourish—to all eternity!—*Addison*.

VIRTUOUS FRIENDSHIP.

Is aught so fair,

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn;
In nature's fairest forms,—is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear, that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
The gate? where honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love, protect the scene?

That—I spent,—that—I had;

That—I gave,—that—I have;

That—I left,—that—I lost.

581. FANCIED INFALLIBILITY. When man has looked about him, as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen; when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did, nor ever can shoot better, or beyond it; his own reason is the certain measure of truth; his own knowledge, of what is possible in nature; though his mind and his thoughts, change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features: nay, though his opinions change every week or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived.

OUR TOILS AND THEIR REWARD.

He, who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks, most wrapt in clouds, and
He, who surpasses, or subdues mankind, [snow;
Must look down on the hate, of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread;
Round him, are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests, on his naked head, [led.
And thus, reward the toils, which to those summits

582. PARTS OF THE WHOLE. This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though no bigger in appearance than the diamond, that glitters on a lady's ring, is really, a vast globe, like the sun in size, and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence,—all which are lost to our sight, in unmeasurable wilds of ether.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies;
And all that's best, of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect, and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light,
Which heaven, to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts, serenely sweet, express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days, in goodness spent,
A mind at peace, with all below,
A heart, whose love, is innocent!

Men—are made to bend

Before the *mighty*, and to follow on
Submissive, where the *great* may lead—the *great*,
Whose might—is not in *crowns* and *palaces*,
In *parchment-rolls*, or *blazon'd heraldry*,
But in the power of *thought*, the energy
Of unsupported *mind*, whose steady *will*
No *force* can daunt, no tangled *path* divert
From its right *onward* purpose.

Will he be *idle*, who has much to *enjoy*?

583. CHANGING AND UNCHANGING. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves; we can look to the throne of God: change and decay have never reached that; the revolution of ages has never moved it; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

INFANT SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

Sleep on, sweet babe! the flowers, that wake
Around thee, are not half so fair;
Thy dimpling smiles, unconscious break,
Like sunlight, on the vernal air.
Sleep on! no dreams of care are thine,
No anxious thoughts, that may not rest;
For angel arms around thee twine,
To make thy infant slumbers bless'd.

Perchance *her* spirit hovers near,
Whose name, thy infant beauty bears,
To guard thine eyelids, from the tear
That every child of sorrow shares.

O! may thy life, like hers endure,
Unsullied to its spotless close;
And bend to earth, as calm and pure
As ever bowed the summer rose.—*Daves.*

584. The estimate and valor of a man, consist in the heart, and in the will; there, his true honor lives; valor is stability, not of legs and arms, but of courage, and the soul; it does not lie in the valor of our horse, nor of our arms, but in ourselves. He, that falls obstinate in his courage, *Si succiderit de genu pugnabit*; if his legs fail him, fights upon his knees.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hast thou sounded the *depths*—of yonder sea,
And counted the *sands*, that under it be?
Hast thou measured the *height*—of heaven above?
Then—mayest thou mete out—the *mother's* love.
Hast thou talked with the *blessed*, of leading on,
To the *throne* of God—some wandering son?
Hast thou witnessed the *angels'* bright employ?
Then—mayest thou speak of a *mother's* joy.
Evening and *morn*—hast thou watched the *bee*
Go forth, on her errands of *industry*?
The *bee*, for *herself*, hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the *mother's* cares—are all for her *child*.
Hast thou gone with the *traveler*, *Thought*, afar,
From *pole* to *pole*, and from *star* to *star*?
Thou *hast*—but on *ocean*, *earth*, or *sea*,
The *heart* of a *mother*—has gone with thee.
There is not a grand, inspiring *thought*,
There is not a *truth*—by *wisdom* taught,
There is not a *feeling*, pure and high,
That may not be read—in a *mother's* eye.
There are teachings on *earth*, and *sky*, and *air*,
The *heavens*—the glory of God declare;
But *louder*—than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak—through a *mother's* love.

585. BALANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUAL. An extensive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to the conclusion,—that among the different conditions, and ranks of men, the balance of happiness—is preserved, in a great measure, equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compensations, both of pleasure, and of pain, universally take place. Providence never intended, that any state here, should be either completely happy, or entirely miserable. If the feelings of pleasure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, such, also, are those of pain. If greatness flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increases our gratifications, it increases, in the same proportion, our desires and demands. If the poor—are confined to a more narrow circle, yet, within that circle, lie most of those natural satisfactions, which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the most genuine and true. In a state, therefore, where there is neither so much to be coveted, on the one hand, nor to be dreaded, on the other, as at first appears, how submissive ought we to be—to the disposal of Providence! how temperate—in our desires, and pursuits! how much more attentive—to preserve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful, and equivocal advantages of worldly prosperity.—*Blair.*

A RAINY DAY.

It rains. What lady—loves a rainy day?
Not she, who puts prunello on her foot,
Zephyrs around her neck, and silken socks
Upon a graceful ankle,—nor yet she,
Who sports her tasseled parasol along
The walks, beau-crowded, on some sunny noon,
Or trips in muslin, in a winter's night,
On a cold sleigh-ride—to a distant ball.
She loves a rainy day, who sweeps the hearth,
And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn, or thread-bare sleeve;
Who blesses God, that she has friends at home;
Who, in the pelting of the storm, will think
Of some poor neighbor, that she can befriend;
Who trims the lamp at night, and reads aloud,
To a young brother, tales he loves to hear;
Or ventures cheerfully abroad, to watch
The bedside of some sick, and suffering friend,
Administering that best of medicines,
Kindness, and tender care, and cheering hope;
Such—are not sad, e'en on a rainy day.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chace.
The cit hunts a plum—while the soldier hunts
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name; [fame,
And the practis'd coquette, tho' she seems to re-
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues. [fuse,
He's on his guard, who *knows* his enemy;
And *innocence*—may *sofely* trust her shield
Against an open foe; but *who's* so mailed,
That *slander* shall not reach him? Coward
Stabs in the dark. [calumny

Heaven's great view is *one*, and that—the *whole*.

587. OUR COUNTRY. And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace, and the works of peace; let us develop the resources of our land; call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-six states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.—*Webster.*

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

In full-blown dignity—see Wolsey stand,
Law—in his voice, and fortune—in his hand; [sign;
To him, the church, the realm, their powers con-
Through him, the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod, the stream of honor flows;
His smile alone, security bestows.
Still, to new heights, his restless wishes tower;
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest, unresisted, ceased to please,
And rights submitted—left him none to seize.
At length, his sovereign frowns; the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye;
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.
How drops, at once, the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord!
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs—reproach the faith of kings.

Expectation. It is proper for *all* to remember, that they ought not to raise *expectation*, which it is not in their power to *satisfy*, and that it is more pleasing to see *smoke* brightening into *flame*, than *flame*—sinking into *smoke*.

Frailty—thy name is *Man*; the *earth*—waits her *king*.

Frailty—thy name is *Woman*; the *earth*—waits her *queen*.

588. MORAL EFFECTS OF INTemperance. The sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies, which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins, and suffers; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain, and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again;" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed on the doorposts of his dwelling. In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely, and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch, abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters, and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave, with feeble stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry, that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.—*Beecher.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down, like a wolf—on the fold,
And his cohorts—were gleaming—in purple, and gold;
And the sheen of his spears—was like stars—on the sea,
When the blue wave—rolls nightly, on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest—when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow lay withered and strown.
For the angel of death—spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe, as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers—waxed deadly, and chill,
And their hearts, but once heaved, and forever were still!
And there—lay the steed, with his nostrils all wide,
But through them—there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping—lay white on the turf,
And cold—as the spray of the rock—heaving surf.
And there—lay the rider, distorted, and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances—unlifted, the trumpets—unblown.
And the widows of Ashur—are lone in their wail,
And the idols are broke—in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord!—*Byron.*
Justice—is as strictly due between neighbor nations, as between neighbor citizens.
A *highwayman* is as much a *robber*, when he plunders in a *gang*, as when *single*, and a *nation*, that makes an *unjust* war, is only a *great gang*.

True happiness—is to no *place* confined:
But *still* is found—in a contented *mind*

597. NATIONAL GLORY.

We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown, that we have lost nothing, either in rights, territory, or honor; nothing, for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our *own*. Have we gained nothing—by the war? Let any man—look at the degraded condition of this country—*before* the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability, and character, *abroad*, security, and confidence, at *home*. If we have *not* obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character, and constitution, are placed on a solid basis, *never* to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons, and our Browns on the land—is that—nothing? True we had our vicissitudes: there are humiliating events, which the patriot cannot review, without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man, who would obliterate, from the proud pages of our history, the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land, and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man, who could not desire a participation—in the national glory, acquired by the war? Yes, *national* glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ—preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi—continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains, and the Alleghenies—to her Delta, and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate *future* patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen, in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice of the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character—is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people. I *love true glory*. It is this sentiment which *ought* to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will rise triumphant, and finally conduct this nation to that height—to which nature, and nature's God—have destined it.—*Clay*.

598. THE FLIGHT OF XERES.

I saw him—on the battle-eve,

When, like a king, he bore him,—

Proud hosts, in glittering helm, and greave,

And prouder chiefs—before him:

The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—

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The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—

No daunting thoughts—came o'er him;

He looked around him, and his eye—

Defiance flashed—to earth, and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast

Was covered—with his fleet;

On earth: and saw, from east—to west,

His bannered millions meet:

While rocky, and glen, and cave, and coast,

Shook—with the war-cry of that host,

The thunder—of their feet!

He heard—the imperial echoes ring,—

He heard,—and felt himself—a king.

I saw him, next, alone: nor camp,

Nor chief, his steps attended;

Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp,

With war-cries, proudly blended,

He, stood alone, whom fortune high,

So lately, seemed to deify;

He, who with heaven contended,

Fled, like a fugitive, and slave!

Behind—the foe; *before*—the wave.

He stood; fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—

Alone, and in despair!

But wave, and wind—swept ruthless on,

For *they* were monarchs there;

And Xeres, in a single bark,

Where late—his thousand ships were dark,

Must all their fury dare:

What a revenge—a trophy, this—

For thee, immortal Salamis!—*Jewsbury*.

599. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the splendence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon. They brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee, in heaven, light of the silent night! The stars, in thy presence, turn away their sparkling eyes.

Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows! Hast thou thy hall, like Ossian? Dweldest thou in the shadow of grief! Have thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they, who rejoice with thee at night, no more? Yes! they have fallen, fair light! and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail, one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven.

The stars will then lift up their heads, and rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind, that the daughter of night may look forth: that the slaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light.

SHIP.

Her sails were set, but the dying wind

Searce wooed them, as they trembled on the yard

With an uncertain motion. She arose,

As a swan rises on her gilded wings,

When on a lake, at sunset, she uprears

Her form from out the waveless stream, and steers

Into the far blue ether—so, that ship

Seem'd lifted from the waters, and suspended,

Wing'd with her bright sails, in the silent air.

For *age*, and *want*, *serve*—while you may;

No *morning* sun—lasts a *whole* day.

592. A BATTLE-FIELD. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion, to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment—vanishes in a moment; every other emotion—gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities, we remember nothing, but the respect and tenderness, due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left, without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while their blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near, to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave, unnoticed, and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

593. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum | was heard | nor a funeral | note,
As his corse | to the ramparts | we hurried,
Not a soldier | discharged | his farewell shot,
O'er the grave | where our hero | we buried.
We buried him | darkly | at dead of night,
The turf | with our bay'nets | turning.
By the struggling moonbeam's | misty light,
And our lanterns | dimly burning.
Few and short | were the prayers | we said,
And we spoke | not a word | of sorrow, [dead,
But we steadfastly gazed | on the face | of the
And we bitterly thought | on the morrow.
No useless coffin | confined his breast,
Nor in sheet | nor in shroud | we bound him,
But he lay | like a warrior | taking his rest,
With his martial cloak | around him.
We thought | as we heaped | the narrow bed,
And smoothed down | his lonely pillow,
That the foe | and the stranger | would tread o'er
And we | far away | on the billow. [his head,
Lightly they'll talk | of the spirit | that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes | upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck | if they let him sleep on,
In the grave | where a Briton has laid him.
But half | our heavy task | was done,
When the clock | told the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant | and random gun,
That the foe | was suddenly firing.
Slowly | and sadly | we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh, and gory,
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him | alone in his glory.

594. CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

Honor—is the subject of my story ;—
I cannot tell what you, and other men—
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe—of such a thing—as myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;
We have both fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For, once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,

Cæsar says to me,—“Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?”—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it ;
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried,—“Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”

*I as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Did I—the tired Cæsar ; and this man— [Tiber,
Is now—become a god ; and Cassius—is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar—carelessly but nod on him.*

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan, [world,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
“Alas !” it cried—“Give me some drink, Titinius.”
As a sick girl.

Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper—should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men, at some time, are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. [Cæsar?
Brutus—and Cæsar ! What should he in that
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours ?

Write them together : yours is as fair a name ;
Soud them : it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them : it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em :
Brutus—will start a spirit, as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats—doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath grown so great ? Age, thou art
ashamed ;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talked of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Oh ! you, and I—have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, th't would have brooked
The infernal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

—
A warm heart—in this cold world—is like
A beacon-light—wasting feeble flame
Upon the wintry deep, that feels it not,
And, trembling with each pitiless gust th't blows,
Till its faint fire—is spent.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,
By just degrees, to reach perfection's height.

604. AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

I *cannot*, my lords, I *will* not, join in congratulation on misfortune, and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous, and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery—cannot save us, in this rugged, and awful crisis. It is now necessary, to instruct the throne, in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion, and darkness, which envelop it; and display, in its full danger, and genuine colors, the *ruin*, which is brought to our doors. Can ministers, still presume to expect support, in their infatuation! Can parliament, be so dead to its dignity, and duty, as to give their support to measures, thus obtruded, and forced upon them! *Measures*, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire—to scorn, and contempt! “But *yesterday*, and Britain might have stood against the world; *now*, none so poor, as to do her reverence.” The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers *do* not, and *dare* not, interpose, with dignity, or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad, is in part known. No man more highly esteems, and honors the British troops, than I do; I know their virtues, and their valor; I know they can achieve anything, but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you *cannot* conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the *worst*; but we know, that in three campaigns, we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain, and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid, on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine, and plunder, devoting them, and their possessions, to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an *American*, as I am an *Englishman*, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I *never* would lay down my arms; No—*Never, never, never.*—*Chatham.*

605. THE WHISKERS.

The kings, who rule mankind with haughty sway. The prouder pope, whom even kings obey— [fall. Love, at whose shrine both popes, and monarchs And e'en self-interest, that controls them all— Possess a petty power, when all combined, Compared with fashion's influence on mankind; For love itself will oft to fashion bow; The following story will convince you how:

A petit maitre wooed a fair,
Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;
But vainly had preferr'd his claim,
The maiden own'd no answering flame;
At length, by doubt and anguish torn,
Suspense, too painful to be borne,
Low at her feet he humbly kneel'd,
And thus his ardent flame reveal'd:

“Pity my grief, angelic fair,
Behold my anguish, and despair;
For you, this heart must ever burn—
O bless me, with a kind return;
My love, no language can express,
Reward it then, with happiness;

Nothing on earth, but you I prize,
All else is trifling in my eyes;
And cheerfully, would I resign
The wealth of worlds, to call you *mine*.
But, if another gain your hand,
Far distant from my native land,
Far hence, from you, and hope, I'll fly,
And in some foreign region die.”

The virgin heard, and thus replied:
“If my consent to be your bride,
Will make you happy, then be blest;
But grant me, first, one small request;
A sacrifice I must demand,
And, in return, will give my hand.”

“A sacrifice! O speak its name,
For you I'd forfeit wealth, and fame;
Take my whole fortune—every cent—”

“’Twas something more than wealth I meant.”

“Must I the realms of Neptune trace?”

O speak the word—where'er the place,
For you, the idol of my soul,
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;
Arabia's sandy desert tread,
Or trace the Tigris to its head.”

“O no, dear sir. I do not ask,
So long a voyage, so hard a task;
You must—but ah! the boon I want,
I have no hope that you will grant.”

“Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
To be the world's imperial sire?
Express the wish, and here I vow,
To place a crown upon your brow.”

“Sir, these are trifles”—she replied—
“But, if you wish me for your bride,
You must—but still I fear to speak—
You'll never grant the boon I seek.”

“O say!” he cried—“dear angel say—
What must I do, and I obey;
No longer rack me with suspense,
Speak your commands, and send me hence.”

“Well, then, dear generous youth!” she cries,
“If thus my heart you really prize,
And wish to link your fate with *mine*,
On one condition I am thine;
'Twill then become my pleasing duty,
To contemplate a husband's beauty;
And, gazing on his manly face,
His feelings, and his wishes trace;
To banish thence each mark of care,
And light a smile of pleasure there.
O let me then, 'tis all I ask,
Commence at once the pleasing task;
O let me, as becomes my place,
Cut those huge whiskers from your face.”

She said—but O, what strange surprise—
Was pictured in her lover's eyes!
Like lightning, from the ground he sprang,
While wild amazement tied his tongue;
A statue, motionless, he gazed,
Astonish'd, horror-struck, amazed.
So, look'd the gallant Perseus, when
Medusa's visage met his ken;
So, look'd Macbeth, whose guilty eye
Discern'd an “air-drawn dagger” nigh;
And so, the prince of Denmark stared,
When first his father's ghost appeared.

At length, our hero, silence broke,
And thus, in wildest accents spoke:
“Cut off my *whiskers*! O ye gods!
I'd sooner lose my *ears*, by odds;
Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
So lost to fashion, and to taste,
To win an *empress* to my arms;
Though blest with more than mortal charms.
My whiskers! Zounds!” He said no more,
But quick retreated through the door,
And sought a less obdurate fair,
To take the *beau*, with all his *hair*.—*Woodworth.*

This path, you say, is hid in endless night;
’Tis self conceal, alone, obstructs your sight.

597. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN. O thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars—hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou, thyself, movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks, and grows again; the moon, herself, is lost in the heavens; but thou—art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll, and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian—thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair—flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

598. DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares, were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field—some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted—what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horn, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rushed like a torrent—down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succor. I, alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hovered about the enemy, and marked
The road he took; then hastened to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-cumbered foe. [drawn,
We fought, and conquered. Ere a sword was
An arrow from my bow—had pierced their chief,
Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king—had summoned his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps,—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

MORAL TRUTH INTELLIGIBLE TO ALL.

The shepherd lad, who, in the sunshine, carves
On the green turf a dial, to divide
The silent hours; and who, to that report,
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence, for moral things,
Of gravest import. Early, he perceives,
Within himself, a measure, and a rule,
Which, to the sun of truth, he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.

599. OF ELOCUTION. Elocution—is the art, or the act, of so delivering our *own* tho'ts and feelings, or the thoughts and feelings of *others*, as not only to convey to those around us, with precision, force, and harmony, the full purport, and meaning of the words and sentences, in which these thoughts are clothed; but also, to excite and to impress upon their minds the feelings, imaginations, and passions, by which those thoughts are dictated, or by which they should naturally be accompanied. Elocution, therefore, in its more ample and liberal signification, is not confined to the mere exercise of the organs of speech. It embraces the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind. To concentrate what has been said by an allegorical recapitulation: *Eloquence*—may be considered as the soul, or animated principle of discourse; and is dependent on intellectual energy and intellectual attainments. *Elocution*—is the embodying form, or representative power; dependent on exterior accomplishments, and on the cultivation of the organs. *Oratory*—is the complicated and vital existence, resulting from the perfect harmony and combination of eloquence and elocution. The vital existence, however, in its full perfection, is one of the choicest rarities of nature. The high and splendid accomplishments of oratory, even in the most favored age and the most favored countries, have been attained by few; and many are the ages, and many are the countries, in which these accomplishments have never once appeared. Generations have succeeded to generations, and centuries have rolled after centuries, during which, the intellectual desert has not exhibited even one solitary specimen of the stately growth and flourishing expansion of oratorical genius. The rarity of this occurrence is, undoubtedly, in part, to be accounted for, from the difficulty of the attainment. The palm of oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*, by aspiring souls, and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil which few would be contented to encounter; a decisive intrepidity of character, and an untamableness of mental ambition, which very, very few can be expected to possess. It requires, also, conspicuous opportunities for cultivation and display, to which few can have the fortune to be born, and which fewer still will have the hardihood to endeavor to create.

VIRTUE THE GUARDIAN OF YOUTH.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
So glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand: but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
“—My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil, and bleaker air,
And trust for safety—to a stranger's care.”
Deceit—is the false road to happiness;
And all the joys we travel to, through vice,
Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.
See all, but *man*, with unearn'd pleasure gay.

600. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS ON ADOPTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity, which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for *our* good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country, and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor?

Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both, already, the proscribed, and predestined objects of punishment, and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what *are* you, what *can* you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation, ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes, and our lives?

I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith to fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate, or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer, the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us; which they never can do, while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain, that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us, has been a course of injustice and oppression.

Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a *civil* to a *national* war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in

a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us.—But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry *us*, and will carry *themselves*, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker-Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly, through this day's business. *You* and *I*, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. *Ee* it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I *am*, all that I *have*, and all that I *hope* for, in this life, I am now ready here to *stake* upon it: and I leave *off*, as I began; sink or swim; live or die; *survive*, or *perish*, I am for the declaration: it is my *living* sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment!—Independence *now!* and independence—FOREVER!—Webster.

Be not dismayed—fear—nurses up a danger;
And resolution—kills it,—in the birth.

601. THE EFFECTS OF GENTLENESS. Gentleness—is the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man, a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled, with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos, the cave where subterraneous winds contend and roar, the den where serpents hiss and beasts of the forest howl, would be the only proper representation of such assemblies of men. Strange! that, where men have all one common interest, they should so often concur in defeating it. Has not nature already provided a sufficient quantity of evils for the state of man? As if we did not suffer enough from the storm which beats upon us without, must we conspire also, in those societies where we assemble, in order to find a retreat from that storm, to harass one another!

A NIGHT SCENE IN TURKEY.

'Twas midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon—shone brightly down;
Blue rolled the ocean, blue the sky
Spread, like an ocean, hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them, shining,
And turned to earth, without repining,
Nor wished for wings to fly away,
And mix—with their eternal ray?
The waves, on either shore, lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air,
And scarce their foam—the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly, as the brook.
The winds—were pillowed on the waves,
The banners drooped—along their staves,
And as they fell around them, furling,
Above them—shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroken,
Save when the watch—his signal spoke,
Save when the steed—neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered—from the hill,
And the wide hum—of that wild host
Rustled, like leaves, from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
In midnight call—to wonted prayer.
It rose, that chaunted, mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's—o'er the plain;
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as, when winds, and harp-strings meet;
And take a long, unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy, unknown:
It seemed to those, within the wall,
A cry—prophetic of their fall;
It struck—even the besieger's ear,
With something ominous, and drear,—
An undefined, and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart—a moment still;
Then beat, with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense—its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

Know thyself.

602. PRESS ON. This is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON!" It solves the problem of all heroes; it is the rule, by which to weigh rightly, all wonderful successes, and triumphal marches—to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old—and young, high—and low, fortunate—and unfortunate, so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures,—*"PRESS ON!"* If fortune—has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings, and left thee, do not weep thy life away; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss, by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain—has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself, and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted, have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but *"PRESS ON!"* find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday—make thee wise to-day. If thy affections—have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst,—but press on; a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayst reach it, if thou wilt. If another—has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil—by being false to thyself. Do not say—the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; 'tis not so; and even if it be so, make thine own poetry and beauty, by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up—the mount of glory,
That our names—may live through time,
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He, who conquers,—he, who falls.
Deeper, deeper—let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth—and Learning's spoil;
Win from school—and college;
Delve we there—for richer gems,
Than the stars of diadems.
Onward, onward—may we pass,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue—is true happiness,
Excellence, true beauty;
Minds—are of celestial birth:
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.
Closer, closer—let us knit
Hearts, and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life, from home.
Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither—ev'ry hope ascend,
There—may all our labors end.

603 HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS. On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those, who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.

First, they demand me—that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death—by the extremest tortures. Proud, and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us, with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits, which yourselves have fixed.

Pass not the Iberus! What next! Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus! move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain, too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say! this very year, they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain.

No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then—be men. The Romans—may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them; have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death, and victory. Let this be well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.—*Livy.*

604. VULTURE AND CAPTIVE INFANT.

I've been among the mighty *Alps*, and wandered thro' their *valles*,
And heard the honest *mountaineers*—relate their dismal *tales*,
As round the cotters' blazing *hearth*, when their daily *work* was o'er,
They speak of those, who *disappeared*, and ne'er were *heard* of more.

And there, I, from a *shepherd*, heard a narrative of *fear*,
A tale—to rend a *mortal heart*, which *mothers*—might not hear:
The *tears*—were standing in his *eyes*, his *voice*—was *tremulous*;
But, wiping all those *tears away*, he told his story thus:

"It is among these barren *cliffs*—the *ravenous vulture* dwells,
Who never fattens on the *prey*, which from *afar* he *smells*;
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a *lofty rock*,
He singles out some *truant lamb*, a *victim*, from the *flock*.

One cloudless *Sabbath summer morn*, the sun was rising *high*,
When, from my children on the *green*, I heard a *fearful cry*,
As if some *awful deed* were done, a *shriek of grief*, and *pain*,
A *cry*, I humbly trust in *God*, I ne'er may hear again.

I hurried out to learn the *cause*; but, overwhelmed with *fright*,
The children never ceased to *shriek*; and, from my *frenzied sight*,
I missed the youngest of my *babes*, the *darling* of my *care*;
But *something* caught my *searching eyes*, slow sailing thro' the *air*.

Oh! what an *awful spectacle*—to meet a *father's eye*,—
His *infant*—made a *vulture's prey*, with *terror* to *desecr*;
And *know*, with *agonizing heart*, and with a *maniac rave*,
That *earthly power*—could not *avail*—that *innocent* to *save*!

My *infant*—stretched his *little hands*—*imploringly* to me,
And *struggled* with the *ravenous bird*, all *vainly* to get free:
At *intervals*, I heard his *cries*, as *loud* he *shrieked*, and *screamed*!
Until, upon the *azure sky*, a *lessening spot* he *seemed*.

The *vulture*—flapped his *sail-like wings*, though *heavily* he *flew*;
A *note*, upon the *sun's* broad face, he *seemed* unto my *view*;
But *once*, I thought I saw him *stoop*, as if he would *alight*,—
'Twas only a *delusive thought*, for *all* had *vanished quite*.

All *search* was *vain*, and *years* had *passed*; that child was *ne'er*
When once a *daring hunter* climbed unto a *lofty spot*, [forgot,
From *thence*, upon a *rugged crag*—the *chamois* never reached,
He saw—an *infant's* *featureless bones*—the *elements* had *bleached*!

I clambered up that *rugged cliff*,—I *could* not stay *away*,—
I *knew* they were my *infant's bones*—thus hastening to *decay*:
A *tattered garment*—yet remained, though *torn* to *many a shred*:
The *crimson cap*—he wore that *morn*—was *still* upon his *head*."

That dreary *spot*—is pointed out to *travelers*, passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, *gaze*, nor go without a *sigh*;
And as I *journeyed*, the next *morn*, along my *sunny way*,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the *infant lay*.—*Anon.*

605. THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When woe, but the torrent, is heard on the hill,
And nought, but the nightingale's song, in the grove.
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe;
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrude.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost, in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and, with gladness, pursue
The path, that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory, what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O, when shall day dawn, on the night of the grave!

"Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts went to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity, great Father of light, thou I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt, and from darkness thou only, canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away:
No longer I roam in conjecture's furlow:
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,

The bright, and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles, and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.—*Beattie.*

O what a *vision*—were the *stars*,
When first I saw them burn on *high*,
Rolling along, like *living cars*
Of *light*,—for *gods* to *journey* by.

The *world*—is full of poetry—the *air*
Is *living* with its *spirit*; the *waves*—
Dance—to the music of its *melodies*,
And *sparkle*—in its *brightness*.

In *struggling* with *misfortunes*,
Lies the *true proof*—of *virtue*.

606. THE CHARACTER OF WOMAN. The influence of the *female* character—is now felt, and acknowledged, in all the relations of life. I speak not now, of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press. Nor of those, whose devout strains we take upon our lips, when we worship. But of a much *larger* class; of those, whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother.

Who waits at the couch of the sick, to administer tender charities, while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness, when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust, even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustration of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out, with heroic fortitude, to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in *no* relation—does woman exercise so *deep* an influence, both immediately, and prospectively, as in that of *mother*. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her—devolves the care of the first stages—of that course of discipline, which is to form a being, perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of his great Creator.

Her smiles call into exercise the first affections, that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes, and expands—the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares, and her anxieties, on *our* account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointments? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go—for sympathy, unalloyed, and without design, but to the bosom of *her* who is ever ready, and waiting to share in his adversity, or prosperity? And if there *be* a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a froward child—may hope for pardon and forgiveness, this side *heaven*, *that* tribunal—is the heart of a fond, and devoted mother.

Finally, her influence is felt, deeply, in religion. "If christianity, should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her *last*, and *purest* retreat—with *woman* at the fireside; her *last* altar—would be the female heart; her last audience—would be the children gathered round the knees of the mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

How *empty*, *learnings*, and how *vain* is art;
Save where it guides the *life*, and mends the *heart*.
Fancy and *pride* reach things at vast *expense*.

INDIAN NAMES.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?"

Ye say—they all have pass'd away,

That noble race—and brave;

That their light canoes—have vanish'd

From off the crested wave;

That, 'mid the forests—where they roam'd,

There rings no hunter's shout;

But their name—is on your waters,

Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow—

Like ocean's surge—is curl'd;

Where strong Niagara's thunders—wake

The echo—of the world;

Where red Missouri—bringeth

Rich tribute—from the west;

And Rappahannock—sweetly sleeps

On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say—their conelike cabins,

That cluster'd o'er the vale,

Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves—

Before the autumn's gale;

But their memory—liveth on your hills,

Their baptism—on your shore;

Your everlasting rivers—speak

Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts—wears it—

Within her lordly crown;

And broad Ohio—bears it—

Amid his young renown:

Connecticut—hath wreath'd it—

Where her quiet foliage waves,

And bold Kentucky—breathes it hoarse—

Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett—hides its lingering voice—

Within his rocky heart,

And Alleghany—graves its tone—

Throughout his lofty chart.

Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,

Doth seal the sacred trust;

Your mountains—build their monument,

Though ye destroy their dust.

IMPROVEMENT OF MIND WITHOUT DISPLAY. Well-informed persons will easily be discovered, to have read the best books, tho' they are not always detailing lists of authors; for a muster-roll of names—may be learned from the catalogue, as well as from the library. The honey—owes its exquisite taste—to the fragrance of the sweetest flowers; yet the skill of the little artificer, appears in this, that the delicious stores are so admirably worked up, and there is such a due proportion observed in mixing them, that the perfection of the whole—consists in its not tasting, individually, of the rose, the jessamine, the carnation, or any of those sweets, of the very essence of all which it is compounded. But true judgment will discover the infusion, which true modesty will not display; and even common subjects, passing through a cultivated understanding, borrow a flavor of its richness.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untaint'd?

Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just;

And he, but naked, tho' locked in steel,

Whose conscience, with injustice is corrupted.

607. ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When *Musie*, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd—around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard *apart*,
Sweet lessons of her foreeful art,
Each—for *Madness* ruled the hour—
Would prove his *own* expressive power.

First, *Fear*, his hand, his skill to try,
Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid;
And back recoill'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, *Anger* rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, owd' his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan *Despair*—
Low, sullen sounds! his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, *O Hope*, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd—promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at *distance* hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on *Echo* still, through all her song.
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And *Hope*, enchanted, smiled and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge—impatient rose, [down;
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat. [tween,
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause be-
dejected *Pity*, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still, he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd:
And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd
on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,
Pale *Melancholy* sat, retir'd;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes, by *distance*, made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling ruins joined the sound. [stole;
Thro' glades and glooms, the mingled measure
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round—a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing—
In hollow murmurs—died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When *Cheerfulness*, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulders flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew, [rung;
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste eyed
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen, [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown *Exercise* rejoiced to hear;
And *Sport* leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last, came *Joy's* ecstasie trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon, he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in *Tempe's* vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love, fram'd with *Mirth*, a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors—from his dewy wings.

608. THE CHESTNUT HORSE.

An *Eaton* strippling, training for the law,
A duce at syntax, but a dab at law,
Ooe happy Christmas, hid upon the shelf
His cap and gow, and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Return'd, and past the usual how-dye-does,
Inquiries of old friends, and college news:
"Well, Tom, the road; what saw you worth discerning?
How's all at college, Tom?—what is 't you're learning?"
"Learning!—O, logic, logic!—not the shallow rules
Of *Locke* and *Bacon*—antiquated fools!
But wit's and wranglers' logic; for d'ye see,
I'll prove as clear,—as clear as A. B. C.,
That an eel pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
Is to say black's not black."—

"Come, let's try it!"
"Well, sir; an eel pie is a pie of fish." "Agreed."
"Fish pie may be a jack pie."—"Well, well, proceed."
"A jack pie is a John pie—and, 'tis done!
For every John pie must be a pie-John."—"Pigemon."
"Bravo! bravo!" Sir Peter cries; "logic forever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was clever;
But oow I think on 't, 't would be mighty hard
If merit such as thine met no reward;
To show how much I logic love in course,
I'll make thee master of a chestnut horse."
"A horse!" quoth Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!
O, what a dash I'll cut at *Epsom* races!"
Tom dreamt all oight of boots and leather breeches,
Of hunting-caps, and leaping rails and ditches;
Rose the next morn an hour before the lark,
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting, to the park;
Bridle in hand, each vale he scours of course,
To find out something like a chestnut horse;
But no such animal the meadows crop,
Till under a large tree Sir Peter stopt,
Caught at a branch, and shook it, when down fell
A fine horse chestnut, in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom, take that."—"Well, sir, and what beside?"
"Why, since you're bootied, saddle it and ride."
"Ride! what, a chestnut, sir?"—"Of course,
For I can prove that chestnut is a horse;
Not from the doubtful, fusty, musty rules
Of *Locke* and *Bacon*, antiquated fools,
Nor old *Malebranch*, blid pilot into knowledge,
But by the laws of wit and *Eton* college;
As you have prov'd, and which I don't deny,
That a pie John's the same as a John pie,
The matter follows, as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse."

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The *fur*, that warms a *monarch*, warm'd a *bear*.
While *man* exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See *man* for mine!" replies the pamper'd *goose*:
And just as short of reason—he must fall,
Who thinks *all* made for *one*, not *one*—for *all*.

609. NATIONAL UNION. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy its defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never, no never, will you get another. We are now perhaps arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause, then—pause. For *Heaven's* sake, pause.—*Morris.*

ATHEIST AND ACORN.

"Methinks the world—seems oddly made,
And every thing—amiss;"
A dull, complaining atheist said,
As stretched he lay—beneath the shade,
And instanced it—in this:
"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin, large, and round,
Is held—but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.
While on this oak—an acorn small,
So disproportioned grows,
That whoso'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.
My better judgment—would have hung
The pumpkin—on the tree,
And left the acorn—slightly strung,
"Mongst things—that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."
No more—the cavalier could say,
No further faults deservy;
For, upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosened from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.
The wounded part—with tears ran o'er,
As punished for that sin;
Fool! had that bough—a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsys—would have worked no more,
Nor skull—have kept them in.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright, and gushing rills,
Her sunshine, and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads, high in the air
In wild fantastic forms.
I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams, that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flow'ry dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.
I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there—the wild birds' merry tone,
I heard from morn—till night;
And there—are lovelier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.
Her forests—and her valleys fair,
Her flowers, that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more—I love my country's name,
Those words, that echo deathless fame,
"The land of LIBERTY."—*Anon.*

610. SUBLIMITY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY. Of all the sights, that nature offers to the eye, and mind of man, mountains—have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean, when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon—was like night, with the conflict of the billows, and the storm, that tore, and scattered them, in mist and foam, across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands, uttering cries of horror, and paralysed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration—flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast—death; the sky—vaulted with gloom, the earth—a furnace. But with me, the mountain, in tempest, or in calm, the throne of the thunder, or with the evening sun, painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven—has been the source of the most absorbing sensations. There stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur, that defies decay—antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty, that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use, exhaustless for the service of man—strength imperishable as the globe; the monument of eternity,—the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty, by whom and for whom, all things were made!—*Croly.*

The time shall come, the fated hour is nigh,
When guiltless blood—shall penetrate the sky
Amid these horrors, and involving night,
Prophetic visions flash before my sight;
Eternal justice wakes, and, in their turn,
The vanquished—triumph, and the victors mourn!

A hungry lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man.

False pleasure—from abroad her joys imparts.

611. THE MURDERER: KNAPP'S TRIAL. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty, to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed, that I might be, in some degree, useful—in investigating, and discovering the truth, respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty, incumbent on *me*, as on every *other* citizen, to do my best, and my utmost, to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment, of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those, who feel, and manifest, an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime, at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation, springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled, and deadly hate.

It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of *money* against *life*: the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets.

Whosoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of Murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give the grim visage of Moloch, the brow, knitted by revenge, the face, black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye, emitting livid fires of malice.

Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose*, rather than in *action*; not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display, and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof,—a healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet;—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on

its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle, or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poinard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it, as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook, nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye, which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men.

True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those, who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no assistance, or sympathy, either from heaven, or earth. The secret, which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits, of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole *world* sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master.

It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicious from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It must be confessed, it *will* be confessed, there is no refuge from confession, but suicide, and suicide *is* confession.

612. ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CESAR.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! Lend me your
 I come to *bury* *Cesar*, not to *praise* him. [ears,
 The *evil*, that men do, lives *after* them;
 The *good*—is oft interred with their bones:
 So, let it be with *Cesar*! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, *Cesar* was ambitious:
 If it *were* so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously—hath *Cesar* answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus—is an *honorable* man,
 So are they all, *all* honorable men)
 Come I to speak—in *Cesar*'s funeral——
 He was my friend, faithful, and just to me:
 But Brutus says—he was ambitious;
 And Brutus—is an *honorable* man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms—did the general coffers fill:
 Did this, in *Cesar*, seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, *Cesar* bath wept;
 Ambition, should be made of sterner stuff;
 Yet Brutus says—he was ambitious;
 And Brutus—is an *honorable* man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him—a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice—refuse; Was *this* ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And sure, *he* is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove—what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am, to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once; not without cause:
 What cause witholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish *beasts*,
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
 My heart is in the coffin there—with *Cesar*;
 And I must pause, till it come *back* to me.
 But yesterday, the word of *Cesar*—might
 Have stood against the world! now, lies he there,
 And none so poor—to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds—to mutiny and rage,
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 Who, you *all* know, are *honorable* men.
 I will *not* do them wrong—I rather choose
 To wrong the *dead*, to wrong *myself*, and *you*,
 Than I will wrong *such* honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cesar*;
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
 Let but the *commons*—hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go, and kiss dead *Cesar*'s wounds,
 And dip their napkins—in his sacred blood—
 Yea, beg a *hair* of him, for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within *their* wills;
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever *Cesar* put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day—he overcome the Nervii——
 Look! in *this* place—ran *Cassius*' dagger through,
 See, what a rent—the envious *Casca* made:
 Through *this*, the *well* beloved *Brutus* stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of *Cesar* followed it!
 This, was the most *unkindest* cut of *all*!

For when the noble *Cesar*—saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than *traitors'* arms,
 Quite vanquished him: then, burst—his *mighty*
 And, in his mantle, muffling up his face, [heart;
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cesar*—fell.
 O what fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then *I*, and *you*, and *all* of us—fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason—flourished over us.
 O, now you weep: and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our *Cesar*'s vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here—is *himself*—marred, as you see, by traitors.
 Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have *done* this deed, are *honorable*;
 What *private* griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are *wise*, and *honor*-
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you. [ble,
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as *Brutus* is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain—blunt man,
 That love my friend—and that *they* know full well,
 That gave me public leave, to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
 To stir men's blood—I only speak right on:
 I tell you that—which you *yourselves* do know—
 Show you sweet *Cesar*'s wounds, poor, poor dumb
 And bid them speak for me. [mouths,
 But were I—*Brutus*,
 And Brutus—*Antony*, there *were* an *Antony*—
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cesar*, that should move
 The stones of Rome—to rise and mutiny.

613. THE INVALID ABROAD. It is a sad
 thing, to feel that we must die, away from our
 own home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearn-
 ing after his distant country, that the atmos-
 phere around him is soft, that the gales are fil-
 led with balm, and that the flowers are spring-
 ing from the green earth; he knows, that the
 softest air to his heart, would be the air, which
 hangs over his native land; that, more grate-
 fully than all the gales of the south, would
 breathe low whispers of anxious affection;
 that the very icicles, clinging to his own eaves,
 and snow, beating against his own windows,
 would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than
 the bloom and verdure, which only more for-
 cibly remind him, how far he is from that one
 spot, which is dearer to him, than all the
 world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable
 friends, who will do all in their power to pro-
 mote his comfort, and assuage his pains; but
 they cannot supply the place of the long
 known and long loved; they cannot read, as
 in a book, the mute language of his face; they
 have not learned to wait upon his habits, and
 anticipate his wants, and he has not learned
 to communicate, without hesitation, all his
 wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them.
 He feels that he is a stranger; and a more
 desolate feeling than that, could not visit his
 soul. How much is expressed, by that form
 of oriental benediction, "*May you die among
 your kindred.*"—*Greenwood.*

All, who joy would win,
 Must share it,—happiness—was born a twin
 He is *unhappy*, who is never *satisfied*.

614. THE LIFE OF A DRUNKARD. If you would mark the misery, which drunkenness infuses into the cup of domestic happiness, go with me to one of those nurseries of crime, a common tipping shop, and there behold, collected till midnight, the fathers, the husbands, the sons, and the brothers of a neighborhood. Bear witness to the stench, and the filthiness around them. Harken to the oaths, the obscenity, and the ferocity of their conversation. Observe their idiot laugh; record the vulgar jest, with which they are delighted, and tell me, what potent sorcery has so transformed these men, that, for this loathsome den, they should forego all the delights of an innocent, and lovely fireside.

But let us follow some of them home, from the scene of their debauch. *There* is a young man, whose accent, and gait, and dress, bespeak the communion, which he once has held, with something better than all this. He is an only son. On him, the hopes of parents, and of sisters have centred. Every nerve of that family has been strained, to give to that intellect, of which they all were proud, every means of choicest cultivation. They have denied themselves, that nothing should be wanting, to enable him to enter his profession, under every advantage. They gloried in his talents, they exulted in the first buddings of his youthful promise, and they were looking forward to the time when every labor should be repaid, and every self-denial rewarded, by the joys of that hour, when he should stand forth in all the blaze of well-earned, and indisputable professional pre-eminence. Alas, these visions are less bright than once they were!

Enter that *family* circle. Behold those aged parents, surrounded by children, lovely and beloved. Within that circle reign peace, virtue, intelligence, and refinement. The evening has been spent, in animated discussion, in innocent pleasantry, in the sweet interchange of affectionate endearment. There is one, who used to share all this, who was the centre of this circle. Why is he not here? Do professional engagements, of late, so estrange him from home? The hour of devotion has arrived. They kneel before their Father and their God. A voice, that used to mingle in their praises, is absent. An hour rolls away. Where now has all that cheerfulness fled? Why does every effort to rally, sink them deeper in despondency? Why do those parents look so wistfully around, and why do they start at the sound of every footstep? Another hour has gone. That lengthened peal is too much for a mother's endurance. She can conceal the well known cause no longer. The unanswered question is wrong from her lips. Where, oh where, is my son?

The step of that son and brother is heard. The door is opened. He staggers in before them, and is stretched out at their feet, in all the *loathsomeness of beastly intoxication*.

615. SERPENT OF THE STILL.

They tell me—of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which—is death;
The victim, yielding with a gasp,
His hot, and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied;
And in the arms of agony,
Victoriously died.

They tell me, that, in Italy,
There is a reptile dread,
The sting of which—is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But, it is said, that music's sound,
May soothe the poisoned part,
Yea, heal the galling, ghastly wound,
And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast,
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men—historians past
Tell us of one of yore:—
But there is yet, one, of a kind,
More fatal—than the whole,
That stings the body, and the mind;
Yea, it devours the *soul*.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Turkey's wide domains;
And there, if e'er it had a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.

'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields;
Devouring, every passing day,
Its thousands—at its meals.

The poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character, and health;
All sink before it—hope, and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame;
And never fails to kill.

Reader, dost thou desire the name?
The SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THE WORLD AT A DISTANCE.

'Tis pleasant—through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends, through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound,
Falls a soft murmur—on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying, thus at ease,
The globe, and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure, and more than mortal height,
That liberates, and exempts me, from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war—
Has lost its terrors, ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man—a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo—of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble, at the sound.

He travels, and expatiates; as the bee,
From flower to flower, so he—from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all,
Pay contribution—to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence—in every clime,
And spreads the honey—of his deep research,
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

616. EULOGIUM ON THE SOUTH. If there be one state in the union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the union, *that state*—is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service, she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but, in your adversity, she has clung to you, with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country, has been to her, as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound, every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the south *during* the revolution? Sir, I honor New England for *her* conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise, which belongs to *her*, I think at least, *equal honor* is due to the *south*. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships, nor seamen, to create commercial rivalry, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee, that their trade would be forever fostered, and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on *all* considerations, either of interest, or safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled *all* in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never—were there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry—perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. “The plains of Carolina” drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black, and smoking ruins—marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy, and almost impenetrable *swamps*, even *there*—the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters, and Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her *soil* might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.—*Hayne*.

617. EULOGIUM ON THE NORTH. The eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary, and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member is before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor: I partake in

the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, *one and all*—the Laurens, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism, were capable of being circumscribed, within the same narrow limits.

In their day, and generation, they served, and honored the country, and the *whole* country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power, to exhibit a Carolina *name so bright*, as to produce envy in *my* bosom? No, sir, increased gratification, and delight, rather. Sir, I thank *God*, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit, which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

But sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you, that in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle, and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, *that* harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand, they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain, forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie—forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord, and disunion shall wound it—if party strife, and blind ambition shall hawk at, and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from *that* union by which alone, its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, *if fall it must*, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.—*Webster*.

The sweetest cordial—we receive at last,
Is conscience—of our virtuous actions past.

Inform yourself, and instruct others.

618. LIBERTY AND UNION. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view, the prosperity, and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to *that* union, we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union, that we are chiefly indebted, for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin, in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration—has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility, and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out, wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all, a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look *beyond* the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds, that unite us together, shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself—to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with *my* short sight, I can fathom—the depth—of the abyss—*below*; nor could I regard *him*, as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but, how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up, and destroyed.

While the union *lasts*, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us, and our children. *Beyond* that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in *my* day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on *my* vision, never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the *last* time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken, and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dis severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land, rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known, and honored, throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies—streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased, or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—*What is all this worth?* Nor those *other* words of delusion and folly—*Liberty—first, and union—afterwards*—but *everywhere*, spread all over in characters of *living* light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that *other* sentiment, *dear* to every—*true—American* heart—*Liberty and union, now, and forever, one—and inseparable!*—*Webster.*

619. MOONLIGHT, AND A BATTLE-FIELD.
How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe, in Evening's ear,
Were discord, to the speaking quietude, [vault,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,

Seems like a canopy, which Love hath spread,
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon cast'd steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower,
So idly, that rapt fancy, deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene,
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul, above this sphere of earthliness!
Where Silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field,
Sinks, sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the untruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect, unmoved, the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image, on the western main,
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions, o'er the gloom,
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds, and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven? that dark red smoke,
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure spangling snow
Gleams, faintly, thro' the gloom, that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals,
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight, on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent, and frightful, of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—loud and more loud,
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And, o'er the conqueror, and the conquered, draws
His cold, and bloody shroud. Of all the men,
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud, and vigorous health—of all the hearts,
That beat with anxious life, at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm,
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes, shuddering, on the blast, or the faint moan,
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn [smoke,
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous
Before the icy wind, slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There, tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's *self* could change not, mark the dreadful
Of the out-sallying victors: far behind, [path
Black ashes note, where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest, is a gloomy glen—
Each tree, which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.—*Shelley.*

620. GOODNESS OF GOD. The light of nature, the works of creation, the general consent of nations, in harmony with divine revelation, attest the being, the perfections, and the providence of God. Whatever cause we have, to lament the frequent inconsistency of human conduct, with this belief, yet an avowed atheist is a monster, that rarely makes his appearance. God's government of the affairs of the universe, an acknowledgment of his active, superintending providence, over that portion of it, which constitutes the globe we inhabit, is rejected, at least theoretically, by very few.

That a superior, invisible power, is continually employed in managing and controlling by secret, imperceptible, irresistible means, all the transactions of the world, is so often manifested in the disappointment, as well as in the success of our plans, that blind and depraved must our minds be, to deny, what every day's transactions so fully prove. The excellence of the divine character, especially in the exercise of that goodness towards his creatures, which is seen in the dispensation of their daily benefits, and in overruling occurring events, to the increase of their happiness, is equally obvious.

Do we desire evidence of these things? Who is without them, in the experience of his own life? Who has not reason, to thank God for the success, which has attended his exertions in the world? Who has not reason to thank him, for defeating plans, the accomplishment of which, it has been afterwards seen, would have resulted in injury, or ruin? Who has not cause, to present him the unaffected homage of a grateful heart, for the consequences of events, apparently the most unpropitious, and for his unquestionable kindness, in the daily supply of needful mercies!

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Why muse
Upon the past, with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone, to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along,
Upon its heaving breast, a thousand wrecks
Of glory, and of beauty,—yet why mourn,
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past,—in their bright round,
The seasons come, and go,—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet,—
The same pure stars, that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still, at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies, on the tomb of Day,—and still,
Man will remain, to dream, as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the tomb of old Affections,—Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition—will rise up,
As they have risen,—and their deeds will be
Brighter, than those engraven on the scroll—
Of parted centuries. Even now, the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves,
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast, the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine—settles on its head.

What is *fame*? A fancy'd life in others' breath.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart—are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection—presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot, which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house—nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket, which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
That moss-covered vessel—I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it—the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest, and sweetest, that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick—to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket—arose from the well.
How soiled—from the green—mossy brim—to receive it,
As poised on the curb—it inclined to my tips!
Not a full blushing goblet—could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar, that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed—from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy—reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket, which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

621. RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION. Important, as I deem it, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures, at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the *right* of such discussion, in its full, and just extent. Sentiments, lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition—to check the freedom of inquiry, by extravagant, and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone, in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner, in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people—to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin, in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted, as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life, as a *right*, it belongs to public life, as a *duty*; and it is the *last* duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming, at all times, to be courteous, and temperate in its use, except, when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm, that would move me from my ground.

This high, constitutional privilege, I shall defend, and exercise, *within* this house, and *without* this house, and in all places; in time of *peace*, and in *all* times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no *other* inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.

Grasp the whole *world* of reason, life, and *sense*,
In one close system of *benevolence*;
Happier, as *kindlier*, in *what*ever degree,
A height of bliss—is height of *charity*.

622. PEACE AND WAR CONTRASTED.
The morality of *peaceful* times—is directly opposite to the maxims of *war*. The fundamental rule of the first is—to do good; of the latter, to inflict injuries. The former—commands us to succor the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies; the latter, to make themselves terrible to strangers.

The rules of morality—will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest, by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it, when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims, must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration.

The natural consequence of their prevalence is—an unfeeling, and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents, and a contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the beneficent, and the good, to men who are qualified, by a genius, fertile in expedients, a courage, that is never appalled, and a heart, that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth.

While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils, and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring, and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature; the *warrior*—is revolving, in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind, plans of future devastation and ruin.

Prisons, crowded with captives; cities, emptied of their inhabitants; fields, desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity; in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.

623. IMMORTAL MIND.

When coldness—wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither—strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,

But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace,
By steps, each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill, at once, the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall;
Each fainter trace, that memory holds,
So darkly—of departed years,
In one broad glance—the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll—through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future morn, or makes,
Its glance, dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched, or system breaks;
Fixed—in its own eternity.

Above all love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless, and pure;
An age shall fleet, like earthly year;
Its years, as moments, shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly;
A nameless, and eternal thing,
Forgetting—what it was to die.—Byron.

GENUINE TASTE. To the eye of taste, each season of the year has its peculiar beauties; nor does the venerable oak, when fringed with the hoary ornaments of winter, afford a prospect, less various, or delightful, than, when decked in the most luxuriant foliage. Is, then, the winter of life—connected with no associations, but those of horror? This can never be the case, until ideas of contempt—are associated with ideas of wisdom, and experience; associations, which the cultivation of *true* taste—would effectually prevent. Suppose the person, who wishes to improve on nature's plan, should apply to the artificial florist to deck the bare boughs of his spreading oak with ever-blooming roses; would it not be soon discovered, that, in deserting nature, he had deserted taste? It should be remembered, that the coloring of nature, whether in the animate, or inanimate creation, never fails to harmonize with the object; that her most beautiful hues are often transient, and excite a more lively emotion from that very circumstance.

624. GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!
"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'Tis past!—'Tis gone!"
Tick!—Tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!"
"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The foot is dry!
Famine, and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break! And thou?" The clock strikes one.
"Hush! 'Tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sor!"
"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'Tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!
"Can he desert us thus! He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!
"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! Thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.
They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!—
The wife, and child, are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reign'd around!—the clock struck four!—Coates.

Goodness—is only greatness in itself,
It rests not on externals, nor its worth
Derives—from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf,
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;
It lays its foundations in the soul,
And piles a tower of virtue to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle—majestic—roll
The clouds of glory, starr'd with angel eyes.

625. DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not *all* a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind, and blackening, in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and bro't no
And men forgot their passions, in the dread [day];
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled—into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watch-fires; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things, which dwell,—
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men we gather'd round their blazing homes,
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope—was all—the world contained:
Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
They fell, and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild
birds shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings: the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was
Immediate and inglorious; and men [death,
Died, and their bones mere as tombless as their
The meagre by the meagre were devoured; [flesh:
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws; himself, sought out no
But, with a piteous, and perpetual moan, [food,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famished by degress; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies; they met beside
The dying embers—of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things,
For an unholy usage; they raked up, [hands,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery; then they lifted
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects; saw, and shriek'd, and died,

Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow—
Famine had written *fend*. The world was void;
The populous, and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless;
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred, within their silent depths;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea, [dropped,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
They slept, on the abyss, without a surge:
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them; *she*—was the *universe*.—*By'n*.

626. TRUE PLEASURE DEFINED. We
are affected with delightful sensations, when
we see the inanimate parts of the creation,
the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flour-
ishing state. There must be some rooted
melancholy at the heart, when all nature ap-
pears smiling about us, to hinder us from
corresponding with the rest of the creation,
and joining in the universal chorus of joy.
But if meadows and trees, in their cheerful
verdure, if flowers, in their bloom, and all the
vegetable parts of the creation, in their most
advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into
the heart, and drive away all sadness but de-
spair; to see the rational creation happy, and
flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as
much superior, as the latter is to the former,
in the scale of being. But the pleasure is
still heightened, if we ourselves have been in-
strumental, in contributing to the happiness
of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to
raise a heart, drooping beneath the weight of
grief, and revived that barren and dry land,
where no water was, with refreshing showers
of love and kindness.

THE WILDERNESS OF MIND.

There is a wilderness, more dark
Than groves of fir—on Huron's shore;
And in that cheerless region, hark!
How serpents hiss! how monsters roar!

'Tis not among the untrodden isles,
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sunbeams—pierce the tangled brake:
Nor, is it in the deepest shade,
Of India's tiger-haunted wood;
Nor western forests, unsurvey'd,
Where crouching panthers—lurk for blood;
'Tis in the dark, uncultur'd soul,
By EDUCATION unrefin'd—
Where hissing Malice, Vices foul,
And all the hateful Passions grow!—
The frightful WILDERNESS OF MIND.

Were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error—
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
sins;
Inconstancy—falls off—ere it begins.

Vice is a monster of such hateful mien,
That, to be hated—needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

627. GENIUS. The favorite idea of a genius among us, is of one, who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when; at midnight, or at odd times, and intervals, and now and then strikes out, "at a heat," as the phrase is, some wonderful production. This is a character that has figured largely in the history of our literature, in the person of our Fieldings, our Savages, and our Steeles; "loose fellows about town, or loungers in the country," who slept in ale-houses, and wrote in bar-rooms; who took up the pen as a magician's wand, to supply their wants, and, when the pressure of necessity was relieved, resorted again to their carousals. Your real genius is an idle, irregular, vagabond sort of personage; who muses in the fields, or dreams by the fireside: whose strong impulses—that is the cant of it—must needs hurry him into wild irregularities, or foolish eccentricity; who abhors order, and can bear no restraint, and eschews all labor; such a one as Newton or Milton! What! they must have been irregular, else they were no geniuses. "The young man," it is often said, "has genius enough, if he would only study." Now, the truth is, as I shall take the liberty to state it, that the genius *will* study; it is that in the mind which does study: that is the very nature of it. I care not to say, that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.

Attention it is, though other qualities belong to this transcendent power,—attention it is, that is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind, which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas, which collects, in one point, the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent, negligent, absent in appearance; he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim, or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what though "it bursts forth," at length, as has been said, "like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force!" It only shows the intense action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks forth—like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament, through many a silent, clear, and calm day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril! That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was once a feeble infant thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawns. A father's care guarded its early youth. It soon trod, with youthful steps, the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake, and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth unbodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange, that it should come

thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty, and irresistible river, or in the wealth, and waving of the boundless harvest.—*Dewey.*

628. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen—meeting in the Strand, One, took the other, briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.—"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from it is the common chat:
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay, but its really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire—his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if its worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went. [fact,
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing's a
Though, in regard to number, not exact;
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
The truth of that, you may depend upon,
The gentleman himself told me the case. [place."
"Where may I find him?" "Why,—in such a
Away he goes, and, having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then, to his last informant, he referred,
And begged to know if true, what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie! [one,
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and
And here I find, at last, all comes to none!
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was 't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick; and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

THE HIGHEST OCCUPATION OF GENIUS. To diffuse useful information, to farther intellectual refinement, sure forerunners of moral improvement, to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid; this, indeed, is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

How soon—time—flies away! yet, as I watch it, Methinks, by the slow progress of this hand, I should have liv'd an age—since yesterday, And have an age to live. Still, on it creeps, Each little moment at another's heels, Of such small parts as these, and men look back, Worn and bewilder'd, wondering—how it is. Thou travel'st—like a ship, in the wide ocean, Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress. O TIME! ere long, I shall have done with thee.

629. PERRY'S VICTORY. Were anything wanting, to perpetuate the fame of this victory, it would be sufficiently memorable, from the scene where it was fought. This war has been distinguished, by new and peculiar characteristics. Naval warfare has been carried into the exterior of a continent, and navies, as if by magic, launched from among the depths of the forest! The bosom of peaceful lakes, which, but a short time since, were scarcely navigated by man, except to be skimmed by the light canoe of the savage, have all at once been ploughed by hostile ships. The vast silence, that had reigned, for ages, on these mighty waters, was broken by the thunder of artillery, and the affrighted savage—stared, with amazement, from his covert, at the sudden apparition of a sea-fight, amid the solitudes of the wilderness.

The peal of war has once sounded on that lake, but probably, will never sound again. The last roar of cannon, that died along her shores, was the expiring note of British domination. Those vast, eternal seas will, perhaps, never again be the separating space, between contending nations; but will be embosomed—within a mighty empire; and this victory, which decided their fate, will stand unrivalled, and alone, deriving lustre, and perpetuity, from its singleness.

In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with a busy population; when towns, and cities, shall brighten, where now, extend the dark tangled forest; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride, where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history, then, will the inhabitants of Canada look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends, and in the marvellous tales of the borders. The fisherman, as he loiters along the beach, will point to some half-buried cannon, corroded with the rust of time, and will speak of ocean warriors, that came from the shores of the Atlantic; while the boatman, as he trims his sail to the breeze, will chant, in rude ditties, the name of Perry, the early hero of Lake Erie.—*Irving.*

THE SLANDERER.

'Twas Slander, filled her mouth, with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man,
In whom this spirit entered, was undone.
His tongue—was set on fire of hell, his heart—
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie, his soul had framed.
His pillow—was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods;
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed,
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names.
From door to door, you might have seen him speed,
Or, placed amidst a group of gaping fools,
And whispering in their ears, with his foul lips;
Peace fled the neighborhood, in which he made
His haunts; and, like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath—the healthy shoots and blooms
Of social joy and happiness, decayed.
Fools only, in his company were seen,

And those, forsaken of God, and to themselves giv-
The prudent shunned him, and his house, [en up.
As one, who had a deadly moral plague;
And fain all would have shunned him, at the day
Of judgment; but in vain. All, who gave ear,
With greediness, or, wittingly, their tongues
Made herald to his lies, around him wailed;
While on his face, thrown back by injured men
In characters of ever-blushing shame,
Appeared ten thousand slanders, all his own.

630. TRUE FRIENDSHIP. Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two, (for it is not known which), being condemned to death, by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition, that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return, before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch, as every body was curious, to see what would be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he who was gone did not appear; the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared, that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event showed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape, by leaving his friend to suffer in his place. Such fidelity softened, even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned; he gave the two friends to one another, and begged that they would take himself in for a third.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep—in the wave, is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower—spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet, with fallen dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green, and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their bows, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands—are bright as the stars, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the pulse is seen
To blush, like a banner, bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending like corn, on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own.
Pride goeth before destruction.

631. BRUTUS' HARANGUE ON CESAR'S DEATH. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me—for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me—for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any, in this assembly, any dear friend of Cesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cesar—was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus—rose against Cesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cesar—less, but, that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cesar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy—for his fortune, honor—for his valor, and death—for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him—have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him—have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him—have I offended.—I pause for a reply.

None! then none—have I offended. I have done no more to Cesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death—is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as, which of you shall not!—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover—for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

632. ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

She shone, at every concert; where are bought

Tickets, by all who wish them, for a dollar;

She patronised the theatre, and thought,

That Wallack looked extremely well in Rolla;

She fell in love, as all the ladies do,

With Mr. Simpson—talked as loudly, too,

As any beauty of the highest grade,

To the gay circle in the box beside her;

And when the pit—half vexed, and half afraid,

With looks of smothered indignation eyed her;

She calmly met their gaze, and stood before 'em,

Smiling at vulgar taste, and mock decorum.

And though by no means a "Bas bleu," she had

For literature, a most becoming passion;

Had skimmed the latest novels, good, and bad,

And read the Croakers, when they were in fashion;

And Dr. Chalmers' sermons, of a Sunday; [gundi.

And Woodworth's Cabinet, and the new Salma-

She was among the first, and warmest patrons

Of C****'s conversaziones, where, [matrons,

In rainbow groups, our bright eyed maids, and

On science bent, assemble; to prepare

Themselves for acting well, in life, their part,

As wives and mothers. There she learnt by heart

Words, to the witches in Macbeth unknown,

Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics,

Dioptries, optics, katoptries, carbon,
Chlorine, and iodine, and aerostatics;
Also,—why frogs, for want of air, expire;
And how to set the Tappan sea on fire!

In all the modern languages, she was

Exceedingly well versed; and had devoted,

To their attainment, far more time than has,

By the best teachers lately, been allotted;

For she had taken lessons, twice a week,

For a full month in each; and she could speak

French and Italian, equally as well

As Chinese, Portuguese, or German; and

What is still more surprising, she could spell

Most of our longest English words, off hand;

Was quite familiar in Low Dutch and Spanish,

And tho't of studying modern Greek and Danish.

She sang divinely: and in "Love's young dream,"

And "Fanny dearest," and "The soldier's bride;"

And every song whose dear delightful theme,

Is "Love, still love," had oft till midnight tried

Her finest, lofliest pigeon-wings of sound,

Waking the very watchmen far around.—*Halleck.*

633. CHARITY. Though I speak—with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity—suffereth long, and is kind; charity—envieth not; charity—vaunteth not itself; it is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity—never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know, in part, and we prophecy, in part. But, when that which is perfect, is come, then that, which is in part, shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now, we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now, I know in part; but then, shall I know, even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—*St Paul.*

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unvail, give thy soul leave

To do the like; our bodies—but forerun

The spirit's duty; true hearts—spread and heave

Unto their God, as flowers do—to the sun;

Give him thy first tho'ts then, so—shalt thou keep

Him company—all day, and in him—sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer—should

Dawn with the day; there are set—awful hours—

'Twixt heaven and us; the manna—was not good

After sun rising; for day—sullies flowers:

Rise—to prevent the sun; sleep—doth sins glut,

And heaven's gate opens, when the world's is shut.

Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

631. SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay ;
 His hammock swung loose, at the sport of the wind ;
 But watch-worn, and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn ;
 While memory—stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
 Then fancy, her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
 Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
 The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet, from her nest in the wall ;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of *loved* ones reply to his call.
 A father bends o'er him, with looks of delight,
 His cheek is imperiled, with a mother's warm tear,
 And the lips of the boy, in a love-kiss unite,
 With the lips of the maid, whom his bosom holds dear.
 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
 Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "O God, thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more."
 Ah, what is that flame which now bursts on his eye !
 Ah, what is that sound, which now laments his ear !
 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !
 'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere !
 He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,
 Amazement confronts him with images dire—
 Wild winds, and waves drive the vessel a wreck—
 The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !
 Like mountains, the billows tremendously swell—
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save ;
 Unseen hands of spirits are wringing his neck,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !
 Oh ! sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
 Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss !
 Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;
 Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.
 No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form, or frame, from the merciless surge ;
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
 And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.
 On beds of green sea-daw, thy limbs shall be laid ;
 Around thy white bones, the red coral shall grow ;
 Of thy fair yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.
 Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
 And the vast waters over thy body shall roll—
 Earth loses thy pattern forever, and aye—
 Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul.—*Dinond.*

TIME AND ITS CHANGES. Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once ; we must yield a little to the prepossession, which has taken hold on the mind, and we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavored to be introduced by violence.

What's fame ? a fancied life in other's breath,
 A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart ;
 One self-approving hour, while years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud hussas :
 And more true joy, Marcellus—cxil'd, feels,
 Than Cesar, with a senate at his heels.

Mind, not money—makes the man,

635. CHIL'D HAROLD.—CANTO IV.

Oh ! that the desert—were my dwelling place,
 With one fair spirit—for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir,
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such—inhabit many a spot !
 Though with them to converse, can rarely be our lot.
 There is a pleasure—in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture—in the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle—with the *Universe*, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
 Roll on, thou deep, and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and unknown.
 The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble, in their capitals,
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator, the vain title take—
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war !
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike, the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou—
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on *thine* azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
 Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 (Calm, or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
 Dark-heaving,—) boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ! each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
 And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne like the hubbles, onward ; from a boy,
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

In the dreams of delight, which with ardor we
 Oft the phantom of sorrow appears ; [seek,
 And the roses of pleasure, which bloom on your
 Must be steeped in the dew of your tears. [cheek,
 The aged man, that coffers up his gold, [fits,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful
 And scarce hath eyes, his treasure to behold,
 But still, like pining Tantalus, he sits,
 And useless bans the harvest of his wits,
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.
 To err—is human ; to forgive—divine.

636. PATRIOTIC TRIUMPH. The citizens of America—celebrate that day, which gave birth to their liberties. The recollection of this event, replete with consequences so beneficial to mankind, swells every heart with joy, and fills every tongue with praise. We celebrate, not the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant, to subjugate, and enslave—millions of his fellow-creatures; we celebrate, neither the birth, nor the coronation, of that phantom, styled a king; but, the resurrection of liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world. These are the sources of our joy, these the causes of our triumph. We pay no homage at the tomb of kings, to sublimize our feelings—we trace no line of illustrious ancestors, to support our dignity—we recur to no usages sanctioned by the authority of the great, to protect our rejoicing; no, we love liberty, we glory in the rights of men, we glory in independence. On whatever part of God's creation a human form pines under chains, there, Americans drop their tears.

A dark cloud once shaded this beautiful quarter of the globe. Consternation, for awhile, agitated the hearts of the inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and buried our vales in blood. But the dayspring from on high soon opened upon us its glittering portals. The angel of liberty descending, dropped on Washington's brow, the wreath of victory, and stamped on American freedom, the seal of omnipotence. The darkness is past, and the true light now shines—to enliven, and rejoice mankind. We tread a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness; and view a new heaven, flaming with inextinguishable stars. Our feet will no more descend into the vale of oppressions; our shoulders will no more bend—under the weight of a foreign domination, as cruel, as it was unjust. Well may we rejoice—at the return of this glorious anniversary; a day dear to every American; a day—to be had in everlasting remembrance; a day, whose light circulates joy—through the hearts of all republicans, and terror through the hearts of all tyrants.—*Mazy.*

637. TIT FOR TAT: COQUETRY PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it too,
As other village beauties do,
Whose mirrors—never lie;
Secure of any swain she chose,
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheated these, and taunted those;
“For how could any one suppose
A clown could take her eye?”

But whispers through the village ran,
That Edgar was the happy man,
The maid design'd to bless;
For, wheresoever moved the fair,
The youth was, like her shadow, there,
And rumor—boldly match'd the pair,
For village folks *will* gress.

Edgar *did* love, but still delay'd
To make confession to the maid,
So bashful was the youth;
But let the flame in secret burn,
Certain of meeting a return,
When, from his lips, the fair should learn,
Officially, the truth.

At length, one morn, to taste the air,
The youth and maid, in one horse chair,
A long excursion took.

Edgar had nerved his bashful heart,
The sweet confession to impart,
For ah! suspense had caused a smart,
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
Till Hempstead's wide extended plains
Seem'd join'd to skies above:
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,
Nor soul within ten miles to hear—
And still, poor Edgar's silly fear,
Forbade to speak of love.

At last, one desperate effort broke
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke,
With most persuasive tone;
Recounted past attendance o'er,
And then, by all that's lovely, swore,
That he would love, for evermore,
If she'd become his own.

The maid, in silence, heard his prayer,
Then, with a most provoking air,
She, tittered in his face;
And said, “’Tis time for you to know,
A lively girl must have a beau,
Just like a reticue—for show;
And at her nod to come, and go—
But he should know his place.

Your penetration must be dull,
To let a hope within your skull
Of matrimony spring.
Your wife! ha, ha! upon my word,
The thought is laughably absurd,
As anything I ever heard—

I never dream'd of such a thing.”
The lover sudden dropp'd his rein,
Now on the centre of the plain—

“The lynch-pin's out!” he cried;
Be pleased, one moment, to alight,
Till I can set the matter right,
That we may safely ride.”

He said, and handed out the fair—
Then laughing, crack'd his whip in air,
And wheeling round his horse and chair,
Exclaim'd, “Adieu, I leave you there
In solitude to roam.”

“What mean you, sir!” the maiden cried,
“Did you invite me out to ride,
To leave me here, without a guide?
Nay, stop, and take me home.”

“What! take you home!” exclaim'd the beau,
“Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know
How such a hopeless wish could grow,
Or in your bosom spring. [word,
What! take Ellen home? ha! ha! upon my
The thought is laughably absurd,
As anything I ever heard;
I never dream'd of such a thing!”

Man, always prosperous, would be giddy
and insolent; always afflicted—would be sul-
len, or despondent. Hopes and fears, joy and
sorrow, are, therefore, so blended in his life, as
both to give room for worldly pursuits, and to
recall the admonitions of conscience.

638. RECITATIONS INSTEAD OF THEATRES. In its present state, the theatre—deserves no encouragement. It has nourished intemperance, and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank, among the means of refining the taste, and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty, and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions—of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and sullen, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from its depths; and the lethargy, in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought, and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose, when it places us in the presence of the most solemn, and striking event of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart, in its most powerful, appalling, glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end! How often is it disgraced, by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still *more* disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no *woman*, worthy of the name, can bear without a blush, and no *man* can take pleasure in—without *self-degradation*. Is it possible, that a christian, and a refined people, can resort to theatres, where exhibitions of dancing are given, fit only for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng, unconcealed, to tempt, and destroy! That the theatre should be suffered to exist, in its present degradation, is a reproach to the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the meantime, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean, *Recitations*. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure, and high gratification. Were this art cultivated, and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence, and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way, of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama, undoubtedly, appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspeare, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers; who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theatre. Recitations, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is *adapted* to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls *below* it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be added to our social, and domestic pleasures.

Thou knowest but little,
If thou dost think true virtue—is confined
To climes, or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole cre-
And beats the pulse of every healthful heart. [ation,

639. WATERLOO; THE BALL AND BATTLE.

There was a sound of revelry—by night,
And Belgium's capital—had gathered then
Her beauty, and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love, to eyes, which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell; [knell!
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car, rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours, with flying feet—
But hark! That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds—its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! [roar!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed—at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; for who could
If ever more should meet, those mutual eyes, [guess,
Since upon night, so sweet, such awful morn
could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they
come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate *er* grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass,
Which now *beneath* them, but *above* shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe, [and low.
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold,
Last noon—beheld them, full of lusty life,
Last eve—in beauty's circle, proudly gay,
The midnight—brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn—the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently-sterm array! [rent,
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when,
The earth is covered thick with *other* clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped, and pent,
Rider and horse,—and, fo,—in one red burial
blent!

— What's in the air?

Some subtle spirit—runs through all my veins;
Hope—seems to ride, this morning, on the wind,
And outshines the sun. —
When things go wrong, each fool presumes t' ad-
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise: [vise,
All wretchedly deplore the present state;
And that advice seems best, which comes too late,

640. FEVER DREAM.

A fever—scorched my body, fired my brain!
Like lava, in Vesuvius, boiled my blood,
Within the glowing caverns of my heart.
I raged with thirst, and begged a cold, clear draught
Of fountain water.—’Twas with tears, denied.
I drank a nauseous febrifuge, and slept;
But rested not—harassed with horrid dreams,
Of burning deserts, and of dusty plains,
Mountains, disgorging flames—forests on fire,
Steam, sunshine, smoke, and boiling lakes—
Hills of hot sand, and glowing stones, that seemed
Embers, and ashes, of a burnt up world!
Thirst raged within me.—I sought the deepest vale,
And called on all the rocks, and caves for water;—
I climbed a mountain, and from cliff to cliff,
Pursued a flying cloud, howling for water:—
I crushed the withered herbs, and gnawed dry roots,
Still crying, Water! water!—While the cliffs and caves,
In horrid mockery, re-echoed “Water!”
Below the mountain, gleamed a city, red
With solar flame, upon the sandy bank
Of a broad river.—“Soon, oh soon!” I cried,
“I’ll cool my burning body in that flood,
And quaff my fill.”—I ran—I reached the shore.—
The river was dried up. Its rocky bed
Was dust; and on its arid rocks, I saw
The scaly myriads—fry beneath the sun!
Where sunk the channel deepest, I beheld
A stirring multitude of human forms,
And heard a faint, wild, lamentable wail.
Thither I sped, and joined the general cry
Of—“water!” They had delved a spacious pit,
In search of hidden fountains—sad, sad sight!
I saw them rend the rocks up in their rage
With mad impatience, calling on the earth
To open, and yield up their cooling fountains.
Meanwhile the skies, on which they dared not gaze,
Stood o’er them like a canopy of brass—
Undimmed by moisture. The red dog-star raged,
And Phœbus, from the house of Virgo, shot
His scorching shafts. The thirsty multitude
Grew still more frantic. Those, who dug the earth,
Fell lifeless on the rocks, they strained to upheave,
And filled again, with their own carcasses,
The pits they made—undoing their own work!
Despair, at length, drove out the laborers,
At sight of whom, a general groan—announced
The death of hope. Ah! now, no more was heard
The cry of “water!” To the city next,
Howling, we ran—all hurrying without aim:—
Thence to the woods. The baked plain gaped for moisture,
And from its arid breast heaved smoke, that seemed
The breath of furnace—fierce, volcanic fire,
Or hot monsoon, that raises Syrian sands
To clouds. Amid the forests, we espied
A faint, and bleating herd. Sudden, a strill,
And horrid shout arose of—“Blood! blood! blood!”
We tell upon them with the tiger’s thirst,
And drank up all the blood, that was not human!
We were dead in blood! Despair returned;
The cry of blood was hushed, and dumb confusion reigned.
Even then, when hope was dead!—past hope—
I heard a laugh! and saw a wretched man
Rip his own veins, and, bleeding, drink
With eager joy. The example seized on all:—
Each fell upon himself, tearing his veins,
Fiercely, in search of blood! And some there were,
Who, having emptied their *own* veins, did seize
Upon their neighbor’s arms, and slew them for their blood—
Oh! happy then, were mothers, who gave suck.
They dashed their little infants from their breasts,
And their shrunk bosoms tortured, to extract
The balmy juice, oh! exquisitely sweet
To their parched tongues! ’Tis done!—now all is gone!
Blood, water, and the bosom’s nectar,—all!
“Reud, oh! ye lightnings! the sealed firmament,
And flood a burning world.—Rain! rain! pour! pour!
Open—ye windows of high heaven! and pour
The mighty deluge! Let us drown, and drink

Luxurious death! Ye earthquakes, split the globe,
The solid, rock-ribbed globe!—and lay all bare
Its subterranean rivers, and fresh seas!”

Thus raged the multitude. And many fell
In fierce convulsions;—many slew themselves.
And now, I saw the city all in flames—
The forest burning—and the very earth on fire!
I saw the mountains open with a roar,
Loud as the seven apocalyptic thunders,
And seas of lava rolling headlong down,
Through crackling forests fierce, and hot as hell,
Down to the plain—I turned to fly,—and waked!—*Harney.*

641. NOSE AND THE MAN.

Kind friends, at your call, I’m come here to sing;
Or rather to talk of my woes;
Though small ’s the delight to you I can bring
The subject’s concerning my nose.
Some noses are large, and others are small,
For nature’s vagaries are such,
To some folks, I’m told, she gives no nose at all,
But to me she has given *too much*.
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!
My cause of complaint, and the worst of my woes,
Is, because I have got such a shocking *long nose*.
Some insult or other, each day I do meet,
And by joking, my friends are all foes;
And the boys every day, as I go thro’ the street,
All bellow out—“*There goes a nose!*”
A woman, with matches one day, I came near,
Who, just as I tried to get by her,
Shoved me rudely aside, and ask’d, with a leer,
If I wanted to set her *o’fire*?
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!
Each rascal, each day, some innendo throws,
As, my nose is *n’t mine*, *I belongs to my nose*.
I once went a courting a wealthy old maid,
To be married we were, the next day;
But an accident happened, the marriage delay’d,
My nose got too much *in the way*.
For the night before marriage, entranc’d with my
In love, e’er some torment occurs— [bliss,
I screw’d up my lips, just to give her a kiss,
My nose slipp’d, and rubb’d *against her’s*!
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!
The ring that I gave, at my head soon she throws,
And another tipp’d me, ’twas a *w-ring* on the nose.
Like a porter all day, with fatigue fit to crack,
I’m seeking for rest, at each place,
Or, like pilgrim of old, with his load at his back,
Only *my* load I bear on my *face*.
I can’t get a wife, though each hour hard I try,
The girls they all blush, like a rose;
“I’m afraid to *have* you!” when I ask ’em for why?
Because, you have got *such a nose*.
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!
Their cause of refusal I cannot suppose,
They all like the *man*, but they say—*blow his nose!*
Like a large joint of meat, before a small fire,
They say that my proboscis hangs—
Or, to a brass knocker, nought there can be nigher,
And in length, it a pump-handle bangs.
A wag, you must know, just by way of a wipe,
Said, with a grin on his face, to’other night,
As he, from his pocket, was pulling a pipe,
“At your nose will you give me a *light*?”
Oh, dear! lauks-a-daisy me!
If I ask any one my way to disclose,
If I lose it—they answer, why, *follow your nose*.

642. NOBILITY OF LABOR. Why, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself, might have been a mighty machinery, for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation,

"With the sound

Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple."

Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

"Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying: "fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor with one blow, from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.

No—it had not been fortunate! Better, that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better, that rude, and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed, and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better I say, not because of that splendor, and beauty, but, because the act of creating them, is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor, than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built again; here, if any where, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? It may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do, because they must. Many submit to it, as in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth, as an escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen, coveted field of improvement.

But so he is not compelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking, is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop, and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, searred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens, and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness, and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood,—the only true nobility!—*Dewey.*

643. DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

The king—stood still,

Till the last echo—died: then, throwing off
The sack-cloth—from his brow, and laying back
The pall—from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that *thou* shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!

That death—should settle—in thy glorious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!

How *could* he mark thee—for the silent tomb,

My proud boy, *Absalom*!

Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,

As to my bosom—I have tried to press thee.

How was I wont—to feel my pulses thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet—"my father," from these

And cold lips, *Absalom*! [dumb,

The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush

Of music, and the voices of the young;

And life will pass me—in the mantling blush,

And the dark tresses—to the soft winds flung;

But thou—no more, with thy sweet voice, shall

To meet me, *Absalom*! [come

But, oh! when I am *stricken*, and my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,

How will its *love* for thee, as I depart, [token!

Yearn for thine ear—to drink its last—deep

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,

So see thee, *Absalom*!

And now—farewell! 'Tis hard—to give thee up,

With death—so like a gentle slumber on thee:

And thy dark sin!—oh! I could *drink* the cup,

If, from *this* wo, its bitterness had won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wanderer,

My erring *Absalom*?" [home,

He covered up his face, and bowed himself,

A moment, on his child; then, giving him

A look of melting tenderness, he clasped

His hands, convulsively, as if in prayer:

And, as a strength were given him of *God*,

He rose up, calmly, and composed the pall,

Firmly, and decently, and *left* him there,—

As if his rest—had been a breathing sleep. *Willis.*

The theatre was from the very first,

The favorite haunt of sin; though honest men,

Some very honest, wise and worthy men,

Maintained it might be turned to good account:

And so perhaps it might, but never was.

From first—to last—it was an evil place:

And now—such things were acted there, as made

The devils blush: and, from the neighborhood,

Angels, and holy men, trembling, retired:

And what with dreadful aggravation—crowned

This dreary time, was—sin against the light.

All men knew God, and, knowing, disobeyed;

And gloried to insult him—to his face.

Look round—the habitable world, how few—

Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

'Tis all men's office—to speak patience—

To those that toil—under a load of sorrow.

'Tis the first sanction—nature—gave to man,

Each other to assist, in what they can

644. MARCO BOZZARRIS.

He felt in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platae, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty, is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight,—in his guarded tent,
The Turk—was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece,—her knee in supplication bent,
Should tremble—at his power.
In dreams, through camp—and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then, wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then, pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight,—in the forest shades,
Bozzarris—ranged his Sultane band,
True—as the steel—of their tried blades,
Heroes—in heart—and hand.
There, had the Persian's thousands stood,
There, had the glad earth—drunk their blood,
On old Platae's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air,
The sons—of sires, who conquered there,
With arm—to strike, and soul—to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk—awoke—
That bright dream—was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots—falling thick and fast
As lightnings, from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice, as trumpet loud,
Bozzarris—cheer his band:
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars, and your fires;
Strike! for the grave graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground—with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but, Bozzarris fell,
Bleeding—at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang the proud—hurrah!
And the red field was won;
Then saw, in death, his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers—at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber,—Death!
Come to the mother—when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come—when the blessed seals,
That close the pestilence, are broke,
And crowded cities—wail its stroke;
Come—in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come, when the heart beats high, and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible! the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know,—or dream, or fear,
Of agony,—are thine.

But, to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice—sounds like a prophet's word,
And, in its hollow tones, are heard—
The thanks of millions—yet to be.
Bozzarris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured, in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom—without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born—to die.—Halleck.

645. MAID OF MALAHIDE.

In the church of Malahide, in Ireland, are the tomb and effigy of the Lady Maid Plunkett, sister of the first Lord Dunsany, of whom it is recorded that "she was maid, wife, and widow in one day." Her first husband, Hussy, Baron of Galtrim, was called from the altar to head "a hosting of the English against the Irish," and was brought back to the bridal banquet a corpse, upon the shields of his followers.

The dark-eyed Maid—of Malahide,
Her silken bodice laced,
And on her brow,—with virgin pride,
The bridal chaplet—placed.
Her heart—is beating high, her cheek
Is flushed—with rosy shame,
As laughing bridesmaids—silly speak,
The gallant bridegroom's name.
The dark-eyed Maid—of Malahide—
Before the altar—stands,
And Galtrim—claims his blushing bride,
From pure—and holy hands:—
But hark! what fearful sounds are those?
"To arms! to arms!" they cry;—
The bride's sweet cheek—no longer glows,
Fear—sits in that young eye.

The gallants—all are mustering now—
The bridegroom's helm—is on:
One look,—upon that wretched brow:
One kiss,—and he is gone;—
The feast is spread,—but many a knight,
Who should have graced that hall—
Will sleep—anon, in cold moonlight,
Beneath—a gory pall.

The garlands—bright with rainbow dyes,
In gay festoons—are hung;
The starry lamps—out-shine the skies,
The golden harps are strung:
But she—the moving spring of all,
Hath sympathy—with none
That meet in that old festive hall;—
And now—the feast's begun.
Hark! to the clang of arms! is't he,
The bridegroom chief,—returned,—
Crowned—with the wreath of victory
By his good weapon—earned?
Victorious bands—indeed—return—
But, on their shields—they bear—
The laurelled chief,—and melt—those stern—
At that young bride's despair.

"Take—take—the roses from my brow,
The jewels—from my waist;
I have no need—of such things now:"
And then—her cheek—she placed—
Close—to his dead—cold cheek, and wept,—
As one may wildly weep,
When the last hope,—the heart had kept,
Lies buried—in the deep.

Long years have passed,—since that young
Bewailed—her widowed doom: [bride
The holy walls—of Malahide—
Still—shrine her marble tomb:—
And sculpture there—has sought to prove,
With rude essay—of art,
That form—she wore in life,—whose love—
Did grace—her woman's heart.—Crawford.
The influence of example—is a terrible
responsibility—on the shoulders of every individual.

646. AARON BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author; its projector; its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it; his hand brought it into action. Beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him, men, whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New-York to New-Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurements which he can contrive, men of all ranks, and all descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank, and titles, and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste: his recruiting officers are appointed; men are engaged throughout the continent: civil life is indeed quiet upon the surface; but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials, which, with the slightest touch of his match, produces an explosion, to shake the continent. All this his restless ambition has contrived; and, in the autumn of 1806, he goes forth, for the last time, to apply this match. On this excursion he meets with Blennerhassett.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his *own* country to find quiet in *ours*. His history shews, that war is not the natural element of his mind; if it had been, he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society, natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic states, and sought quiet, and solitude, in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled." Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets, and mysteries of nature; peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment, that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The *evidence* would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life.

In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the *destroyer* comes—he comes—to turn this *paradise*—into a hell—yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering, through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin, that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity, and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation,

and the seductive, and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple, and credulous; conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast: every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such, was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty, in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat, and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort, and crucible, are thrown aside; his shrubbery in vain blooms, and breathes its fragrance upon the air—he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar; even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility: he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and, in a few months, we find the tender, and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet, this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest, and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence, and peace—thus confounded in the toils, which were deliberately spread for him, and *overwhelmed* by the mastering spirit, and genius of another—this man, thus ruined, and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the *principal* offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged, and *steeped* in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous, and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason. O! no sir. There is no man who knows anything of this affair, who does not know that to every body concerned in it, Aaron Burr was as the sun to the planets, which surround him; he bound them in their respective orbits, and gave them their light, their heat, and their motion. Let him not then shrink—from the high destination, which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, *forever*, attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between *himself* and *punishment*.

The royal bee, queen—of the rosy bower,
Collects her precious sweets—from every flower.

647. TALENTS ALWAYS ASCENDANT. Talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress, and crush them; the base, and malignant rancor of impotent spleen, and envy—may strive to embarrass and retard their flight; but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity, in the ascent of genuine, and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit, with an additional stream of glory.

When the great earl of Chatham—first made his appearance in the house of commons, and began to astonish, and transport the British parliament, and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire, and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known, that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling “insolence of office,” to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world. Poor and powerless attempt! The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the night, and irresistible energy of his genius, and, in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them, and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor, and hoary-headed cunning, and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down, to the floor of the parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted, and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great, and vigorous staminal 1 3, which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, “the swallows of science,” the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop, or repine, at any efforts, which he may suppose to be made, with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy, or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be

as unavailing, as would a human effort “to quench the stars.”—*Wirt.*

648. RICH AND POOR MAN.

So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call *This, friend, that, brother*; friends and brothers all; Tho’ you are worthless—witless—never mind it: You may have been a *stable-boy*—what then? ’Tis *wealth*, good sir, makes *honorable* men. You seek respect, no doubt, and you will *find* it. But, if you are poor, heaven help you! tho’ your Had royal blood within him, and tho’ you [sire Possess the intellect of angels, too, ’Tis all in vain;—the world will ne’er inquire On such a score:—Why should it take the pains? ’Tis easier to weigh *purses*, sure, than *brains*. I once saw a poor fellow, keen, and clever, Witty, and wise:—he paid a man a visit, And no one noticed him, and no one ever [is it?” Gave him a welcome. “Strange,” cried I, “whence He walked on this side, then on that, He tried to introduce a social chat; Now here, now there, in vain he tried; Some formally and freezingly replied, and some Said, by their silence—“Better stay at home.”

A *rich* man burst the door,
As *Cæsar* rich; I’m sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit,
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what’s better;—he had wealth.

What a confusion!—all stand up erect—
These—crowd around to ask him of his health;
These—bow in honest duty, and respect;
And these—arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these—conduct him there.
“Allow me, sir, the honor!”—Then a bow—
Down to the earth—Is’t possible to show
Meet gratitude—for such kind condescension?—

The poor man—hung his head,
And, to himself, he said,
“This is indeed, beyond my comprehension:”
Then looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said, “Pray tell me why is *wealth* preferred,
To *wisdom*?”—“That’s a silly question, friend!”
Replied the other—“have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold, or silver ore,
But wisdom—none can borrow, none can lend?”

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant’s strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne’er be quiet:
For every pelting, petty officer, [thunder.
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split the unweedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.—O, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.—*Shakspeare.*

649. THE MANIAC; MAD-HOUSE.

Stay, jailor, stay—and hear my woe!
 She is not mad—who kneels to thee;
 For what I'm now—too well I know,
 For what I was—and what should be.
 I'll rave no more—in proud despair;
 My anguish shall be mild—though sad:
 But yet I'll firmly—truly swear,
 I am not mad—I am not mad.

My tyrant husband—forged the tale,
 Which chains me—in this dismal cell;
 My fate unknown—my friends bewail;
 Oh! jailor, haste—that fate to tell;
 Oh! haste—my father's heart to cheer:
 His heart, at once—'twill grieve, and glad,
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad;—I am not mad.

He smiles—in scorn, and turns—the key;
 He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
 His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
 'Tis gone, and all is gloom again.

Cold—bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!
 Life,—all thy comforts once I had;
 Yet here I'm chained,—this freezing night,
 Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream,—some vision vain;
 What! I,—the child of rank—and wealth,
 Am I the wretch—who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom,—friends and health?
 Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more—my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart,—how burns my head;
 But 'tis not mad;—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child—forgot ere this,
 A mother's face,—a mother's tongue?
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck—how fast you clung;
 Nor how with me—you sued to stay;
 Nor how that suit—your sire forbade;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
 They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips,—how sweet they smiled!
 His mild blue eyes,—how bright they shone!
 None—ever bore a lovelier child:
 And art thou now forever—gone?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
 I will be free! unbar the door!
 I am not mad;—I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells, and cries?
 His chain—some furious madman breaks;
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
 Now, now—my dungeon-grate he shakes.
 Help! help!—He's gone! Oh! fearful wo,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo you!—while I speak—
 Mark how yon Demon's eye-balls glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent—high in air.
Horror!—the reptile—strikes his tooth—
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;
 Your task is done!—*I'm mad! I'm mad!*

Here didst thou dwell, in the enchanted cover,
 Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom bearing,
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover; [ing,
 The purple moonlight vail'd that mystic meet—
 With her most starry canopy, and, seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befell? [ing
 This cave was surely shaped out for the greet—
 Of an enamor'd goddess, and the cell

Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle!
 Children, like tender scions, take the bow,
 And, as they first are fashioned—always grow.

650. THE ALPS.

Proud monuments of God! sublime ye stand
 Among the wonders of his mighty hand:
 With summits soaring in the upper sky, [eye;
 Where the broad day looks down with burning
 Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,
 Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows:
 Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,
 And hold in kingly state, a peerless throne!

Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
 The regal ensign, and the glittering spear:
 Round icy spires, the mists, in wreaths unrolled,
 Float ever near, in purple or in gold:
 And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
 Fill with wild music, the unpillared air:
 What garden, or what hall on earth beneath,
 Thrills to such tones, as o'er the mountains
 breathe? [shone,

There, through long ages past, those summits
 Where morning radiance on their state was
 thrown;

There, when the summer day's career was done,
 Played the last glory of the sinking sun;
 There, sprinkling lustre o'er the cataract's shade,
 The chastened moon, her glittering rainbow
 made;

And, blent with pictured stars, her lustre lay,
 Where to still vales, the free streams leaped away.

Where are the thronging hosts of other days,
 Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways;
 Who, through their high defiles, to battle, wound,
 While deadly ordnance stirr'd the heights around?
 Gone; like the dream, that melts at early morn,
 When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne:
 Gone; like the wrecks, that sink in ocean's spray,
 And chill oblivion murmurs; Where are they?

Yet, "Alps on Alps" still rise; the lofty home
 Of storms, and eagles, where their pinions roam;
 Still, round their peaks, the magic colors lie,
 Of morn, and eve, imprinted on the sky;
 And still, while kings and thrones, shall fade,
 and fall,

And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall; [roar;
 Still, shall their glaciers flash; their torrents
 Till kingdoms fail, and nations rise no more.

ADHERENCE TO TRUTH. Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candor, and strict adherence to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman; which was carried so far, that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves, by a most solemn oath on the gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath; the Cardinal closed the book, and said, "*As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*"

'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;
 And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Never purchase friendship by gifts.

651. MODERN REPUBLICS. Where are the republics of modern times, which cluster'd round immortal Italy! Venice, and Genoa exist, but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country is too poor for plunder; and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers, on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to fiercer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it, under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked, by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices, or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us, and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve, what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany, and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be, that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is—"They were, but they are *not*." Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!—*Story*.

652. RAZOR SELLER.

A fellow, in a market-town,
Most musical, cried razors, up and down,
And offered twelve—for eighteen-pence;
Wh. A, certainly, seem'd wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush, stuck beneath his nose.
With cheerfulness, the eighteen-pence he paid,
And, proudly, to himself, in whispers said—
"This rascal *stole* the razors, I suppose.

"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave*;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown, with his good fortune went,
Smiling,—in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered, from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub—
Just like a hedger, cutting furze:

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried;—
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,
"I wish my eighteen-pence was in my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut and dug, and whined, and stamp'd, and swore;

Bro't blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd and made wry
And curs'd each razor's body, o'er and o'er [faces,
His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel, and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst veng'nce, with clench'd claws,
On the vile *cheat* that sold the goods.

"Razors! a vile, confounded dog!—
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue! to you, 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives.

You rascal! for an hour, have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors, just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor man, "I'm not a knave;
As for the razors you have bought,—
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd *shave*?" quoth Hodge, with
wond'ring eyes,

And voice, not much unlike an Indian yell,
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile, "*to sell*."

653. UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. I speak—in the spirit—of the British law, which makes liberty—commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil,—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads—is holy, and consecrated—by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language—his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion—incompatible with freedom, an Indian, or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle—his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities—he may have been devoted—upon the altar of slavery; the first moment—he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar, and the god, sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.—*Grattan*.

When breezes are soft, and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away—to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green;
As if the bright fringe—of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain, to the wave they drink.

654. GINEVRA; OR LOST BRIDE.

If ever you should come to Modena,
 Stop at a palace, near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in, of old, by one of the Donati.
 Its noble gardens, terrace, above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there
 'Tis of a lady, in her earliest youth,
 The last, of that illustrious family;
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.
 She sits, inclining forward, as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold,
 Brodered with flowers, and clasp'd from head to
 An emerald stone, in every golden clasp; [foot,
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowing—of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs,
 Over a mouldering heir-loom; its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved, by Antony of Trent,
 With scripture-stories, from the life of Christ;
 A chest, that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes—of some old ancestors—
 That, by the way—it may be true, or false—
 But don't forget the *picture*; and you *will* not,
 When you have heard the tale, they told me there.
 She was an only child—her name—Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride—of an indulgent father;
 And, in her fifteenth year, became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate, from her birth, and her first love.
 Just as she looks there, in her bridal dress,
 She was; all gentleness, all gayety;
 Her pranks, the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now, the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy; but, at the nuptial feast, [ing.
 When all sat down, the bride herself—was want-
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest—the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant—she had left Francesco,
 Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth—imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor, from that hour, could anything be guessed,
 But, that she was not!

Weary of his life,
 Francesco—flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away, in battle with the Turk.
 Donati lived—and long might you have seen
 An old man, wandering—as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not *what*.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile,
 Silent, and tenantless—then, went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When, on an idle day, a day of search,
 Mid the old lumber, in the gallery, [said,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and, 'twas
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'Twas done, as soon as said; but, on the way,
 It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton!
 With here and there a pearl, and emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else—had perished—save a wedding-ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both—
 "*Ginevra*."
 There, then, had she found a grave!
 Within that chest, had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down forever!—*Rogers*.

THE NEEDLE.

The gay belles of *fashion*, may boast of excelling,
 In *waltz*, or *cotillion*, at *whist* or *quadrille*;
 And seek *admiration*, by vauntingly telling—
 Of *drawing*, and *painting*, and *musical skill*;
 But give me the *fair one*, in *country* or *city*,
 Whose *home*, and its *duties*, are *dear* to her *heart*;
 Who cheerfully *warbles* some rustic ditty,
 While plying the *needle*, with *exquisite art*;
 The *bright little needle*, the *swift flying needle*,
 The *needle*—directed by *beauty*, and *art*.
 If *LOVE* has a *potent*, a *magical token*,
 A *talisman*, ever *resistless*, and *true*,
 A *charm*, that is never *evaded* or *broken*,
 A *witchery*, certain the *heart* to subdue,
 'Tis *THIS*, and his *armory*—never has furnished,
 So *keen*, and *unerring*, or *polish'd a dart*,
 (Let *beauty* direct it,) so *pointed*, and *burnish'd*,
 And, *oh!* it is *certain*—of touching the *heart*,
 The *bright little needle*, the *swift flying needle*,
 The *needle*—directed by *beauty*, and *art*.
 Be *wise*, then, ye *maidens*, nor seek *admiration*,
 By *dressing*—for *conquest*, and *flirting*—with *all*;
 You *never*, whate'er be your *fortune*, or *station*,
 Appear *half* so *lovely*, at *rout*, or at *ball*,
 As—*gaily* conven'd at the *work*—covered table,
 Each—cheerfully *active*, and playing her *part*,
 Beguiling the *task*, with a *song*, or a *fable*,
 And plying the *needle*—with *exquisite art*;
 The *bright little needle*,—the long *darning needle*,
 The *swift knitting needle*, the *needle*. directed by
 BEAUTY AND ART.—*Woodworth*.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?
 Tell, (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in business, or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land;
 All fear, none aid you, and few—understand.

Even from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Not rural sight alone, but rural sounds,
 Exhilarate the spirits.

655. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON. They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in Heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! how few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence, are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph.

But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, Oh, for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song.

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear. In the long lapse of ages, the tribes of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that, to which no age, no people of reasoning men, can be indifferent.

Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall all be forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed at the throne of God, in the bright list of his children, who best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.—*Everett*.

656. EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach—a poor exile of Erin.

The dew, on his thin robe, hung heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight repair—

To wander alone, by the wind-beaten hill : [sing,
But the day-star—attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose—on his own native Isle of the Ocean,
Where once, in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem—of ERIN GO BRAGH !

O, sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf, to a covert can flee ;

But I—have no refuge—from famine, or danger,
A home, and a country—remain not for me ;

Ah ! never, again, in the green sunny bow'rs, [hours,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
Or cover my harp, with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers—of ERIN GO BRAGH !

O, where is my cottage, that stood by the wild wood ?

Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall ? [hood,
O, where is the mother, that watch'd o'er my child—
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?

Ah ! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
O, why did it doat—on a fast fading treasure—

Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall, without mea-
But rapture, and beauty, they cannot recall ! [sure,

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,

In dreams, I revisit thy sea-beaten shore !
But alas ! in a far distant land I awaken, [more !

And sigh for the friends, who can meet me no
O, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me ?
Ah ! never, again, shall my brothers embrace me,
'They died to defend me, or live—to avenge me !

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,

One dying wish—my lone bosom shall draw :

Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,

Land of my forefathers, ERIN GO BRAGH !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp—striking bards sing aloud with devo-
O, ERIN MA VORNEEN, ERIN GO BRAGH ! [tion,

657. THE HYPOCRITE.

He was a man.

Who stole the livery—of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in ; in virtue's guise,
Devoured the widow's house, and orphan's bread ;
In holy phrase, transacted villanies,
That common sinners—durst not meddle with.

At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
And with his guilty hands—touched holiest things.

And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
More deeply, or with graver countenance,

Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
Whose infant children, at the moment, he

Planned how to rob. In sermon-style he bought,
And sold, and lied ; and salutation made,

In scripture terms. He prayed, by quantity,
And with his repetitions, long and loud,

All knees were weary. With one hand, he put
A penny—in the urn of poverty,

And with the other—took a shilling out.
On charitable lists,—those trumps, which told

The public ear, who had, in secret, done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms [ing,

They told of, took themselves to keep them sound—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there,

Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man !
A serpent with an angel's voice ! a grave, [ceiv'd.

With flowers bestrew'd ! and yet few were de-
His virtues, being over-done, his face,

Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities,
Too pompously attended, and his speech,

Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology,—were rents.

That in his garments opened, in spite of him,
Thro' which, the well accustomed eye, could see

The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blush'd,
As in the all-piercing light he stood, exposed,

No longer herding—with the holy ones.
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance—

To sanctimonious seeming ; but, meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all.

His purpose balk'd. The righteous smil'd, and even
Despair itself, some signs of laughter gave,

As, ineffectually, he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.

Detected wretch ! of all the reprobate,
None seem'd more mature—for the flames of hell,

Where still his face, from ancient custom, wears
A holy air, which says to all that pass

Him by, "*I was a hypocrite on earth.*"—*Pollock*.

658. PARRHASIUS AND CAPTIVE.

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."
—*Warton's Annot. of M.D.*

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.
Parrhasius stood, gazing, forgettally,
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lermian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip—[flight.
Were like the winged God's, breathing from his

"Bring me the captive now!

My hands feel skillful, and the shadows lift

From my waked spirit airily and swift,

And I could paint the bow

Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!

Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!

Quick—or he faints! stand with the cordial near!

Now—bend him to the rack!

Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!

And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long

Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!

What a fine agony works upon his brow!

Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!

How fearfully he stifles that short moan!

Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity" thee! So I do!

I pity the dumb victim at the altar—

But does the rob'd priest for his *pity* falter?

I'd rack thee though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine—

What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

Yet there's a deathless name!

A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,

And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—

And though its crown of flame

Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,

By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on!

Ay—though it bid me rifle

My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—

Though every life-strung nerve be maddened fire;

Though it should bid me stifle

The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,

And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

All—I would do it all—

Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—

Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!

O heavens—but I appal

Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives

Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye

Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!

Gods! if he do not die

But for one moment—one—till I eclipse

Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters

Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—

Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death!

Look! how his temples flutter!

Is his heart still? Ah! lift up his head!

He shudders, gasps, Jove help him! so, he's dead.

How like a mounting devil in the heart

Rules the unregained ambition! Let it once

But play the monarch, and its haughty brow

Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought,

And unthrones peace forever. Putting on

The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns

The heart to ashes, and with not a spring

Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,

We look upon our splendor and forget

The thirst of which we perish!

O, if earth be all, and Heaven nothing,

What thrice mocked fools we are!—Willis.

NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE,

Addressed to Dr. Moyce by the Ladies.

Dear doctor, let it not transpire,

How much your lectures we admire;

How, at your eloquence we wonder,

When you explain the cause of thunder;

Of lightning, and electricity,

With so much plainness, and simplicity;

The origin of rocks, and mountains,

Of seas, and rivers, lakes, and fountains;

Of rain, and hail, and frost, and snow,

And all the storms, and winds that blow;

Besides a hundred wonders more,

Of which we never heard before.

But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,

There is a most important matter,

A matter which our thoughts run much on,

A matter, which you never touch on,

A subject, if we right conjecture,

That well deserves a long, long lecture,

Which all the ladies would approve,—

The natural history of love!

Deny us not, dear doctor Moyce!

Oh, list to our entreating voice!

Tell us why our poor, tender hearts,

So easily admit love's darts.

Teach us the marks—of love's beginning;

What makes us think a bean so winning;

What makes us think a coxcomb, witty,

A black coat, wise, a red coat—pretty!

Why we believe such horrid lies,

That we are angels, from the skies,

Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,

Our eyes like stars—such *charming* noses!

Explain our dreams, awake, and sleeping,

Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.

Teach us, dear doctor, if you can,

To humble that proud creature, man;

To turn the wise ones into fools,

The proud and insolent to tools;

To make them all run, helter-skelter,

Their necks—into the marriage-halter:

Then leave us to ourselves with these;

We'll turn and rule them as we please.

Dear doctor, if you grant our wishes,

We promise you—five-hundred kisses;

And, rather than the affair be blundered,

We'll give you—six-score to the hundred.

659. SPEECH OF BELIAL, DISSUADING WAR.

I should be much for *open* war, oh peers,
As not behind in hate, if what were urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not *dissuade* me more, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in tact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge. [filled
First, *what* revenge?—The towers of heaven are
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft, on the bordering deep,
Encamp their legions: or with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide, into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels, all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would, on his throne,
Sit, unpolluted; and the ethereal mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope—
Is flat despair; we must *exasperate*
The almighty victor—to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; *that*—must be our cure,—
To be no more.—*Sad* cure!—for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,—
To perish rather, swallowed up, and lost,
In the wide tomb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense, and motion?—And *who* knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe
Can give it, or *will* ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; but that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unawares,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease ye then?"
Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined—to eternal wo:
Whatever doing,—what can we suffer *more*,
What can we suffer *more*?" Is *this* then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell, then, seemed
A refuge—from those wounds! or, when we lay,
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance—arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell—should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall,
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing, or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or, for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;
There to converse—with everlasting groans,

Unrespired, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages—of hopeless end!—this would be worse.
War, therefore, *open* and *concealed*, alike
My voice dissuades.—*Milton*.

POMPEII. How serenely slept the star-light
on that lovely city! how breathlessly its pil-
lared streets reposed in their security! how
softly rippled the dark, green waves beyond!
how cloudless spread aloft and blue the dream-
ing Campanian skies! Yet this was the last
night for the gay Pompeii! the colony of the
hoar Chaldean! the fabled city of Hercules!
the delight of the voluptuous Roman! Age
after age had rolled indestructive, unheeded,
over its head; and now the last ray quivered
on the dial plate of its doom!

660. THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows | of a poor old man, [door;
Whose trembling limbs | have borne him to your
Whose days are dwindled | to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.
These tatter'd clothes | my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow | in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel | to a flood of tears.
Yon house, erected | on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect | drew me from my road;
For plenty there | a residence has found,
And grandeur | a magnificent abode.
Hard is the fate | of the infirm, and poor!
Here, as I crav'd | a morsel of their bread,
A pumper'd menial | drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter | in an humbler shed.
Oh! take me | to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, | and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage | to the friendly tomb;
For I am poor, and miserably old.
Should I reveal the sources | of my grief,
If soft humanity | e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not | withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity | would not be repress.
Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has bro't me | to the state you see;
And *your* condition | may be soon like *mine*,
'The child of sorrow | and of misery.
A little farm | was my paternal lot;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression | forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain | from her native home,
Is cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd | in scanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish | at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair;
And left the world | to wretchedness and me.
Pity the sorrows | of a poor old man, [door;
Whose trembling limbs | have borne him to your
Whose days are dwindled | to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.
Canst thou administer—to a mind diseased?
Pluck—from the memory—a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles—of the brain:
And with some sweet—oblivious antidote—
Cleanse—the stuff'd bosom—of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs—upon the heart?

661. CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council—Cesar's approach has summon'd us together, [cil. And Rome attends her fate from our resolves. How shall we treat this bold aspiring man? Success still follows him, and backs his crimes. Pharsalia—gave him Rome: Egypt—has since Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cesar's. Why should I mention Juba's overthrow, And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands, Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us, And envies us, even Libya's sultry deserts. Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they *still* To hold it out, and fight it to the last? [fixed Or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wro't, By time and ill success, to a submission? Sempronius, speak.—

Sempronius. My voice is *still* for war. Gods! can a Roman senate long debate, Which of the two to choose, *slavery, or death?* No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords, And, at the head of our remaining troops, Attack the foe, break through the thick array Of his thronged legions, and charge *home* upon Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest, [him. May reach his heart, and free the world—from bondage.

Rise, fathers, *rise!* 'tis Rome demands your help; Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens, Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we Sit here, deliberating in cold debates, If we should sacrifice our lives to honor, Or wear them out in servitude, and chains. Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—*To battle!* Great Pompey's shade—complains that we are slow. [us]

And Scipio's ghost—walks unrevenge'd, amongst

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal—Transport thee thus, beyond the bounds of *real-True* fortitude is seen, in great exploits, [son: That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides: All else is towering frenzy and distraction. Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword, In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care? Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter, Might not the impartial world, with reason, say, We lavished at our deaths, the blood of thousands, To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious; Lucius, we next would know what's *your* opinion, *Lucius.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on *peace*.

Already, have our quarrels filled the world—With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions—Lie half-unpeopled, by the feuds of Rome: [kind. 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare man—It is not Cesar, but the gods, my fathers, The gods declare against us, and repel Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle, (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,) Were to refuse the awards of Providence, And not to rest in Heaven's determination. Already have we shown our love to Rome; Now, let us show submission to the gods. We took up arms, not to revenge *ourselves*, But free the *commonwealth*; when *this* end fails, Arms have no further use: our country's cause, That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our And bids us not delight in Roman blood, [hands, Unprofitably shed: what men could do—Is done *already*: heaven and earth—will witness, If—Rome—must—fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behavior—Conceal a traitor—something whispers me [for oft All is not right—Cato beware of Lucius.

Cato. Let us appear—nor rash, nor diffident: Immoderate valor—swells into a fault; And fear, admitted into public councils,

Betrays—like treason. Let us shun 'em both. Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [round us; Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks Within our walls, are troops—inured to toil, In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun; Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us, Ready to rise, at its young prince's call. While there is hope, do not distrust the gods; But wait, at least, till Cesar's near approach Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late To sue for chains, and own a conqueror. Why should Rome fall a moment, ere her time? No, let us draw her term of freedom out, In its full length, and spin it to the last. So, shall we gain still *one* day's liberty; And let me perish; but, in *Cato's* judgment, A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, Is worth a whole *eternity*—in bondage.—*Addison.*

662. GOD IN NATURE.—There is religion in every thing around us—a calm and holy religion, in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes quietly, and without excitement. It has no terror, no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it.

It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain-top—pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

PLAY-PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise, We love the play-place of our early days; The scene is touching, and the heart is stone, That feels not at that sight, and feels at none. The wall on which we tried our graving skill, The very name we carv'd subsisting still; The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd, Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot, Playing our games, and on the very spot; As happy as we once, to kneel and draw The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw; To pitch the ball into the grounded hat, Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat; The pleasing spectacle at once excites Such recollection of our own delights, That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain Our innocent, sweet, simple years again. *Cowper.*

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,

The bailing-place of wit, the balm of woe;

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

663. PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH, 1775.

No man—thinks more highly, than I do, of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen, who have just addressed the house. But, different men—often see the same subject in different lights; and therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments—freely, and without reserve. This, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom, or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject, ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God, and to our country. Were I to withhold my sentiments, at such a time as this, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven; whom I revere above all earthly kings. It is natural for man—to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth; and listen—to the song of that syren, till she transforms us—into beasts. Is this—the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for LIBERTY? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things, which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that—is the lamp—of EXPERIENCE. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been, in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the house? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare—to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves—how this gracious reception of our petition—comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters, and darken our land. Are fleets, and armies, necessary to a work of love, and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war, and subjugation—the last arguments—to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other, possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies, and armies? No sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over—to bind, and rivet upon us, those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty, and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm, which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition—to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry, and parliament. Our petitions—have been slighted; our remonstrances—have produced additional violence and

insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace, and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve, inviolate, those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves, never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it!—sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope—with so formidable an adversary. But when—shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be—when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength—by irresolution, and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us—hand—and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means, which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions—of people, armed—in the holy cause of LIBERTY, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible, by any force, which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God,—who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong—alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late—to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking—may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry—PEACE—PEACE—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it, that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life—so—dear, or peace—so sweet, as to be purchased—at the price of chains—and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God.—I know not—what course others may take,—but, as for me, give me LIBERTY,—or give me—DEATH!”

664. AMERICA.

Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the fair Atlantic! she has taught
Her Esau brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag, [bought
May strike to those whose red right hands have
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, forever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal, with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!—Byron.

OF THE DREAD OF REFORM. The true and only reason, for not attempting a reform of the state of things is, that the interest of corruption—requires them to remain as they are.

665. FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul that slumbered
 To a holy, calm delight—
 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor-wall—
 Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved-one, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more !
 He, the young and strong, who cherished
 Noble longings for the strife—
 By the road-side fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life !
 They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore—
 Folded their pale hands so meekly—
 Spake with us on earth no more !
 And with them the being beauteous
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.
 With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine ;
 And she sits and gazes at me,
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the skies.
 Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.
 Oh ! though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !

666. THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. All mankind are brethren. Every human being, who comes in our way, and stands in need of our aid, is entitled to our sympathy. Human nature, and distress, form a legitimate claim to our friendly assistance. We are not to withhold our brotherly affection, from any of our fellow men, because an imaginary line, a river, a ridge of mountains, or a channel of the ocean, may have separated their birth-place from ours ; because their manners, customs, and political institutions are not the same with our own ; because, by reason of difference of climate, and manner of life, their skin is tinged with a different color ; because they offer their tribute of homage—to the Creator in a different manner ; or, because there is some difference, or shade of difference, between *their* religious rites, and opinions, and *ours*.

The sentiment of universal benevolence—expands the heart, humanizes the mind, and fosters every generous affection ; but jealousy, malice, hatred, and other malignant passions—pervert the soul, and cramp, and vitiate—the best feelings of our nature. They wage war with every manly, and liberal prin-

ciple. Instead of sweeping the globe, with the guilty purpose of oppressing the weak, robbing the defenceless, exciting the sound of lamentation in the humble hut, and drawing forth the tears of the widow, and the orphan, let us do what is in our power—to promote the happiness of our fellow men. In the genuine spirit of brotherly affection, let us smoke the pipe of peace—with the untutored wanderer of the western wilderness—or, partake of bread, and salt, with the hardy native of the African desert.

Mankind often complain, that they are unhappy ; that they tread in a thorny path, and drink of a bitter stream. But whence do their sufferings, and sorrows flow ? Do they not, in a great measure, proceed from their own selfish, and malignant passions ! Remove the *cause*, and the *effect* will disappear. Banish malice, envy, hatred ; let genuine good-will towards each other prevail, and a great portion of human misery—will fade away, like darkness—before the rising sun. It will dissipate the gloom, which often clouds the countenance, and remove the grief, which often preys upon the heart.—*Fergus*.

EDUCATION.

If thou hast plucked a flower
 Of richest, rarest ray,
 And borne it from its garden bower,
 Thou knowest 't will fade away :
 If thou hast gathered gold,
 Unruined and refined,
 That glittering hoard of worth untold,
 Thou knowest the thief may find.
 There is a plant that fears
 No adverse season's strife,
 But with an inborn fragrance cheers
 The wintry eye of life ;
 There is a wealth that foils
 The robber's roving eye,
 The guerdon of the mind that toils
 For immortality.
 O ye, whose brows are bright,
 Whose bosoms feel no thorn,
 Seek knowledge, by the rosy light
 Of youth's unfolding morn ;
 With ardor uncontrolled,
 Seek wisdom's lore sublime,
 And win the garland, and the gold
 That cannot change with time.—*Sigourney*

THE LAND OF REST.

Oh, *when*—shall I go to that *land*
 Where *spirits*—beatified dwell ?
 Oh, *when* shall I join their bright *band*,
 And bid to this *earth*—a farewell ?
 I am weary of *life*—and its *care*,
 I am weary of *life* and its *woe*,
 Oh, *when* to that *country* so *fair*,
 To that *country unknown*, shall I go ?
 A soft yellow *light* fills the air
 Of that *land*, which I long to *behold* ; [there,
 And the *faces* and *forms*—of the *saints* who are
 Are clothed—in its luster of *gold*.
 Like *angels* they look—as they *move*,
 And like *angels* they pass the sweet *hours* ;
 For they are not *mortals*, but *spirits*, who *rove*
 In the light of those beautiful *bowers*.
 Face to face the truth comes out

667. THE PERFECT ORATOR. Imagine to yourselves—a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point, whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject! By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost—in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.

With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault, and subjugate, the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external, testify their energies.

Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, thro' the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies—from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds, in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass; the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip, let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer, or die.

668. WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented,
The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings, wife, children, and friends.
In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
And justice divine could not compass her ends,
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children, and friends.
If the stock of our bliss in less stranger hands rested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills, which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.
The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
When duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory,
For one happy hour with wife, children, and friends.
Though valor still glows in life's waning embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers,
How blest was his home, with wife, children, and friends.
Though the spice-breathing gale, o'er his caravan hovers,
Though around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbine that covers
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.
The day-spring of youth, still unclouded with sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smiles of wife, children and friends.
Let the breath of renewen ever freshen and nourish
The laurel that o'er her fair favorites bends,
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Besew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

669. TIME—NEW YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour; and silence, now,
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er [winds,
The still—and pulseless world. Hark! on the
The bell's deep tones are swelling: 'tis the knell
Of the departed—year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream, and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeam's rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud: the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and, on yon cloud,
That floats so still, and placidly, through heaven,
The spirits—of the seasons—seem to stand, [form,
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn
And Winter, with his aged locks, and breath,
In mournful cadence, that come abroad,—
Like the far *wind*-harp's wild, and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge—o'er the dead year—
Gone—from the earth—forever.

Tis a time

For memory, and tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones—are like the wizard's voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold—
And solemn finger—to the beautiful
And holy visions, that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness,
On the dead waste of life. That spectre—lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending, mournfully, above the pale, [flowers
Sweet forms, that slumber there, scatters dead
O'er what has passed—to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and, *with* it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark—is on each brow,
Its shadow—in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful—
And they are not. It laid its palid hand
Upon the strong man—and the haughty form—
Is fallen, and the flashing eye—is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous—and the tearful wail—
Of stricken ones—is heard, where erst, the song,
And reckless shout—resounded. It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed—in the light of mid-day—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed, and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded, like a wreath of mist, at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions—to their home—
In the dim land—of dreams.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united, soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light, injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight, should preserve their general health by correct habits, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

670. AMERICA. I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or can all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to the empire, the permanency of its possessions! Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song!

Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—yet where is she! So thought the country of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless and enervate Ottoman!

In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they never had been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards!

Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, that, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!—*Phillips*.

671. THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

Heard ye—those loud—contending waves,

That shook—Cecropia's pillared state?

Saw ye the mighty, from their graves

Look up, and tremble at her fate?

Who—shall calm the angry storm?

Who, the mighty task perform,

And bid the raging tumult—cease?

See the son of Hermes rise;

With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,

Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

Lo! from the regions of the north,

The reddening storm of battle pours;

Rolls along the trembling earth,

Fastens—on Olympian towers.

"Where rests the sword: where sleep the brave,

Awake! Cecropia's ally save,

From the fury of the blast;

Burst the storm on Phocis' walls;

Rise! or Greece forever falls,

Up! or freedom—breathes her last!"

The jarring states, obsequious now,

View the patriot's hand on high;

Thunder—gathering on his brow;

Lightning—flashing from his eye!

Borne by the tide of words along,

One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:

"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,

"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,

Lead us to Philippi's lord,

Let us conquer him—or die!"

Ah eloquence! thou wast undone;

Wast from thy native country driven,

When tyranny—eclipsed the sun,

And blotted out the stars of heaven.

When liberty, from Greece withdrew,

And o'er the Adriatic flew,

To where the Tiber pours his urn,
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock;
Sparks were kindled by the shock—
Again, thy fires began to burn!

Now, shining forth, thou madest complaint,
The conscript fathers—to thy charms;

Roused the world-bestridding giant,

Sinking fast, in slavery's arms!

I see thee stand—by freedom's fame,

Pouring the persuasive strain,

Giving vast conceptions birth:

Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound,

Shake the forum—round—and round,

Shake—the pillars—of the earth!

First-born of liberty divine!

Put on religion's bright array;

Speak! and the starless grave—shall shine,

The portal—of eternal day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam;

Let Calvary's hill—inspire the theme!

Unfold the garments—rolled in blood!

O touch the soul, touch all her chords,

With all the omnipotence of words,

And point the way to heaven—to God.—*Carey*.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOLD. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities, silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length, argued them out of all their liberties.—*Addison*.

THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes, and all our fears,

Were prisoned—in life's narrow bound;

If travelers—through this vale of tears,

We saw no better world beyond;

Oh! what could check the rising sigh?

What earthly thing—could pleasure give?

Oh! who would venture then, to die—

Or who would venture then—to live?

Were life a dark, and desert moor,

Where mists—and clouds eternal—spread

Their gloomy vail behind, before,

And tempests thunder—overhead;

Where not a sun-beam—breaks the gloom,

And not a floweret—smiles beneath,

Who would exist—in such a tomb—

Who dwell in darkness—and in death?

And such were life, without the ray

Of our divine religion given;

'Tis this, that makes our darkness, day,

'Tis this, that makes our earth—a heaven!

Bright is the golden sun above,

And beautiful—the flowers, that bloom,

And all is joy, and all is love,

Reflected—from the world to come!

Life is a weary interlude—

Which doth short joys, long woes include:

The world the stage, the prologue tears;

The acts vain hopes and varied fears;

The scene shuts up with loss of breath,

And leaves no epilogue but death!—*H. King*.

The stomach, hath no ears.

672. MILITARY DESPOTISM AND INSUBORDINATION. *Mr. Chairman*,—I trust, that I shall be indulged, with some few reflections, upon the *danger*—of permitting the conduct, on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass, without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this house. Recall to your recollection, sir, the *free* nations, which have gone before us. Where are they now?

“Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were;
A schoolboy’s tale,—the wonder of an hour.”

And how have they *lost* their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back, sir, to the ages when Greece, and Rome, flourished, in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian, if he did not fear, that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip, or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country.—the confident, and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our *heroes*; our liberties will be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear, that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet, Greece—has fallen; Cesar—has passed the rubicon; and the patriotic arm even of *Brutus*—could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

Sir, we are fighting a great moral battle for the benefit, not only of *our* country, but of all *mankind*. The eyes of the whole *world* are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Every where—the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only *one* bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the *west*, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind—are enshrouded—in a pall of universal darkness. Beware, then, sir, how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, to military insubordination. Remember, that Greece—had her Alexander, Rome her Cesar, England—her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and, that if we would escape the rock, on which *they* split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey—the awful isthmus, on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may even vote general Jackson the public thanks. They may carry him triumphantly through this house. But, if they do, sir, in *my* humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination—a triumph of the *military*—over the *civil* authority—a triumph over the powers of this house—a triumph over the constitution of the land; and I pray, sir, most devoutly, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

THE EARTH HAS BEEN ALL ALIVE.

What is the world itself? thy world?—a grave!
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors,
From human mold we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth’s hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O’er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer’s heel.

673. THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS HOST.

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the roadside an ale-house chanced to spy:
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters: “Hallo! Garcon, if you please,
Bring me a little bit of bread and cheese.
And hallo! Garcon, a pot of porter too!” he said,
“Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed.” [left,
His supper done, some scraps of cheese were
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
For, on the floor, some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began; [round,
At which they gorged themselves; then smelling
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman’s nap;
Who, half awake, cries out, “Hallo! hallo!
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so?

Ah! ’tis one big huge rat!
Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?”

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o’er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.

“Hallo! Maison! Garcon, I say!
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!”
The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes
With eager haste, he runs it o’er, [his eyes:
And every time he viewed it thought it more.

“Vy zounds, and zounds!” he cries, “I sall no pay;
Vat charge ten shelang for vat I have mange?
A leetal sup of porter, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head?”
“Plague on those rats!” the landlord muttered out;
“I wish, upon my word, that I could make ’em
scout:

I’ll pay him well that can.” “Vat’s dat you say?”
“I’ll pay him well that can.” “Attend to me, I
Vil you dis charge forego, vat I am at, [pray:
If from your house I drive away de rat?”

“With all my heart,” the jolly host replies,
“Ecoutez done, ami;” the Frenchman cries.
“First, den—Regardez, if you please,
Bring to dis spot a leelle bread and cheese:
Eh bien! a pot of portar too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you:
And after—no matter dey be villing—
For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang:
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey’ll quit your house, and never come no more.”

How beautiful—is the swiftly passing light—
On the calm cloud of eve! ’Tis sweet—to mark
Those color’d folds—float round the setting sun,
Like crimson drapery—o’er a monarch’s throne.

674. LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The loss of a firm, national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of the Roman empire; an empire, carrying its arts, and arms, into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms, dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle, waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory! Extinguished—forever. Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs, and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence, in our government, if it does not extend over them, the shield of an honorable, national character. Corruption will creep in, and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for revolution—will call into action the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen may yet glitter on our mountains, their blood may yet crimson our plains.

Such, the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim—may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit, which conducted our heroes to peace, and safety, and gave us a lofty rank, amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to the moment, when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave, and dashed his fetters to the earth, when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard, to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man: I am an American.—*Maxcy*.

The bell strikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours: [flood?
Where are they? with the years beyond the
It is the signal that demands despatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Reason gains all men, by compelling none.

675. GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night—to all the world! there's none,
Beneath the "over-going" sun,
To whom, I feel, or hate, or spite,
And so to all—a fair good-night.

Would I could say, good-night to pain,
Good-night to evil and her train,
To cheerless poverty, and shame,
That I am yet unknown to fame!

Would I could say, good-night to dreams,
That haunt me with delusive gleams,
That through the sable future's veil,
Like meteors, glimmer, but to fail.

Would I could say, a long good-night,
To halting, between wrong, and right,
And, like a giant, with new force,
Awake, prepared to run my course!

But time o'er good and ill sweeps on,
And when few years have come, and gone,
The past—will be to me as naught,
Whether remembered, or forgot.

Yet, let me hope, one faithful friend,
O'er my last couch, in tears shall bend;
And, though no day for me was bright,
Shall bid me then, a long good-night.

RESPECT TO OLD AGE. It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play, exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late, for a place suitable to his age, and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him, that they would accommodate him, if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seat, to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But, on those occasions, there were also particular places reserved for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes, appointed for the Lacedemonians, *that* honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "the Athenians *understand* what is good, but the Lacedemonians *practice* it."

FORTUNE-TELLER.

A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller;
A needy, hollow-eye'd, sharp looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernickious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd.—*Shakspeare*.

RECREATION.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair);
And at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

676. THE GROVES: GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

The groves—were God's first temples. Ere man
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, [learned
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather, and roll back,
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered, to the Mightiest, solemn thanks,
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heav'n,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed, at once,
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit—with the thought of boundless Power,
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should *we*, in the world's *riper* years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore,
Only, among the crowd, and under roofs,
That our frail hands have raised? Let *me*, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer *one* hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heav'n. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old, and died,
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As *now* they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—
Fit shrine—for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen,
No traces of man's pomp, or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings—show
The boast of our vain race—to change the form
Of thy fair works. But *thou* art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summits of these trees,
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

Here, is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world, beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown—as loftily as *he*
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
With scented breath, and look, so like a smile,

Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token—of the upholding Love,
That are, the *soul* of this wide universe.

My heart—is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that *still* goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed—
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old, and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay, and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly, that their ancestors
Moulder, beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And *yet* shall lie. Life—mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy—Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms, and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe,
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There *have* been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought, and prayer, till they outlived
The generation, born with them, nor seemed
Less aged, than the hoary trees, and rocks,
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well—to pass life thus.
But let me, often, to these solitudes
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens, with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes, and follies by!
Oh! from the sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me, and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy *milder* majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy *works*,
Learn to conform the order of thy *lives*.—*Bryant*.

Naturally, men are prone to spin them-
selves a web of opinions out of their own
brain, and to have a religion that may be cal-
led their own. Men are far readier to make
themselves a faith, than to receive that which
God hath formed to their hands, and they are
far readier to receive a doctrine that tends to
their carnal commodity, or honor, or delights,
than one that tends to self-denial.

Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squir-
rels in a chain, ambitious men still climb and
climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety,
but never reach the top.

677. PHYSICAL EDUCATION. That is, undoubtedly, the wisest, and best regimen, which takes the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along, through childhood, and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner, as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amplitude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to his vital energies. It is obvious, that this branch of education comprehends, not only food and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else is requisite, to the full development of the physical constitution. The diet must be simple, the apparel must not be too warm, nor the bed too soft.

Let parents beware of too much restriction in the management of their darling boy. Let him, in choosing his play, follow the suggestions of nature. Let them not be discomposed at the sight of his sand-hills in the road, his snow-forts in February, and his mud-dams in April; nor when they chance to look out in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading and sailing, and sporting along with the water-fowl. If they would make him hardy and fearless, they must let him go abroad as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping-room by Fahrenheit, they must let him face the keen edge of a north-wind, when the mercury is below cipher; and, instead of minding a little shivering, and complaining, when he returns, cheer up his spirits, and send him out again. In this way, they will teach him, that he was not born to live in the nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad, as free as the snow, and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise.

I love, and admire the youth, who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer; who never magnifies "mole-hills into mountains;" but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake anything, that is prudent, and lawful, within the range of possibility. Who would think of planting the mountain-oak—in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon—in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know that, in order to attain their mighty strength, and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain, and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest?

THE CHASE.

The stag, at eve, had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon, on Monan's rill,
And deep—his midnight lair had made,
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun—his beacon red
Had kindled, on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof, and horn.
As chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foeman storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste—
Sprung from his heathery couch, in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops, from his flanks, he shook:
Like crested leader, proud, and high,

Tossed his beamed frontlet—to the sky;
A moment—gazed—adown the dale,
A moment—snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment, listened to the cry,
That thickened—as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound—the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward, free, and far,
Sought the wild heaths—of Uam-Var.—*Scott.*

678. MODULATION.

'Tis not enough—the voice be sound, and clear,
'Tis modulation, that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroes grieve, with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows, in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds—of unimpassioned woes,
Can only make the yawning hearers—doze.
The voice—all modes of passion can express,
That marks the proper word, with proper stress:
But none emphatic—can that speaker call,
Who lays an *equal* emphasis—on all.
Some, o'er the tongue—the labored measures roll,
Slow, and deliberate—as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
All affectation—but creates disgust;
And e'en in *speaking*, we may seem too just.
In vain, for *them*, the pleasing *measure* flows,
Whose recitation—runs it all to prose;
Repeating—what the poet sets not down,
The verse disjuncting—from its favorite noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a discord—in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures—fill the allotted scene
With lifeless draws, insipid and serene;
While *others*—thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears—with rant, and roar
More nature, oft, and finer strokes are shown,
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice, and fixed amaze,
More powerful terror—to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
Bulies the bulky phantom of the stage.
He, who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature—cling about his heart.
The modes of grief—are not included all—
In the white handkerchief, and mournful drawl;
A single *look*—more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthened—*Oh!*
Up to the face—the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning—from the speaking eyes:
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

NATURE'S WANTS ARE FEW.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answered, bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish nor to treason nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive,
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.—*Young.*

679. A CURE FOR HARD TIMES. We are too fond of showing out in our families; and, in this way, our *expenses* far exceed our *incomes*. Our daughters—must be dressed off in their silks and crapes, instead of their linsey-woolsey. Our young folks—are too proud to be seen in a coarse dress, and their extravagance is bringing ruin on our families. When you can induce your sons to prefer young women, for their real *worth*, rather than for their *show*; when you can get them to choose a wife, who can make a good loaf of bread, and a good pound of butter, in preference to a girl, who does nothing but dance about in her silks, and her laces; then, gentlemen, you may expect to see a change for the better. We must get back to the good old simplicity of former times, if we expect to see more prosperous days. The time was, even since memory, when a simple note was good for any amount of money, but now bonds and mortgages are thought almost no security; and this owing to the want of confidence.

And what has caused this want of confidence? Why, it is occasioned by the extravagant manner of living; by your families going in debt beyond your ability to pay. Examine this matter, gentlemen, and you will find this to be the real cause. Teach your sons to be too proud to ride a hackney, which their father cannot pay for. Let them be above being seen sporting in a gig, or a carriage, which their father is in debt for. Let them have this sort of independent pride, and I venture to say, that you will soon perceive a reformation. But, until the change commences in this way in our families; until we begin the work ourselves, it is in vain to expect better times.

Now, gentlemen, if you think as I do on this subject, there is a way of showing that you do think so, and but one way; when you return to your homes, have independence enough to put these principles in practice; and I am sure you will not be disappointed.

680. THE FIRE-SIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity, and pride,
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,

Where love—our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor—enters here,
No intermeddling stranger—near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness—we prize,
Within our breast—this jewel lies;

And they are fools, who roam:
The world—has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves—our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest, was Noah's dove bereft,
When, with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;

Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird, once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools—spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,

By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender, and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes, shall richest comfort bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:

We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:

They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus, our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While, to the world, we live unknown,
Or, by the world forgot;

Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity—on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed!
But then, how little do we need!

For nature's calls are few:
In this, the art of living lies,
To want no more, that may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,

And pleas'd, with favors giv'n:
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,

Whose fragrance—smells to heav'n.
We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and wo,
With cautious steps, we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes, without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall, thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper—*peace*,
And smooth the bed of death.—*Cotton.*

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor
crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

681. THE NATURE OF ELOQUENCE.
When public bodies are to be addressed, on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory, contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, of firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—*this*—is eloquence.—*Webster.*

682. THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said—to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low—at rest;
But still—the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks—
With steadfast eye."

I said—to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last, poor life-drop—you may drain,
And crush me—to the grave;
Yet still, the spirit, that endures,
Shall mark your force—the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours,
With bitter smile."

I said—to cold Neglect, and Scorn,
"Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me, till my form,
And being—are forgot;
Yet, still—the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said—to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add—one bitter woe
To those—already there;
Yet still—the spirit, that sustains
This last—severe distress,

Shall smile—upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still—the spirit, firm, and free,
Triumphant—in the last dismay,
Wrapt—in its own eternity,
Shall, smiling, pass away."

683. PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

'Mid the light spray, their snorting camels' hood,
Nor bath'd a fellock, in the nauseous flood:
He comes—their leader comes! the man of God,
O'er the wide waters, lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse, deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chas'd surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand, and coral hills below.

With limbs, that falter, and with hearts, that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep, and slippery dell.
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers, that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunts, are
Down, *safely* down the narrow pass they tread; [seen.
The beetling waters—storm above their head;
While far behind, retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills, its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel—fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night;
Still, in their van, along that dreadful road, [God.
Blaz'd broad and fierce, the brandish'd torch of
Its meteor glare—a tenfold lustre gave,
On the long mirror—of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams—a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye.
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke, for light, their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds, their struggling sight con-
And tenfold darkness broods above their line. [fine,
Yet on they press, by reckless vengeance led,
And range, unconscious, through the ocean's bed,
Till midway now—that strange, and fiery form,
Show'd his dread visage, lightning through the
storm;

With withering splendor, blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their
coursers' flight.

"Fly, Misraim, fly!" The ravenous floods they see,
And, *fiercer* than the floods, the *Deity*.

"Fly, Misraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand,
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:
With one wild crash, the thundering waters sweep,
And all—is waves—a dark, and lonely deep:—
Yet, o'er these lonely waves, such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast:
And strange, and sad, the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt—to Arabia's shore.—*Heber.*

CONCEALED LOVE.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her darnask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

684. GREEK LITERATURE. It is impossible—to contemplate the annals of Greek literature, and art, without being struck with them, as by far the most extraordinary, and brilliant phenomenon, in the history of the human mind. The very language, even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists, who celebrated the exploits of Hercules, and Theseus, was as great a wonder, as any it records.

All the other tongues, that civilized men have spoken, are poor, and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison of it. Its compass, and flexibility, its riches, and its powers, are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses, with precision, all that is thought, or known, at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally, with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or a systematic nomenclature, whenever one is called for.

It is equally adapted to every variety of style, and subject, to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction, and the utmost exactness of definition, as well as to the energy, and the pathos of popular eloquence, to the majesty, the elevation, the variety of the Epic, and the boldest license of the Dithyrambic, no less than to the sweetness of the Elegy, the simplicity of the Pastoral, or the heedless gayety, and delicate characterization of Comedy.

Above all, what is an unspeakable charm, a sort of naivete is peculiar to it, and appears in all those various styles, and is quite as becoming, and agreeable, in an historian, or a philosopher, Xenophon for instance, as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon.

Indeed, were there no other object, in learning Greek, but to see—to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed, in acquiring a knowledge of it, for all the purposes, at least of a liberal, or elementary education, as in learning algebra, another specimen of a language, or arrangement of signs perfect in its kind.—*Legare.*

685. OUR EXIT: THANATOPSIS.

To him, who, in the love of nature, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks A various language; for his gayer hours, She has a voice of gladness, and a smile, And eloquence of beauty, and she glides Into his dark musings, with a mild, And gentle sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts—

Of the last bitter hour, come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth into the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while, from all around,
Comes a still voice—

"Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go,
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother—to th' insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.

The oak—

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not, to thy eternal resting place,
Shalt thou retire, alone—nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All—in one—mighty sepulchre.

The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers, that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks [all,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all—
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread

The globe, are but a handful, to the tribes,
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or, lose thyself in the continuous woods,
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead—reign there—alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what, if thou shalt fall,
Unnoticed by the living; and no friend—
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh,
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on; and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet, all these shall leave
Their mirth, and their enjoyments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth, in life's green spring, and he, who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age, cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber, in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained, and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave,
Like one, who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down—to pleasant dreams."

It is jealousy's—peculiar nature,
To swell small things—to great; nay, out of nought,
To conjure much, and then, lose its reason—
Amid the hideous phantoms,—it has formed.

686. BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURE. *Agriculture*—is the greatest among the arts; for it is first in supplying our necessities. It is the mother, and nurse—of all other arts. It favors and strengthens population; it creates and maintains manufactures; gives employment to navigation, and materials to commerce. It animates every species of industry, and opens—to nations the surest channels of opulence. It is also the strongest bond of well regulated society, the surest basis of internal peace, the natural association of good morals.

We ought to count, among the benefits of agriculture, the charm, which the practice of it communicates to a country life. That charm, which has made the country, in our view, the retreat of the hero, the asylum of the sage, and the temple of the historic muse. The strong desire, the longing after the country, with which we find the bulk of mankind to be penetrated, points to it as the chosen abode of sublimary bliss. The sweet occupations of culture, with her varied products and attendant enjoyments, are, at least, a relief from the stiling atmosphere of the city, the monotony of subdivided employments, the anxious uncertainty of commerce, the vexations of ambition so often disappointed, of self-love so often mortified, of factitious pleasures, and unsubstantial vanities.

Health, the first and best of all the blessings of life, is preserved and fortified by the practice of agriculture. That state of well-being, which we feel and cannot define; that self-satisfied disposition, which depends, perhaps, on the perfect equilibrium, and easy play of vital forces, turns the slightest acts to pleasure, and makes every exertion of our faculties a source of enjoyment; this inestimable state of our bodily functions is most vigorous in the country, and if lost elsewhere, it is in the country we expect to recover it.

The very theatre of agricultural avocations, gives them a value that is peculiar; for who can contemplate, without emotion, the magnificent spectacle of nature, when, arrayed in vernal hues, she renews the scenery of the world! All things revive her powerful voice—the meadow resumes its freshness and verdure; a living sap circulates through every budding tree; flowers spring to meet the warm caresses of Zephyr, and from their opening petals pour forth rich perfume. The songsters of the forest once more awake, and in tones of melody, again salute the coming dawn; and again they deliver to the evening echo—their strains of tenderness and love. Can man—rational, sensitive man—can he remain unmoved by the surrounding presence! and where else, than in the country, can he behold, where else can he feel—this jubilee of nature, this universal joy!—*Mac-Neven*.

Let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend; and joys,
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which want to be full-blown at your approach,
And spread like roses, to the morning sun;
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious—wasting day.
Life without love, is load; and time stands still;
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

687. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom—from her mountain height,

Unfur'd her standard—to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory—there.

She mingled, with its gorgeous dyes,

The milky baldrick—of the skies,

And striped its pure—celestial white,

With streakings of the morning light;

Then, from his mansion—in the sun

She called her eagle-bearer—down,

And gave—into his mighty hand,

The symbol—of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch—of the cloud,

Who rear'st aloft—thy regal form,

To hear the tempest—trumpings loud,

And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive—the warriors of the storm,

And rolls—the thunder-drum of heaven,—

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given,

To guard the banner of the free,

To hover—in the sulphur smoke,

To ward away the battle-stroke,

And bid its blendings—shine, afar,

Like rainbows—on the cloud of war,

The harbingers—of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,

The sign of hope—and triumph high,

When speaks the signal trumpet tone,

And the long line—comes gleaming on.

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dunn'd the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye—shall brightly turn

To where thy meteor glories burn;

And, as his springing steps advance,

Catch war, and vengeance—from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud,

Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle-shroud,

And gory sabres rise, and fall,

Like shoots of flame—on midnight's pall;

There shall thy victor glances glow,

And cowering foes—shall fall beneath

Each gallant arm, that strikes below—

That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave,

Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave:

When death, careering on the gale,

Sweeps darkly—round the bellied sail,

And frighted waves—rush wildly back—

Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea,

Shall look, at once, to heaven—and thee,

And smile—to see thy splendors fly,

In triumph—o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home!

By angel hands—to valor given;

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues—were born in heaven.

Forever float—that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe—but falls before us,

With Freedom's soil—beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner—streaming o'er us!

His being was in her alone,

And he not being, she was none.

They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd!

One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.

688. TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON. Hard, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty—had nearly set, in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia—hovered around the American camp, and presided over her destinies, freedom must have met with an untimely grave. Never, can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill, and bravery, of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearyed exertions in the cabinet, and in the field, achieved for us the glorious revolution. Never, can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington; who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the lion of England at the feet of the American eagle. His name,—so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends,—shall live forever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered, with the warmest emotions of gratitude, and pleasure, by those, whom he had contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings, and princes, and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk into their merited oblivion. Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor, or the architect, to perpetuate his memory: he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven, to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds, alone have rendered him immortal! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities—when human greatness, and grandeur, and glory, shall have mouldered into dust,—eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name!—*Gen. Harrison.*

689. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

Over a low couch—the setting sun—had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last—strong agony—a dying warrior lay,
The stern—old Baron Rudiger, whose frame—had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time, and toil—its iron strength had spent.
“They come around me here, and say my days of life are o’er,
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard—they dare to tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord, and master born,—that I, ha! ha! must die.
And what is death? I’ve dared him oft—before the Paynim spear,
Think ye he’s entered at my gate, has come to seek me here?
I’ve met him, faced him, scorn’d him, when the fight was raging
hot,—
I’ll try his might—I’ll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.
Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,—and fire the culverin,—
But each retainer—arm with speed,—call every vassal in,
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!”
An hundred hands were busy then,—the banquet forth was spread,
And rung—the heavy oaken floor, with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery—along the vaulted wall,
Lights—gleamed on harness, plume and spear, o’er the proud old
Gothic hall.
Foe! hurrying through the outer gate—the mailed retainers pour’d,
On thro’ the portal’s frowning arch, and throng’d around the board.
While, at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girdled falchion, sat.
“Fill every breaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine,
There’s life, and strength—in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim;—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim.
Ye’re there, but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash, once around my board:
I hear it faintly:—Londer yet!—What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all,—and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto Death!’”

Bowl—rang to bowl,—steel—clanged to steel,—and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
“Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone!
But I defy him,—let him come!” Down rang the massy cup,
While, from its sheath, the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black, and heavy plumes—scarce trembling on his
head,
There—in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Old Rudiger sat, dead.

690. QUEEN MAB.

O then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairy’s midwife, and she comes
In shape, no bigger than an agate-stone,
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men’s noses, as they lie asleep:
Her wagon spokes—made of long spinner’s legs;
The cover—of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces—of the smallest spiders web;
The collars—of the moonshine’s watery beams;
Her whip—of cricket’s bone; her lash—of film;
Her wagoner—a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big—as a round—little worm,
Prick’d from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot—is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner-squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind, the fairies’ coach-maker.
And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Thro’ lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers’ knees, that dream on curies’ strait;
O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O’er ladies’ lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Sometimes, she gallops o’er a courtier’s nose,
And then, dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig’s tail,
Tickling the parson, as he lies asleep;
Then dreams he—of another benefice.
Sometimes, she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts, and wakes;
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.—*Shakspeare.*

YOUTH AND AGE. When the summer day
of youth—is slowly wasting away into the
nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years
grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to its
close, it is pleasant to look back, through the
vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities
of our earlier years. If we have a home to
shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and
friends have been gathered together around
our firesides, then, the rough places of our
wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed
away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny
spots we have passed through, will grow
brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed,
are they, whose interference with the world
has not changed the tone of their holier feel-
ings, or broken those musical chords of the
heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so
tender and touching, in the evening of age.
When Learning’s triumph o’er her barbarous foes
First rear’d the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.
Each change of many-color’d life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new:
Existence—saw him spurn her bounded reign;
And panting Time—toil’d after him in vain.

691. THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON. A gentleman, Mr. President, speaking of Cesar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance, with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink, ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed! Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye, taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cesar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion! The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cesar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cesar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cesar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld *blood*—instead of *water*; and heard *groans*, instead of murmurs! No wonder if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!—*Knowles.*

692. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain—to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us—o'er the ferry."
"Now, who be ye—would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark—and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this—lord Ullin's daughter.
"And fast before her father's men.
Three days—we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood—would stain the heather.
"His horsemen—hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then *who* will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"
Out spoke the hardy, Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:
"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger, shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
"By this, the storm grew loud—apace,
The water-wraith—was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark—as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night—grew drearer,
Adown the glen—rode armed men,
Their trampling—sounded nearat.
"O haste thee, *haste!*" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
The boat—has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea—before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest—gathered o'er her.
And still they rowed, amidst the roar
Of waters, fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin—reached that fatal shore,
His wrath—was changed to wailing.
For, sore dismayed, through storm, and shade,
His *child*—he did discover;
One lovely hand—she stretched for aid,
And *one*—was round her lover.
"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief:
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"
'Twas vain: the loud waves—lashed the shore,
Return, or aid—preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left—lamenting.—*Campbell.*

693. PROGRESS OF GOVERNMENT. In government, as in science, it is useful, often to review its progress, and to revert, even to its simplest elements. It will be salutary, frequently to ascertain, how far society, and laws, in their present condition, accord with those, which we have been accustomed to consider, as their first and purest principles; how far, in the lapse of time, they may have deviated from their original form and structure. Even when we recur to inquiries, merely speculative, to imaginary "social contracts," to abstract rights, we may often gather instruction, and detect some concealed, or neglected truth, applicable to our own times, and to our own immediate condition.

But when a government is derived, not from fictitious assumptions, not from ancient or obscure sources, or traditions, but, from actual, and specific agreement; when many, and various interests have been combined and compromised, and a written covenant has assured to many parties, rights, and powers, and privileges, it becomes a duty to revise this compact frequently and strictly, that no one entitled to its protection may be deprived, through inadvertence on the one part, or encroachment on the other, of his vested rights; and that no changes may be introduced into the compact, but by the actual consent of those, who are parties to the covenant.

—Every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful graec, and amiable sight;
For of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

694. ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it, we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites; the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence, and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.

The poor man, who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment, when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate, and afloat, on the current of incidents, liable to be carried, whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct. There is, in the mind of such a man, an intellectual spring, urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good; and if the minds of his family, also, are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged.

The calm satisfaction, which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish, more exquisitely, the tranquil delight, inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal, and parental affection: and as he will be more respectable, in the eyes of his family, than he, who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate, whatever may preserve, and shun whatever would impair that respect. He, who is inured to reflection, will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result, an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense.

The poor man who has gained a taste for good books, will, in all likelihood, become thoughtful, and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favor, than by the gift of a large sum of money; since you have put them in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.—*R. Hall.*

TIME'S SOFTENING POWER.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes not so deeply in its morning hour,
As when the shades of time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand;
As the heart opens in a foreign land,
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,
However trivial and however rude,
But wins the heart and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity.

Hope and fear, alternate, sway'd his breast,
Like light—and shade—upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds,
Now hide—and now reveal—the sun.

695. VICTIM BRIDE AND MISER.

I saw her—in her summer bower, and oh! upon my sight,
Methought there never beam'd a form more beautiful, and bright;
So young, so fair, she seemed like one of those aerial things,
That dwell—but in the poet's high, and wild imaginings;
Or, like one of those forms, we meet in dreams, from which we
wake and weep,
That earth—has no creations, like the figments of our sleep.
Her father—lov'd he not his child—above all earthly things?
As traders love the *merchandise*, from which their profit springs:
Old age came by, with tottering step, and, for sordid gold,
With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace was sold;
And thus, (for oh! her sire's stern heart—was steel'd against her
prayer,)
The hand he ne'er had gain'd from love, he won from her *despair*.
I saw them through the church-yard pass, and such a uptial train,
I would not for the wealth of worlds, should greet my sight again;
The bridemaids, each as beautiful as Eve—in Eden's bowers,
Shed bitter tears—upon the path they should have strown with
flowers;
Who had not thought, that white-rob'd band—the *funeral* array
Of one—an early doom had call'd—from life's gay scene away?
The priest—beheld the bridal pair before the altar stand,
And sigh'd, as he drew forth his book, with slow, reluctant hand;
He saw the bride's flow'r-wreath'd hair, he mark'd her streaming
eyes,
And deem'd it less a *christian* rite, than a pagan *sacrifice*;
And when he called on Abraham's God to bless the wedded pair,
It seem'd a very *mockery*—to breathe so vain a prayer.
I saw the palsy'd bridegroom too, in youth's gay ensign dress'd,
A *shroud*—were fitter garment far—for him, than *bridal* vest;
I mark'd him, when the ring was claim'd, 'twas hard to loose his
hold,
He held it—with a miser's clutch; it was his darling *gold*;
His shrivell'd hand—was wet with tears, she shed, alas! in vain,
And trembled like an autumn leaf—beneath the beating rain.
I've seen her since that fatal morn: her golden fetters rest—
As e'en the weight of *incubus*—upon her aching breast;
And when the victor (*death*), shall come, to deal the welcome
blow, [brow;
He will not find one rose—to swell the wreath, that decks his
For oh! her cheek is blanched with grief, that time—may not
assuage; [age.
Thus early—beauty—sheds her bloom—on the wintry breast of

696. THE DEW-DROP IN SPRING.

How pure! how bright is the tiny thing!
It beams where the birds of the morning sing;
It looks like the tear from an angel's eye,
Or a pearl that has dropped from the vernal sky,
To deck the silvery robe of the dawn,
As it veds the flowers on the grassy lawn.
In the silver cup of the daisy it lies;
It smiles on the lark as he upward flies;
In a chariot of cloud it shall glide to the sun;
On a pathway of incense its course shall be run;
It returns again on a sunset ray,
And forgets in its slumber the sports of the day.
The emblem of virtue unsullied, it seems—
The emblem of beauty we see in our dreams;
'Tis a pledge of faith, by the breeze to be given,
With amorous sighs to the clouds of heaven.
Oh, who can tell, but the fairies keep
Their nightly watch where the dew-drops sleep?
When the rose unfolds its voluptuous charm,
When the sun is high, and the earth grows warm,
'Tis then that the dew-drop shines most bright,
'Tis then that it rivals the diamond's light,
As it bids farewell to the fairy scene,
And melts into air where its bower has been.
All men—think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate,
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread.

697. SPECIMEN OF INDIAN LANGUAGE.

We are happy, in having buried, under ground, the red axe, that has so often been dyed—with the blood of our brethren. Now, in this fort, we inter the axe, and plant the tree of Peace. We plant a tree, whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choked; but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves. Let us make fast its roots, and extend them to the uttermost of your colonies. If the French should come to shake this tree, we should know it by the motion of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great Spirit—allow us to rest, in tranquillity, upon our mats, and never again dig up the axe, to cut down the tree of Peace! Let the earth be trod hard over it, where it lies buried. Let a strong stream run under the pit, to wash the evil away, out of our sight and remembrance. The fire, that had long burned in Albany, is extinguished. The bloody bed is washed clean, and the tears are wiped from our eyes. We now renew the covenant-chain of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver, and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it.

MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires, hoary,
Behold their tears—and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty—lie bleeding?
To arms! to ARMS! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, *March on*, all hearts resolv'd,
On VICTORY—or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities—blaze,
And shall we basely—view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation—far and wide,
With crimes and blood, his hands imbruing?
To arms! to ARMS! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile—insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete, and vend—the light—and air.
Like beasts of burden—would they load us,
Like gods—would bid their slaves adore,
But man—is *man*, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to ARMS! ye brave, &c.

Oh, LIBERTY, can man resign thee,
Once—having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee;
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long—the world has wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger—tyrants wield,
But FREEDOM—is our sword, and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to ARMS! ye brave, &c.

698. OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors:
My very noble, and approv'd good masters:
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
[us'd
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will, a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment, that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood, and field:
Of hairbreath 'scapes, in the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe, [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels, she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful; [strange;
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven—had made her *such* a man.

She thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach *him* how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me, for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft, which I've used.

Some, light of heart, may scorn, in later years,
Those dear memorials—of a calmer time;
While others—water them with life's last tears,
And bear their faded charms from clime to clime

699. MAJESTY OF THE LAW. How imposing—is the majesty of the law! how calm her dignity; how vast—her power; how firm, and tranquil, in her reign! It is not by fleets, and arms, by devastation, and wrong, by oppression, and blood—she maintains her sway, and executes her decrees. Sustained by *justice, reason*, and the great interests of man, she but *speaks*, and is *obeyed*. Even those, who do not approve, hesitate not—to support her; and the individual, upon whom her judgment falls, knows, that submission—is not only a duty, he must perform, but, that the security, and enjoyment, of *all* that is dear to him, depend upon it.

A mind—accustomed to acknowledge no power, but *physical* force, no obedience, but personal fear, must view, with astonishment, a feeble individual, sitting, with no parade of strength, surrounded by no visible agents of power, issuing his decrees with oracular authority; while the rich, and the great, the first and the meanest—await, alike, to perform his will. Still more wonderful is it—to behold the co-ordinate officers of the same government, yielding their pretensions to his higher influence: the executive, the usual depository instrument of power; the legislature—even the representative of the people, yield a respectful acquiescence—to the judgments of the tribunals of the law, pronounced by the minister, and expounder of the law. Is it enough for him to say—"It is the opinion of the court"—and the farthest corner of our republic—*feels*, and *obeys* the mandate. What a sublime spectacle! This is indeed, the empire of the law; and safe, and happy—are all they, who dwell within it.—*Hopkinson*.

700. SPEECH OF CATILINE, BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, ON HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT.

"Banish'd—from Rome!"—what's banish'd, but set From daily contact—of the things I loathe! [*free* "Tried—and convicted traitor!"—Who says this? Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head? [chain! "Banished!"—I thank you for't. It breaks my I held some slack allegiance till this hour— But *now*—my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords; I scorn—to count what feelings, withered hopes, Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs, I have within my heart's hot cells shut up, To leave you—in your lazy dignities. But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling Hatred, and full defiance in your face. Your consul's merciful. For this—all thanks. He dares not touch a hair of Catiline. "Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial! Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs, To stir a fever in the blood of age, Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel. This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,

For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods, Shapes hot from Tartarus! all shames, and crimes; Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn; Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup; Naked Rebellion, with the torch, and axe, Making his wild sport—of your blazing thrones; Till Anarchy—comes down on you, like Night, And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.—*Croly*.

2 B 2

701. DOCTOR AND PUPIL.

A pupil of the Esculapian school,
Was just prepared to quit his master's rule:
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

One morn, he thus addressed his master:

"Dear sir, my honored father bids me say,
If I could now and then a visit pay,

He thinks, with you,—to notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster."

"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;

"A better method he could scarce devise;

So Bob," (his pupil's name) "it shall be so;

And when I next pay visits, you shall go."

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:

With dire intent away they went,

And now, behold them at a patient's bed

The master-doctor solemnly perused

His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mused;

Looked wise, said nothing—an unerring way,

When people nothing have to say:

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,

And paused, and blinked, and smelt again,

And briefly of his corps performed each motion;

Manœuvres that for Death's platoon are meant:

A kind of a Make-ready-and-Present,

Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.

At length, the patient's wife he thus addressed:

"Madam, your husband's danger's great,

And (what will never his complaint abate,)

The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."—

"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"

Madam replied, and to the truth confessed.

Skill so prodigious, Bobby, too, admired;

And home returning, of the sage inquired

How these same oysters came into his head?

"Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—

Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain;

I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

So wise, by such a lesson grown,

Next day, Bob ventured out alone,

And to the self-same sniffer paid his court—

But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,

Returned the stripling minister of death,

And to his master made this dread report:

"Why, sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under;

Zounds! such a man I never came across!

The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,

For ne'er believe me if he has n't eat a horse!"

"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried,

As if he meant his pupil to deride—

"How got so wild a notion in your head?"

"How! think not in my duty I was idle;

Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,

And there I saw a saddle and a bridle!"

Mr. Locke—was asked, how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep. He replied, that he attributed what little he knew—to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics chiefly, that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

702. THE RESURRECTION OF THE LORD.
Twice—had the *sun*—gone down upon the *earth*, and all as yet, was *silent*—at the *sepulchre*. *Death*—held, his *septr*e—over the *Son of God*. *Still*—and *silent*—the *hours* passed on; the *guards*—stood at their *post*; the rays of the *midnight moon*—gleamed on their *helmets*, and on their *spears*. The *enemies of Christ*—*exulted* in their *success*; the hearts of his *friends*—were sunk in *despondency*; the spirits of *glory*—waited, in *anxious* suspense—to behold the event, and *wondered*—at the *depth*—of the *ways of God*. At length, the *morning star*, arising in the *east*, announced the approach of *light*. The *third day*—began to *dawn* upon the *world*; when, on a *sudden*, the *earth*—*trembled*—to its *centre*; and the powers of *heaven* were shaken; an *angel of God*—descended; the *guards*—shrank *back*—from the *terror* of his *presence*, and fell *prostrate*—on the *ground*. "His countenance—was like *lightning*, and his *raiment*—white as *snow*." He rolled away the *stone* from the *door* of the *sepulchre*, and *sat* upon it. But *who* is *this*, that cometh forth from the *tomb*, with dyed *garments*—from the *bed of death*? He, that is *glorious* in his *appearance*, *walking* in the *greatness*—of his *strength*? It is thy *prince*, O *Zion*! *Christian*, it is your *Lord*! He hath trodden the *wine-press alone*; he hath stained his *raiment* with *blood*; but *now*, as the *first born*—from the *womb of nature*, he *meets*—the *morning* of his *resurrection*. He arises a *conqueror*—from the *grave*; he returns with *blessings*—from the *world of spirits*; he brings *salvation*—to the *sons of men*. *Never*—did the *returning sun*—usher in a day so *glorious*. It was the *jubilee*—of the *universe*. The *morning stars* sung together, and all the *sons of God* shouted *aloud*—for *joy*. The *Father of mercies*—looked down from his *throne in the heavens*; with *complacency* he beheld his *world*—*restored*; he saw his *work*, that it was *good*. Then, did the *desert* rejoice, the face of *nature* was gladdened before him, when the *blessings of the Eternal* descended, as the *dews of heaven*, for the *refreshing of the nations*.

703. SLANDER.

What is *slander*?

'Tis an *assassin*—at the *midnight hour*
 Urged on by *Envy*, that, with *footstep* soft,
Steals on the slumber—of *sweet innocence*,
 And with the dark drawn *dagger* of the *mind*,
 Drinks *deep*—the *crimson current* of the *heart*.
 It is a *worm*, that *crawls* on *beauty's* cheek,
 Like the *vile viper*—in a *vale of flowers*,
 And *riots* in *ambrosial blossoms* there.
 It is a *coward*—in a *coat of mail*,
 That wages *war*—against the *brave*, and *wise*,
 And, like the *long lean lizard*, that will mar
 The *lion's* sleep, it wounds the *noblest* *beast*.
 Oft have I seen—this *demon* of the *soul*,
 This *murderer of sleep*, with *visage* smooth,
 And *countenance*—serene as *heaven's own sky*;
 But *storms*—were *raving*—in the *world of thought*:
 Oft, have I seen a *smile*—upon its *brow*;
 But, like the *lightning*—from a *stormy cloud*,
 It *shocked* the *soul*—and disappeared in *darkness*.
 Oft, have I seen it *weep*—at *tales of woe*, [*anguish*];
 And sigh—as 'twere the *heart*—would break with
 But, like the *drop*, that drips from *Java's* tree,

And the *fell blast*, that sweeps *Arabian sands*,
 It *withered*—every *floweret* of the *vale*.

I saw it tread upon a *lily fair*,
 A *maid*—of whom the *world*—could say no *harm*;
 And, when she *sunk*—beneath the *mortal wound*,
 It broke—into the *sacred sepulchre*,
 And *dragged* its *victim*—from the *hallowed grave*,
 For *public eyes* to gaze on. It hath *wept*,
 That from the *earth*—its *victim* passed *away*,
 Ere it had taken *vengeance*—on his *virtues*.
 Yea, I have seen this *cursed child of Envy*,
 Breathe *mil dew*—on the *sacred fame*—of *him*,
 Who once had been his *country's benefactor*;
 And, on the *sepulchre*—of his *repose*,
 Bedewed with *many* a *tributary tear*,
 Dance, in the *moonlight* of a *summer's sky*,
 With *savage satisfaction*.—*Milford Bard*.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When *marshaled*—on the *nightly plain*,
 The *glittering host*—bestud the *sky*;
 One *star alone*, of all the *train*,
 Can fix the *sinner's* *wandering eye*.
 Hark! hark! to *God*—the *chorus* breaks,
 From every *host*, from every *gem*;
 But one alone, the *Savior* speaks,
 It is the *star of Bethlehem*.
 Once, on the *raging seas* I *rode*;
 The *storm* was *loud*, the *night* was *dark*,
 The *ocean* yawned, and *rudely* blow'd
 The *wind*, that tossed my *foundering bark*.
 Deep *horror*, then, my *vitals* froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the *tide* to *stem*;
 When suddenly, a *star* arose,
 It was the *star of Bethlehem*.
 It was my *guide*, my *light*, my *all*,
 It bade my *dark forebodings* cease,
 And through the *storm*, and *danger's thrall*,
 It led me—to the *port of peace*.
 Now, safely *moor'd*—my *perils* o'er,
 I 'll sing, first in *night's* *diadem*,
 Forever, and forever *more*,
 The *star*, the *star of Bethlehem*.—*White!*

EVE'S LOVE FOR ADAM.

To whom thus *Eve*, with *perfect beauty* adorn'd:
 "My *author* and *disposer*, what thou bid'st
 Unargued I *obey*: so *God* ordains;
 God is thy *law*, thou *mine*: to know no *more*
 Is *woman's* *happiest knowledge* and her *praise*.
 With thee *conversing* I *forget* all *time*;
 All *seasons* and their *change*, all *please* alike.
 Sweet is the *breath of morn*, her *rising* *sweet*,
 With *charm* of *earliest birds*; *pleasant* the *sun*,
 When *first* on this *delightful land* he *spreads*
 His *orient beams*, on *herb*, *tree*, *fruit*, and *flower*,
 Glistening with *dew*; *fragrant* the *fertile earth*
 After *soft showers*; and *sweet* the *coming on*
 Of *grateful evening mild*; then *silent night*,
 With this her *solemn bird*, and this *fair moon*,
 And these *gems of heaven*, her *starry train*:
 But *neither* *breath of morn*, when she *ascends*
 With *charm* of *earliest birds*; nor *rising sun*
 On this *delightful land*; nor *herb*, *fruit*, *flower*,
 Glistening with *dew*; nor *fragrance* after *showers*,
 Nor *grateful evening mild*; nor *silent night*,
 With this her *solemn bird*; nor *walk by moon*,
 Or *glittering starlight*, without thee is *sweet*.

704. THE FEMALE CHARACTER. If we glance at those domestic relations, which woman sustains, she appears in an attitude highly interesting. Is she a *daughter*? She has a strong hold on the parental bosom. By her kind, discreet, obedient, dutiful conduct, she contributes greatly to the happiness of those, who tenderly love her, and who are her natural guardians, and guides. Or, by the opposite conduct, she disappoints their hopes, and pierces their hearts with sorrow. Just in proportion to the superior strength, and tenderness of parental affection, is the happiness or misery resulting from the kind, or unkind deportment of a daughter.

Is she a *sister*? If intelligent and virtuous, she sheds the most kindly influence on the little circle of kindred spirits in which she daily moves. Is she a *wife*? The relation is most endearing, and its duties most important. Taken, originally, from man's heart, she is ever to be his most kind, affectionate and faithful partner. To contribute to his happiness, is always to be her first earthly care. It is hers, not merely to amuse his leisure hours, but to be his intelligent companion, friend, and counsellor; his second self; his constant and substantial helper, both as to the concerns of this life, and as to his eternal interests. She is to do him good, all the days of her life. And by so doing, to dwell in his heart. Is she a *mother*? It is hers, in no small degree, to form the character of the next generation. Constantly with her children, having the chief care of them in their infancy, and early childhood,—the most susceptible, the forming period of life,—to her, in an important sense, are committed the character, and the destiny—of individuals, and nations. Many of the most distinguished, and of the most excellent men, this, or any country has produced, were indebted, under God, chiefly to the exertions of their mothers, during their early childhood.

Thus viewed in her domestic relations, woman appears in a highly interesting light. So she does, when seen in other stations. See her taking an active part in various benevolent associations. There, she exerts an influence in the cause of humanity, and of religion, the most powerful, and beneficial. Like an angel of mercy on the wing, she performs her part with promptitude and compassion.

705. THE CONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

Woman! Blest partner of our joys and woes!
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,
Untarnished yet, thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill!
Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll.
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow
When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the brow,
To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O! who so welcome and so prompt as thou!
The battle's hurried scene, and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress,—
The lonely moments of secluded woe—
Alike thy care and constancy confess, [Bless.
Alike thy pitying hand and fearless friendship

706. ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I am monarch—of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre—all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude! where are the charms,
That sages—have seen in thy face?
Better dwell—in the midst of alarms,
Than reign—in this horrible place.
I am out—of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey—alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start—at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form, with indifference see:
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness—is shocking to me.
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows—I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd—by the sallies of youth.
Religion! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious—than silver or gold,
Or all, that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys, and rocks, never heard;
Ne'er sigh'd—at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd, when a sabbath appear'd.
Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial, endearing report,
Of a land, I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send,
A wish, or a thought after me?
O tell me, I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.
How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light;
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment, I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.
But the sea-fowl—is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here—is a season of rest,
And I—to my cabin repair.
There's mercy—in every place;
And mercy—encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.—*Corper.*

BATTLE.

Now shield—with shield, with helmet,—helmet
To armor—armor, lance to lance oppos'd;[clos'd,
Host—against host, the shadowy squadrons drew;
The sounding darts—in iron tempest flew.
Victors, and vanquish'd, join promiscuous cries,
And thrilling shouts—and dying groans arise:
With streaming blood, the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes, swell the dreadful tide.

707. THE STREAM OF LIFE. Life—bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers, on the brink, seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly, at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth, and manhood, is along a wider, and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking, and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment, and industry, which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed, and made miserable, by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy, and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys, and our griefs, are alike, left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel: and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth, and of its inhabitants; and of our further voyage, there is no witness, but the Infinite and the Eternal.

And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by, have so strangely, and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, the Creator only is permanent? Or, shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves, henceforth, as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies.

708. THE OLD HAT.

I had a hat—it was not all a hat—
Part of the brim was gone,—yet still, I wore
It on, and people wondered, as I passed.
Some, turned to gaze—others, just cast an eye,
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still, my hat, although so fashionless,
In complement extern, had that within,
Surpassing show—my head continued warm;
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said,) of brim.

A change came o'er the color of my hat.
That, which was black, grew brown, and then
men stared

With *both* their eyes (they stared with *one* before);
The wonder now, was twofold—and it seemed
Strange, that things so torn, and old, should still
Be worn, by one who might—but let that pass!
I had my reasons, which might be revealed,
But, for some counter reasons far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer—autumn
brown,

And frosty winter came,—and went, and came—
And still, through all the seasons of two years,

In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls, [wild
The hat was worn, and borne. Then folks grew
With curiosity,—and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trousers, could
His caput—in a covering so vile. [ensconce

A change came o'er the nature of my hat—
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family, and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one,
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said,
A time may come, when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe, can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds,
Till then, the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this, my mystery. When I will—I will!—
The hat was now—greasy, and old, and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat.
Women, and men, and children, scowled on me;
My company was shunned—I was alone!
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.
She, that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death—
Love's fires went out—extinguished—by a hat.
Of those, that knew me best, some turned aside,
And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked.

Thus, women, men, friends, strangers, lover,
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat. [dogs,
A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat.
For lo! at length, the circling months went round,
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture,
(Time had endeared its vile ness,) was transferr'd
To the possession of a wandering son—
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits, with the wonted squeeze:
Once more I went my way—along—along—
And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of
With its annoying flatter—men, and dogs, [scorn
Once more grew careless, jokeless, laughless,
growlless:

And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould;
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
The secret of this strangeness,—'twas a BET.
What are riches, empire, pow'r,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scarfolding [served their end,
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they have
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.
Honor and virtue—are the boons we claim;
Nought gives a zest to life, when they are fled;
Nought else, can fan aright the holy flame:
And, should they perish, every hope is dead.

The man, who builds, and lacks wherewith to pay,
Provides a house—from which to run away.

708. CHARACTER OF PITT. The secretary—stood alone; modern degeneracy—had not reached him. Original, and unaccommodating, the features of his character—had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty: and one of his sovereigns thought royalty—so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object—was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party: without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

France — sank beneath him. With one hand, he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded, with the other, the democracy of England. The sight of his mind—was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, and the present age only, but Europe, and posterity. Wonderful were the means, by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding, animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which render life amiable, and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulty, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came, occasionally, into our system, to counsel, and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, and so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age; and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, thro' all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman; and talked much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities—his only talents: his eloquence—was an era—in the senate; peculiar, and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments, and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but, rather, lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was something in this man, that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority — something that could establish, or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world, which should resound throughout the universe.—*Grattan.*

Reward him for the noble deed, just Heaven!
For this one action, guard him, and distinguish him,
With signal mercies and with great deliverances;
Save him from wrong, adversity and shame:
Let never-fading honor flourish round him,
And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end:
Let him know nothing but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

709. LOCHINVAR.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Thro' all the wide border, his steed was the best—
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. [none,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight, like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river, where ford there was
But ere he alighted, at Netherby gate, [none.
The bride had consented, the gallant came late.
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen, of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, [all,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
"O come ye in peace, here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom—stood dangling his bonnet
and plume, [ter by far,
And the bride maidens whispered, "T were bet-
To have match'd our fair cousin, with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger
stood near,

So light to the croupe, the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle, before her he sprang,
"She's won, we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour, [young Lochinvar.

They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
by clan, [they ran,
Posters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
There was racing, and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so gallant in war, [invar?
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-

The good merchant wrongs not the buyer
in number, weight, or measure. These are
the landmarks of all trading, which must not
be removed: for such cosenage were worse
than open felony. First, because they rob a
man of his purse, and never bid him stand.
Secondly, because highway thieves defy, but
these pretend justice. Thirdly, as much as
lies in their power, they endeavor to make
God accessory to their cosenage, deceiving,
by pretending his weights.

710. EULOGIUM ON KOSCIUSKO.

Speech of Gen. W. H. Harrison, the ninth President, in the Congress of the United States, in the year 1818, on a motion to adopt some public testimony of respect for the memory of General Thaddeus Kosciuszko.

The public papers—have announced an event, which is well calculated—to excite the sympathy—of every American bosom. Kosciuszko, the martyr of Liberty, is no more! We are informed, that he died at Soleure, in France, some time in October last.

In tracing the events—of this great man's life, we find in him, that consistency of conduct, which is the *more* to be admired, as it is so rarely to be met with. He was not, at one time, the *friend* of mankind, and at another, the instrument of their oppression; but he preserved, throughout his whole career, those *noble* principles, which distinguished him in its commencement; which influenced him, at an early period of his life, to leave his country—and his friends, and, in *another* hemisphere, to fight—for the rights—of humanity.

Kosciuszko was born, and educated, in Poland; (of a noble, and distinguished family,) a country, where the distinctions in society are, perhaps, carried to greater lengths, than in any other. His Creator had, however, endowed him with a soul capable of rising *above* the narrow prejudices of a caste, and breaking the shackles, which a vicious education had imposed on his mind. When he was very young, he was informed, by the voice of Fame, that the standard of liberty had been erected in America—that an insulted and oppressed people—had determined to be *free*, or perish—in the attempt. His ardent and generous mind—caught, with enthusiasm, the holy flame, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty. His rank in the American army—afforded him no opportunity—greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarkable—through his service, for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field, could only be equaled—by his moderation and affability, in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers—for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers, for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

Contributing greatly, by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained, and shared the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief, who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a grateful and affectionate people. Kosciuszko had, however, other views. It is not known, that until the period I am speaking of, he had formed any distinct idea—of what *could*, or indeed what *ought* to be done—for his own country. But in the Revolutionary war, he drank, deeply, of the principles, which produced it. In his conversations with the intelligent men of our country, he acquired new views of the science of government, and of the rights of man. He had seen, too, that, to be *free*, it was only necessary that a nation should *will* it; and to be *happy*, it was only necessary that a nation should be free. And was it not possible—to procure these blessings for Poland! for Poland, the country of his birth, which had a claim to *all* his efforts, to *all* his services?

That unhappy nation—groaned under a complication of evils, which has scarcely a parallel in history. The *mass* of people—were the abject slaves of the nobles; the nobles, torn into factions, were alternately the instruments, and the victims, of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption, and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the republic, and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching for a favorable moment—for a *second* dismemberment. To regenerate a people—thus debased, to obtain for a country—thus circumstanced, the blessings of lib-

erty, and independence, was a work of as much difficulty, as danger. But, to a mind like Kosciuszko's, the difficulty, and danger of an enterprise—served as stimulants to the undertaking.

The annals of those times—give us no detailed account of the progress of Kosciuszko, in accomplishing his great work, from the period of his return to America, to the adoption of the new constitution of Poland, in 1791. This interval, however, of apparent inaction, was most usefully employed to illumine the mental darkness, which enveloped his countrymen. To stimulate the ignorant and bigotted peasantry with the hope of future emancipation—to teach a proud, but gallant nobility, that *true* glory is only to be found, in the paths and duties of patriotism;—interests the most opposed, prejudices—the most stubborn, and habits—the most inveterate, were reconciled, dissipated, and broken, by the ascendancy of his virtues and example. The storm, which he had foreseen, and for which he had been preparing, at length burst upon Poland. A feeble and unpopular government—bent before its fury, and submitted itself to the Russian yoke of the invader. But the nation disdained to follow its example; in their extremity, every eye was turned on the hero, who had already fought their battles, the sage, who had enlightened them, and the patriot, who had set the example of personal sacrifices—to accomplish the emancipation of the people.

Kosciuszko—was unanimously appointed generalissimo of Poland, with unlimited powers, until the enemy should be driven from the country. On his virtue, the nation reposed with the utmost confidence; and it is some consolation to reflect, amidst the general depravity of mankind, that two instances, in the same age, have occurred, where powers of this kind were employed—solely for the purposes for which they were given. It is not my intention, sir, to *follow* the Polish chief—throughout the career of victory, which, for a considerable time, crowned his efforts. Guided by his talents, and led by his valor, his undisciplined, ill-armed militia—charged, with effect, the veteran Russian and Prussian; the mailed cuirassiers of the great Frederic, for the *first* time, broke—and fled, before the lighter, and more appropriate cavalry of Poland. Hope filled the breasts of the patriots. After a long night, the dawn of an apparently glorious day—broke upon Poland. But to the discerning eye of Kosciuszko, the light which it shed—was of that sickly, and portentous appearance, indicating a storm more dreadful than that, which he had resisted.

He prepared to meet it with firmness, but with means entirely inadequate. To the advantages of numbers, of tactics, of discipline, and inexhaustible resources, the combined despots had secured a faction—in the heart of Poland. And, if that country—can boast of having produced its *Washington*, it is disgraced also, by giving birth—to a second *Arnold*. The day at length came which was to decide the fate of a nation and a hero. Heaven, for wise purposes, permitted that it should be the last—of Polish liberty. It was decided, indeed, before the battle commenced. The traitor, Poniski, who covered, with a detachment, the advance of the Polish army, abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated.

Kosciuszko—was *astonished*, but not *dismayed*. The disposition of his army would have done honor to Hannibal. The succeeding conflict was terrible. When the talents of the general—could no longer direct the mingled mass of combatants, the arm of the warrior was brought to the aid of his soldiers. He performed prodigies of valor. The fabled prowess of Ajax, in defending the Grecian ships—was realized by the Polish hero. Nor was he badly seconded by his troops. As long as his voice could guide, or his example fire their valor, they were irresistible. In this unequal contest—Kosciuszko—was long seen, and finally—lost—to their view.

"Hope—for a season, bade the world—farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

He fell, covered with wounds, but still survived. A Cossack would have pierced his breast, when an officer interposed. "Suffer him to execute his purpose," said the bleeding hero; "I am the devoted soldier of my country, and will not survive its liberties." The name of Kosciusko—struck to the heart of the Tartar, like that of Marius—upon the Cimbrian warrior. The uplifted weapon—dropped—from his hand.

Kosciusko—was conveyed to the dungeons of Petersburg; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Empress Catharine, she made him the object of her vengeance, when he could no longer be the object of her fears. Her more generous son—restored him to liberty. The remainder of his life—has been spent in virtuous retirement. Whilst in this situation, in France, an anecdote is related of him, which strongly illustrates the command, which his virtues and his services had obtained—over the minds of his countrymen.

In the late invasion of France, some Polish regiments, in the service of Russia, passed through the village in which he lived. Some pillaging of the inhabitants brought Kosciusko from his cottage. "When I was a Polish soldier," said he, addressing the plunderers, "the property of the peaceful citizen was respected." "And who art thou," said an officer, "who addressest us with this tone of authority?" "I am Kosciusko." There was a magic in the word. It ran from corps to corps, from heart to heart. The march was suspended. They gathered round him, and gazed—with astonishment, and awe—upon the mighty ruin—he presented. "Could it, indeed, be their hero," whose fame was identified with that of their country? A thousand interesting reflections burst upon their minds; they remembered his patriotism, his devotion to liberty, his triumphs, and his glorious fall. Their iron hearts were softened, and the tear of sensibility trickled down their weather-beaten faces.

We can easily conceive, sir, what would be the feeling of the hero himself in such a scene. His great heart must have heaved with emotion to find himself once more surrounded by the companions of his glory; and that he would have been upon the point of saying to them,

"Behold your general, come once more
To lead you on to laurel'd victory,
To fame, to freedom."

The delusion could have lasted but for a moment. He was himself, alas! a miserable cripple; and, for them! they were no longer the soldiers of liberty, but the instruments of ambition and tyranny. Overwhelmed with grief at the reflection, he would retire to his cottage, to mourn afresh over the miseries of his country.

Such—was the man, sir, for whose memory I ask from an American congress, a slight tribute of respect. Not, sir, to perpetuate his fame, but our gratitude. His fame—will last as long as liberty—remains upon the earth; as long as a votary—offers incense upon her altar, the name of Kosciusko—will be invoked. And if, by the common consent of the world, a temple shall be erected to those, who have rendered most service to mankind—if the statue of our great countryman, Washington,—shall occupy the place of the "Most Worthy," that of Kosciusko will be found by his side, and the wreath of laurel—will be entwined with the palm of virtue—to adorn his brow.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart—lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd—to live, or feared—to die;
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day—its master—chord was broken.

712. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sneaky hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms,
Are strong, as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;

His face—is like the tan;

His brow—is wet with honest sweat;

He earns—what'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,

You can hear his bellows blow;

You hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton, ringing the old kirk chimes,

When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,

Look in at the open door;

They love to see a flaming forge,

And hear the bellows roar,

And catch the burning sparks, that fly

Like chaff—from a threshing-floor

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,

And sits among his boys;

He hears the parson—pray and preach,

He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing—in the village choir,

And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him, like her mother's voice,

Singing—in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,

How in the grave she lies;

And with his hard—rough hand he wipes

A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—

Onward—through life he goes:

Each morning—sees some task begin,

Each evening—sees it close;

Something attempted—something done,

Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus—at the flaming forge of Life,

Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,

Each burning deed, and thought.

There's a tear that falls when we part
From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;
There's a tear that flows from the half-brok'n heart,
When we think he may never return—oh, never.
'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we forever could dwell,
But bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows [ever.
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell—for
There's a tear that brightens the eye
Of the friend, when absence is o'er!
There's a tear that flows not for sorrow, but joy,
When we meet to be parted no more—oh, never!
Then all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten our pain;
For sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we behold the lov'd object again—forever.

713. LAY OF THE MADMAN.

"This is the foul fiend! He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. Beware of the foul fiend!"—*Shakespeare*.

Many a year—hath passed away,

Many a dark, and dismal year,

Since last I roam'd—in the light of day,

Or mingled my own—with another's tear;

Wo to the daughters—and sons of men—

Wo to them all, when I roam again!

Here have I watch'd, in this dungeon cell,

Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;

Here have I shriek'd, in my wild despair,

When the damned fiends, from their prison came,

Sported and gambol'd, and mock'd me here,

With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame;

Shouting forever, and aye—my name!

And I strove in vain—to burst my chain,

And longed to be free, as the winds, again,

That I might spring—in the wizard ring,

And scatter them back—to their hellish den!

Wo to the daughters—and sons of men—

Wo to them all, when I roam again!

How long—I have been in this dungeon here,

Little I know, and, nothing I care;

What to me—is the day, or night,

Summer's heat, or autumn sere,

Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,

Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?

Time! what care I for thy flight,

Joy! I spurn thee—with disdain;

Nothing love I—but this clanking chain;

Once—I broke from its iron hold,

Nothing I said, but silent, and bold,

Like the shepherd, that watches his gentle fold,

Like the tiger, that crouches in mountain lair,

Hours upon hours, so watch'd I here;

Till one of the fiends, that had come to bring

Herbs from the valley—and drink from the spring,

Stalk'd through my dungeon entrance in!

Ha! how he shriek'd—to see me free—

Ho! how he trembled, and knelt to me,

He, who had mock'd me, many a day,

And barred me out—from its cheerful ray,

Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!

I wretch'd my hand—in the demon's hair,

And chok'd his breath—in its mutter'd prayer,

And danc'd I then, in wild delight,

To see the trembling wretch's—fright.

Gods! how I crush'd—his hated bones!

'Gainst the jagged wall, and the dungeon-stones;

And plung'd my arm—adown his throat,

And dragg'd to life—his beating heart,

And held it up, that I might gloat,

To see its quivering fibres start!

Ho! how I drank—of the purple flood,

Quaff'd—and quaff'd again, of blood,

Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,

Till I found myself—on this dungeon floor,

Fetter'd, and held, by this iron chain;

Ho! when I break its links again,

Ha! when I break its links again,

Wo to the daughters and sons of men!

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,

And devils mock, and call me mad;

Many a dark—and fearful sight

Haunts me here, in the gloom of night;

Mortal smile, or human tear

Never cheers, or soothes me here;

The spider shrinks from my grasp away,

Though he's known my form—for many a day;

The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,

Watches afar, but comes not nigh;

The craven rat, with her filthy brood,

Fillers and gnaws—my scanty food;

But when I strive to make her play,

Snap at my hands, and flees away;

Light of day—or ray of sun,

Friend, or hope, I've none—I've none!

Yet 'tis not always thus; sweet slumber steals

Across my haggard mind, my weary sight;

No more my brain—the iron pressure feels,

Nor damned devils—howl the live-long night,

Visions of hope, and beauty—seem

To mingle—with my darker dream;

They bear me back—to a long-lost day,

To the hours and joys of my boyhood's play,

To the merry green, and the sportive scene,

And the valley, the verdant hills between;

And a lovely form, with a bright blue eye,

Flutters—my dazzled vision by;

A tear starts up to my wither'd eye,

Gods! how I love to feel that tear—

Trickle my haggard visage o'er!

The fountain of hope—is not yet dry!

I feel, as I felt in days of yore,

When I roam'd at large, in my native glen,

Honor'd and lov'd—by the sons of men,

Till, madden'd to find my home defil'd,

I grasp'd the knife, in my frenzy wild,

And plunged the blade—in my sleeping child!

They call me mad—they left me here,

To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's despair,

Never, ah! never to see again

Earth, or sky, or sea, or plain;

Never—to hear soft Pity's sigh—

Never to gaze—on mortal eye;

Doom'd—through life, if life it be,

To helpless, hopeless misery;

Oh, if a single ray of light

Had pierced the gloom of this endless night;

If the cheerful tones of a single voice

Had made the depths of my heart rejoice;

If a single thing had loved me here,

I ne'er had crouch'd to these fiends' despair!

They come again! They tear my brain!

They tumble, and dart through my every vein!

Ho! could I burst this clanking chain,

Then might I spring—in the hellish ring,

And scatter them back to their den again!

* * * * *

They seize my heart!—they choke my breath!

Death!—death! ah, welcome death!—*R. M. C.*

It is a very poor, though common, pretence to merit, to make it appear by the faults of other men: a mean wit, or beauty, may pass in a room, where the rest of the company are allowed to have none: it is something to sparkle among diamonds; but to shine among pebbles, is neither credit nor value worth the pretending.

BEST CURE FOR TROUBLE.

Ben Brisk—a philosopher was,

In the genuine sense of the word;

And he held, that repining, whatever the cause,

Was unmanly, and weak, and absurd.

When Mat Mope—was assaulted by Trouble,

Though in morals—as pure as a vestal,

He sigh'd, and exclaimed, "Life's a Bubble,"

Then blew it away—with a pistol!

Tom Tiddle, when trouble intruded,

And his fortune, and credit were sunk,

By a too common error deluded,

Drown'd Trouble, and made himself drunk

But Ben—had a way of his own,

When grievances—made him uneasy;

He had the blue devils begone,

Braved Trouble, and made himself busy.

When sorrow embitters our days,

And poisons each source of enjoyment;

The surest specific, he says,

For Trouble, and Grief is—*Employment.*

713. INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE. In the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory—was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated, than among us; but of these—a much larger number became orators. No man—could hope for distinction, or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies—were orators, as well as soldiers, and ruled—as well by their rhetorical, as by their military skill. There was no trusting with *them*—as with *us*, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency—by actual practice.

But they served an *apprenticeship* to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long, and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals, and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone, which art, and perseverance could accomplish. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up, spontaneously, to their unrivalled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

Demosthenes—combated an impediment in speech, an ungainliness of gesture, which at first—drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero—failed, at first, through weakness of lungs, and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers, and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study, and discipline. He exiled himself from home; and during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection, at which he aimed.

Such, too, was the education of their *other* great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in a strict process of rhetorical training; admired and followed—even while Demosthenes and Cicero were living, and unknown now, only because it is not possible that any, but the first, should survive the ordeal of ages.

The inference—to be drawn from these observations is, that if so many of those, who received an accomplished education, became accomplished orators, because, to become so was one purpose of their study; then, it is in the power of a much *larger* proportion among *us*, to form themselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied, until proved false by experiment.

Let this art be made an object of attention, and young men train themselves to it, faithfully, and long; and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found, at last, incapable of expressing themselves in continued, and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not *till* then, let it be said, that a peculiar talent, or natural aptitude—is requisite, the want of which—must render effort vain; then, and not *till* then, let us acquiesce in this indolent, and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity, and all the experience of the world.—*Wirt.*

2 C

714. THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman, whom the *truth* makes free,
And all are slaves, besides. There 's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can *wind* around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease, as Samson, his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compared
With those, whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His—are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,
With a propriety, that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his, by a peculiar right,
And, by an emphasis of interest, his,
Whose eye—they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart, with praise, and whose exalted mind,
With worthy thoughts—of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world,
So clothed in beauty—for rebellious man?
Yes: ye may fill your garners—ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good,
In senseless riot; but ye will not find,
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature, as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.

He is, indeed, a freeman. Free, by birth,
Of no mean city; plann'd, or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom—is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.

No nook so narrow, but he spreads them there,
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that, to bind him, is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day man 's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow-night:
To-day he 's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good!
To-day he 's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-morrow he 's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he 's honor'd, and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow no command, no house at all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-day perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow sinks in everybody's nose;
To-day he 's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the Scripture says, "man's life's a span;"
The present moment is the life of man.

715. CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

He is fallen! We may now pause—before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us, like some ancient ruin, whose frown—terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapt—in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy, that distanced expedition, and a conscience—pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the *most* extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend, but his sword, and no fortune, but his talents, he rushed in the list—where rank, and wealth, and genius—had arrayed themselves, and competition—fled from him, as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive, but interest—he acknowledged no criterion, but success—he worshipped no God, but ambition, and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt—at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed, that he did not profess, there was no opinion, that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins—both of the throne, and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat—assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself—only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision—flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide—and to perform. To inferior intellects—his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands simplicity—marked their development, and success—vindicated their adoption. His person—partook of the character of his mind; if the one—never yielded in the cabinet, the other—never bent in the field. Nature—had no obstacle, that he did not surmount, space—no opposition, that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent—trembled—at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism—bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance—assumed the air of history; nor was there ought too incredible for belief, or too fanciful—for expectation, when the world—saw a subaltern of Corsica—waving his imperial flag—over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity—became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board! Amid all these changes, he stood—immutable—as adamant.

It mattered little, whether in the field, or in the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—

dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat—at the gallows of Leipsig—he was still the same military despot!

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer—of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist—a republican, and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man—without a model, and without a shadow.—*Phillips.*

716. THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE. *Pause,* for a while, ye travelers on the earth, to contemplate the universe, in which you dwell, and the glory of him, who created it. What a scene of wonders—is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple—for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amidst the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of spring—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit;—opening to an endless variety of beings—the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence, and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers—to scatter the shades of night—inviting you to the renewal of your labors—adorning the face of nature—and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb, and every flower, that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor, for a while, to disclose to you a more glorious scene—to show you the immensity of space, filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened, for the exercise of every pious emotion! and how irresistibly do such contemplations as these, awaken the sensibility of the soul! Here, is infinite power—to impress you with awe—here is infinite wisdom—to fill you with admiration—here is infinite goodness—to call forth your gratitude, and love. The correspondence between these great objects, and the affections of the human heart, is established by nature itself; and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.—*Moodie*

There is so great a fever in goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed; much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.—*Shakspeare.*

718. THUNDER STORM ON THE ALPS.

It is the hush of night ; and all between [clear,
Thy margin, and the mountains, dusk, yet
Mellow'd, and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights ap-
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near, [pear
There breathes—a living fragrance from the
shore, [ear,
Of flowers—yet fresh with childhood ; on the
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar, [more.
Or chirps the grasshopper—one good-light carol

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life—an infancy, and sings his fill !
At intervals, some bird—from out the brakes—
Starts into voice, a moment, then, is still.
There seems a floating whisper, on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently, their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse,
Deep into Nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed ! and such a change ! O
night, [strong !
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! not from one lone cloud :
But every mountain—now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night : Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce, and far delight,
A portion of the tempest, and of thee !
How the lit lake shines ! a phosphoric sea !
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again—'tis black, and now, the glee
Of the loud hills—shakes with its mountain-
mirth, [birth.

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
Now, where the swift Rhone—cleaves his way
between [parted
Heights, which appear as lovers, who have
In hate, whose mining depths—so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted ! [thwarted,
Though in their souls, which thus each other
Love was the very root—of the fond rage,
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then,
departed !

Itself expired, but leaving them an age [wage !
Of years, all winters ! war—within themselves to
Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft
his way, [stand !
The mightiest of the storms hath taken his
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around ! of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
His lightnings, as if he did understand, [forked
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever there-
in lurked.—Byron.

Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven—beholds its image—in his breast.

719. MATERNAL AFFECTION. Woman's
charms are certainly many and powerful.
The expanding rose, just bursting into beau-
ty, has an irresistible bewitchingness ; the
blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hy-
meneal altar, awakens admiration and inter-
est, and the blush of her cheek fills with de-
light ;—but the charm of maternity, is more
sublime than all these.

Heaven has imprinted, in the mother's face,
something beyond this world, something
which claims kindred with the skies,—the
angelic smile, the tender look, the waking,
watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over
her slumbering babe.

These are objects, which neither the pencil
nor the chisel, can touch, which poetry fails
to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue, in
vain, would eulogize, and on which all de-
scription becomes ineffectual. In the heart of
man lies this lovely picture ; it lives in his
sympathies ; it reigns in his affections ; his eye
looks around in vain for such another object
on earth.

Maternity, extatic sound ! so twined round
our hearts, that they must cease to throb, ere
we forget it ! 'tis our first love ; 'tis part of
our religion. Nature has set the mother up-
on such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes, and
arms, are first uplifted to it ; we cling to it
in manhood ; we almost worship it in old age.
He, who can enter an apartment, and behold
the tender babe, feeding on its mother's beau-
ty—nourished by the tide of life, which flows
through the generous veins, without a pant-
ing bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but
a monster.

720. TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,

That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again, thou usher'st in the day,
My Mary, from my soul was torn.
O, Mary ! dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover, lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans, that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour—can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

Where, by the winding *Ayr* we met,

To live one day of parting love !

Eternity—will not efface

Those records dear, of transports past ;

Thy image, at our last embrace !

Ah ! little thought we, 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green ;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twine'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang—wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love—on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods, with miser care !

Time, but the impression deeper makes,

As streams—their channels deeper wear.

My Mary ! dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

Ill-doers—are ill-thinkers.

721. RICHARD.

Now—is the *winter*—of our discontent—
Made glorious *summer*—by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom—of the ocean—buried :
Now, are our brows—bound with victorious
wreaths ;

Our bruised arms—hung up for monuments :
Our stern alarms—chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches—to delightful measures :
Grim-visag'd war—hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front ;

And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls—of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly—in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.—
But *I*—that am not shap'd—for sportive tricks,
Nor made, to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
To strut before a wanton, ambulating nymph ; [jesty,
I, that am curtail'd—of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature—by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent, before my time,
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that—so lamely, and unfashionably,
That *dogs* bark at me, as *I* halt by them ;
Why *I*, in this weak—piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time ;
Unless to spy my shadow—in the sun,
And descant—on mine own deformity ;
And therefore, since *I* cannot prove a *lover*,
To entertain these fair—well spoken days,
I am determined to prove—a *villain*,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have *I* laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate—the one, against the other :
And if king Edward—be as *true* and *just*,
As *I* am *subtle*, *false*, and *treacherous*,
This day—should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
About a prophecy, which says that *G* [*George*]
Of Edward's heir—the murderer shall be. [comes.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ; here Clarence

722. THE REJECTED.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Oh, what have *I*
Sure, never was lover so strangely misled. [said ?
Rejected ! and just when *I* hoped to be blessed !
You can't be in earnest ! It must be a jest.

Remember—remember how often *I*'ve knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that *I* felt,
And talked about poison, in accents so wild,
So very like torture, you started—and smiled.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Oh, what have *I*
All natural nourishment did *I* not shun ? [done ?
My figure is wasted ; my spirits are lost ; [ghost.
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a

Remember, remember—ay, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout, and robust ;
I rode by your palfrey, *I* came at your call,
And nightly, went with you, to banquet and ball.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Rejected ! Refused !
Sure, never was lover so strangely ill-used !
Consider my presents—I don't mean to boast—
But, madam, consider the money they cost !

Remember you've worn them ; and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and not to take me ?
Nay, don't throw them at me !—You'll break—
do not start— [heart !

I don't mean my gifts—but you *will* break my
Not have me ! Not love me ! Not go to the church !
Sure, never was lover so left in the lurch !
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt ;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you—a *fiat*.
Remember my letters ; my passion they told ;
Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold ;
The amount of my notes, too—the notes that *I*
penned,—

Not bank notes—no, truly, *I* had none to send !
Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it then
That opulent Age is the lover for you ? [true
'Gainst rivalry's bloom *I* would strive—'tis too
To yield to the terrors of rivalry's clutch. [much
Remember—remember *I* might call him out ;
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about ;
My sword shall be stainless, in blade, and in hilt ;
I thought you a *jewel*—*I* find you—a *jilt*.

723. DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet, he comes not.—Once, it was not so.
He thinks not, how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and *I* shall weep ;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O ! how *I* love a mother's watch to keep, [cheers
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd, and deep.
I had a husband once, who loved me ;—now,
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion—on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
But yet, *I* cannot hate—O ! there were hours,
When *I* could hang, forever, on his eye,
And time, who stole, with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd it, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;
The memory of our loves—will ne'er depart ;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd, and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share ;
Though he should spurn me, *I* will calmly bear
His madness,—and should sickness come, and
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then, [lay
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured, and how faithful *I* had been !

DISCOVERIES. From time to time, a
chosen band, sometimes directed by chance,
but more commonly guided by reflection, ex-
periment and research, touches a spring, till
then unperceived ; and through what seemed
a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier
to all further progress,—a door is thrown
open into some before unexplored hall in the
sacred temple of truth. The multitude rush-
es in, and wonders that the portals could
have remained concealed so long. When a
brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed,
men are astonished to think how long they
had lived on its confines, without penetrating
its nature.

722. NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

The education, moral, and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*—both in morals, and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us, with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies! Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference very often is in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see, issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one—shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness: while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre, plodding his slow, but sure way—up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning, that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy—rather invigorated, than weakened, by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

“—Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks—”

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.—*Wirt*.

723. LIFE IS REAL.

Tell me not—in mournful numbers,
Life—is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead—that slumbers,
And things are not—what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave—is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written—of the *soul*.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end, and way,

But to *act*, that each to-morrow
Find us farther—than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches—to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero—in the strife!

Trust not future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past—bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living *present*!
Heart—within, and God—o'er head.

Lives of great men—all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps—on the sands of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for *any* fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, and to wait.—*Longfellow*.

724. DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE. In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make a comparison betwixt *men*, and *animals*, which are the only creatures, endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly, this comparison is very favorable to mankind! On the *one* hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts—are not limited, by the narrow bounds, either of place, or time, who carries his researches—into the most distant regions of this globe, and *beyond* this globe, to the planets, and heavenly bodies; looks backward—to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forward—to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character—a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects—to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the *other* hand, we are presented with a creature—the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings—to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving, in a very short time, at its utmost perfection, beyond which—it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures! and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former in comparison of the latter.—*Hume*.

SURE REWARDS FOR VIRTUE.

There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain, who never merited.
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou wouldst not bid me lose
The power to benefit. If I but save
A drowning fly, I shall not live in vain.

I had rather see some women praised extraordinarily, than to see any of them suffer by detracting.

725. EMMET'S VINDICATION—IN FULL.

My Lords—What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have *that* to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country,) to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued—from the load of false accusation and calumny, which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity, as to receive the least impression—from what I am going to utter—I have no hopes, that I can anchor my character—in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is—I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships—may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor—to shelter it from the storm, by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal—I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur—but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy—for there must be guilt somewhere: whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man, in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds, which it has corrupted, or subjugated, but, the difficulties of established prejudice.—*The man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live, in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity—to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in defence of their country, and of virtue, this is my hope; I wish that my memory and name—may animate those, who survive me, while I look down, with complacency, on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes, or doubts, a little more, or a little less, than the government standard—a government, which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows which it has made.*

[Here, Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying, that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

—I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots, who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only, by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country—from the superhuman oppression, under which she has so long, and too patiently travelled; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this, I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness: a man, who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject, so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written, until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy; nor a pretence to impeach the probity, which he means to preserve, even in the grave—to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here, he was again interrupted, by the court.]

Again, I say, that what I have spoken, was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate—rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen: if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

[Here, he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law;

I have, also, understood that judges, sometimes, think it their duty to hear, with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, his opinions of the motives, by which he was actuated in the crime, of which he had been adjudged guilty; that a judge *has* thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt—but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice? if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives, sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles, by which he was actuated.

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation—to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations—as have been laid against me in this court: you, my lord, are a judge, I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man, also; by a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters; if I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character, and motives—from your aspersions; and, as a man in whom *fame* is dearer than *life*, I will make the last use of that life, in doing justice to that reputation, which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day, at one common tribunal, and it will then remain—for the searcher of all hearts—to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressors or—

[Here, he was interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? or rather why insult justice, in demanding of me, why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that *form* prescribes that you should ask the question; the *form* also presumes a right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with—and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was pronounced at the castle, before your jury was empanelled; your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

[Here the court desired him to proceed.]

I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition! And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was—to hold a place among the *delivers* of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me! Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every enduring sentiment; and for it, I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country—from the yoke of a foreign, and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator, in the paricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country, from this doubly riveted despotism.

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt you to that proud station in the world.

Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction, or require. Were they to assume any authority, inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction; we sought aid, and we sought it

as we had assurances we should obtain it; as auxiliaries, in war—and allies, in peace.

Were the French to come as invaders, or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other; I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, turn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy—that the success of France were to hand: I looked indeed for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen—*deserve* to be assisted! That they were indignant at slavery; and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country.

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee, which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid, which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils, and elevating our destiny. These were my objects, not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

[*Here he was interrupted by the court.*]

I have been charged—with that importance in the efforts—to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of conspiracy.” You do me honor over-much: You have given to the subaltern—all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called—your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—

[*Here he was interrupted.*]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder,—that I am accountable for all the blood that *has*, and *will* be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed—against the oppressor?—shall you tell me this—and must I be so very a slave—as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[*Here the judge interfered.*]

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or, that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression, or the miseries, of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it, to countenance barbarity, or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would not resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter—only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it—No, God forbid!

If the spirits—of the illustrious dead—participate in the concerns, and cares of those, who are dear to them—in this transitory life—O ever dear—and venerated shade—of my departed father, look down with scrutiny, upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I

have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism, which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind; and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood, which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and untroubled, through the channels, which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven.—Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say.—I am going to my cold—and silent grave: my lump of life—is nearly extinguished; my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence!—Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them, and me, repose in obscurity, and peace, and my tomb remain unscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character: when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then—and not till then—let my epitaph be written.—I have done.

726. LUCY.

Three years she grew, in sun, and shower,
Then, Nature said, “a lovelier flower,

On earth, was never sown;
This child I, to myself, will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make—
A lady of my own.

Myself will, to my darling, be
Both law, and impulse: and with me,
The girl, on rock and plain,
In earth, and heaven, in glade, and bower,
Shall feel an oversecing power,
To kindle, and restrain.

She shall be sportive, as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
Or up the mountain, springs;
And hers, shall be the breathing balm,
And hers, the silence, and the calm—
Of mute, insensate things.

The floating clouds—their state shall lend
To her; for her—the willow bend;
Nor, shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace, that shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight—shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear,
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight—
Shall rear her form—to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts, to Lucy, I will give,
While she, and I, together live,
Here, in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake.—“The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died,—and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory—of what *has been*,
And never more—will be.—Wordsworth.

When thou doest good, do it because it is good; not because men esteem it so. When thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil; not because men speak against it. Be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so. He that doeth it without principle—is wavering.

727. CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES. I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated—is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason—for declaring immediate *war* against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country, against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all that he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled, with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence, and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear! *O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once—sacred, now—trampled upon!* But what then! is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

VANITY.

—O, vanity,

How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light and empty idiots! how pursued
With open and extended appetite!
How they do sweat and run themselves from breath,
Raised on their toes, to catch thy airy forms,
That turning giddy, till they reel like drunkards,
That buy the merry madness of one hour
With the long irksomeness of following time.

Time flies, and never dies.

728. MOLOCH'S ORATION FOR WAR.

My sentence—is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them, let those
Contrive, who need; or, when they need; not now;
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions, that stand in arms, and longing, wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place,
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay! No,—let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames, and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers, to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures, into horrid arms—
Against the torturer; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror-shot, with equal rage,
Among his angels: and his throne, itself,
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But, perhaps,
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale,
With upright wing, against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench,
Of that forgetful lake—benumb not still,
That in our proper motion, we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent, and fall,
To us—is adverse. Who, but felt of late,
When the fierce foe—hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us, through the deep,
With what compulsion, and laborious fight,
We sunk thus low!—The ascent is easy then:
The event is feared:—should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find,
To our destruction; if there be, in hell,
Fear to be worse destroyed.—What can be worse,
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep—to utter wo;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance?—More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire! which, to his height, enraged,
Will either quite consume us, or reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing; and, by proof, we feel
Our power sufficient,—to disturb his heaven,
And, with perpetual inroad, to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.—*Milton.*

THIS WORLD.

"'Tis a *sad* world," said one, "a world of *woe*,
Where *sorrow*—reigns supreme." Yet from my
The all-sustaining *hope* did not depart; [heart
But, to its *impulse* true, I answered—"No!
The world hath *much* of good—nor *seldom*, *joy*
Over our *spirits*—broods with radiant *wing*;
Gladness from *grief*, and *life* from *death* may
Treasures are *ours* the *grave* cannot *destroy*; [spring;
Then chide not *harshly*—our *instructress* stern,
Whose solemn *lessons*—*wisdom* bids us learn "

729. INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

The relations between man, and man, cease not with life. They leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names, and characters dwell in our thoughts, and hearts—we live, and commune with them, in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors—our institutions have been founded by them—we are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge, and our arts are the fruit of their toil—our minds have been formed by their instructions—we are most intimately connected with them, by a thousand dependencies.

Those, whom we have loved in life, are still objects of our deepest, and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them, but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we, too, shall soon join the innumerable company of "the spirits of just men made perfect." Our affections, and our hopes, are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance, and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance, and our love for them, while on earth.

Creatures of imitation, and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support, and countenance, even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity, and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no greater service, which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow creatures, than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example.

If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character, dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling qualities in the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive, and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true christian—liveth not for himself; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.—*Norton.*

730. HUMAN LIFE.

I walk'd the fields—at morning's prime,
The grass—was ripe for mowing:
The sky-lark—sung his matin chime,
And all—was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, the "ardent boy,
His pulse, with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance—his joy—
The future—proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's material bosom

The scythe—had left the withering grass,
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes—we fondly cherish,
Like flowers, which blossom, but to die,
Seem only born—to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze, that round me play'd,
Rich fragrance—was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appearing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"

When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust

Their odor leaves behind them.—*Barton.*

731. PUBLIC FAITH. To expatiate on the value of public faith—may pass—with some men, for declamation—to such men, I have nothing to say. To others, I will urge—can any circumstance mark upon a people, more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade, to a lower point, their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind, it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot, where a man was born? Are the very clouds, where we tread, entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart.

It is thus—we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious, that he gains protection while he gives it. For, what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles, that constitute their security?

Or, if this life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be in a country, odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look—with affection and veneration, to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one—would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man—in his native land.—*Fisher Ames.*

If thou well observe

The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, to be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature.

732. POLITICAL CORRUPTION. We are apt to treat the idea of our *own* corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak, what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us, in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

Of all the forms, in which it can present itself, the bribery of office—is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism—to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might, as well, expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence, and famine—stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

All experience teaches us—the irresistible power of temptation, when vice—assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind—could not have consummated his infernal scheme, for seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise, in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the *devil*, in his proper form: had the spear of Ithuriel—disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came—as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. “It can be no crime—to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good, and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels.”

Such, sir, was the process; and, in this simple, but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck, with the similarity, between our present situation, and that of Eve, after it was announced, that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned, that the enemy is on our borders.

But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, “with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart,” guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven’s everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence—that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating—as the apple of paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful.

Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptation. It is impossible to conceive,—Satan himself could not devise, a system, which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.—*McDuffie.*

733. CATO’S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!

Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing—after immortality?

Or, whence—this secret dread, and inward horror, Of falling—into nought? Why—shrinks the soul—

Back on herself, and startles—at destruction?— ’Tis the Divinity—that stirs within us:

’Tis Heaven itself, that points out—a hereafter, And intimates—Eternity—to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!

Through what variety—of untried being, [pass! Through what new scenes, and changes, must we

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me; But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.—

Here—will I hold. If there’s a Power above us, (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud—

Through all her works,) He must delight in virtue: And that, which He delights in must be happy.

But when? or where? This world—was made for Cesar?

I’m weary of conjectures—this—must end them.—

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus—I am doubly armed. My death—and life, My bane—and antidote, are both before me.

This—in a moment, brings me to an end;

But this—informs me—I shall never die.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles—

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—

The stars—shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish—in immortal youth,

Unhurt—amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

INLENESS—is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

GRAVE OF THE RENOWNED.

When, to the grave, we follow the renowned

For valor, virtue, science, all we love, [beam

And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide

Mends our ideas of ethereal pow’rs,

Dream we, that lustre of the moral world

Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?

Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,

And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,

The mind almighty! could it be that fate,

Just when the lineaments began to shine,

Should snatch the draught, and blot it out forever.

734. DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Fellow-citizens: let us not retire from this occasion, without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties, which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind—admonish us with their anxious, paternal voices; postery—calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes; all, *all* conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, *pay* the debt which is upon us; but, by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle, and every good habit, we may hope to *enjoy* the blessing, through our day, and leave it, unimpaired, to our children.

Let us feel deeply, how much of what we are, and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and to these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil, which yields bounteously—to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies, over our heads, shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies—to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions, and a free government! *Fellow-citizens,* there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence, and the benefits—of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply, and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain, and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us,—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals, nor nations—can perform their part well, until they understand, and feel its importance, and comprehend, and justly appreciate, all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is, that we may judge justly of our situation and of our duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that *with America,* and *in America,* a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before, altogether unknown, and unheard of. *America,* our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune, and by fate, with these great interests. If *they* fall, *we* fall *with* them; if *they* stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the posterity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties it imposes. If we cherish the virtues, and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty, and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our firmament now shines brightly upon our path. *Washington* is in the clear, upper sky. *Adams,* *Jefferson,* and other stars have joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life; and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the divine benignity.—*Webster.*

735. LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves—dashed high
On a stern—and rock-bound coast,
And the woods—against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches—tossed;
And the heavy night—hung dark—
The hills—and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles—moored their bark
On the wild—New England shore.

Not—as the conqueror—comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll—of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet—that sings of fame.

Not—as the flying—come,
In silence,—and in fear;
They shook—the depth—of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm—they sang,
And the stars—heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles—of the dim woods rang
To the anthem—of the free.

The ocean-eagle—soared
From his nest—by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines—of the forest roared;
This—was their welcome home.

There were men—with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band,
Why had *they* come—to wither there,
Away—from their childhood's land?

There was woman's—fearless eye,
Lit—by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart—of youth.

What—sought they—thus, afar?
Bright jewels—of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought—a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil—where first they trod! [found—
They have left, unstained—what there—they
Freedom—to worship God!—*Hemans.*

'Twas Slander—filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin. The man
In whom this spirit entered—was undone.
His tongue—was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs—were faint with haste
To propagate the lie—his soul had framed;
His pillow—was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhoods.
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed,
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names

736. THE PILGRIMS, AND THEIR DESTINY. Methinks I see it *now*,—that one, solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower*—of a forlorn hope, freighted—with the prospects of a future state, and bound—across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise—and set, and weeks, and months—pass, and winter—surprises them on the deep, but brings them not—the sight—of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded, almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now, driven in fury, before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm—howls through the rigging. The laboring masts—seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pump—is heard—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods—over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak, and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master—for a draft of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off—by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me—the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease,—was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea; was it *some*, or *all* of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that *neither* of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!—*Everett*.

737. TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM PENN. *William Penn*—stands the first, among the law-givers, whose names, and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Romulus*, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array—against the rest of their species! taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their

boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests, between Athens and Lacedaemon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see our *William Penn*, with weaponless hands, sitting down, peaceably, with his followers, in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks, in his presence, so deep, that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Quaquanock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and promise to preserve it, as long as the sun, and moon shall endure. See him, then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxims of his government, the rule handed down to us from HEAVEN, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men."

Here was a spectacle—for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates the earth did not see; or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear; or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice.

The character of *William Penn* alone, sheds a never-fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this Union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career, under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact, and anecdote, of those golden times, will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet.—*Duponceau*.

738. WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY ON AMBITION.

Farewell, a *long* farewell, to all my greatness! This—is the state of man: To-day, he puts forth The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms, And bears his blushing honors—thick upon him; The third day, comes a frost, a *killing* frost; And, when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely His greatness is a *ripening*, nips his root; And then *he* falls, as I do.

I have ventur'd, Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders, These many summers—in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride At length—broke under me; and now has left me, Weary, and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must forever—hide me. Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I *hate* you! I feel my heart now open'd.

O! how wretched Is that *poor* man, that hangs on princes' favors! There are, betwixt that smile—he would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin, More pangs and fears, than war or women have; And when he falls, he falls, like *Lucifer*, Never—to rise again.—*Shakspeare*.

Meditation—here— May think down hours—to moments; here, the May give a useful lesson—to the head, [heart And learning, wiser grow—without his books.

739. BASQUE GIRL, OR LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

'Twas one of those sweet spots, which seem just
For lovers' meeting, or, for minstrel haunts—made
The maiden's blush—would look so beautiful,
By those white roses, and the poet's dream,
Would be so soothing, lull'd by the low notes,
The birds sing—to the leaves, whose soft reply—
Is murmur'd by the wind: the grass beneath,
Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs
Have twined o'erhead, graceful, and close as love.
The sun—is shining cheerfully, though scarce his
May pierce—through the dim shade, yet, still, [rays
Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,
And the blue flood is gliding, as bright,
As hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to
Upon this Eden—of the painter's art, [gaze
And looking on its loveliness, forgot—
The crowded world—around them! But a spell,
Stronger than the green landscape—fixed the
The spell—of woman's beauty! By a beech, [eye—
Whose long dark shadow—fell upon the stream,
There stood a radiant girl! her chestnut hair—
(One bright gold tint was on it)—loosely fell
In large rich curls—upon a neck, whose snow
And grace—were like the swan's; she wore the
Of her own village, and her small white feet [garb
And slender ankles, delicate, as carved
From Indian ivory—were bare,—the turf [stood!
Seem'd scarce to feel their pressure. There she
Her head—leant upon her arm, the beech's trunk
Supporting her slight figure, and *one* hand,
Press'd to her heart, as if to still its throbs!
You never might forget that face,—so young,
So fair, yet trac'd—with such deep characters
Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim
With tears, on the dark lashes; still, the lip
Could not *quite* lose—its own accustomed smile,
Even by that pale cheek—it kept its arch,
And tender playfulness: you look'd, and said,
What can have shadow'd—such a sunny brow?
There is so much of natural happiness,
In that bright countenance, it seems but formed,
For Spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter dews.
You turned away—then came—and look'd *again*,
Watching the pale, and silent loveliness,
Till even sleep—was haunted by that image.
There was a sever'd chain upon the ground—
Ah! love is e'en more fragile than its gifts!
A tress of raven hair;—oh! only those,
Whose souls have *felt* this one idolatry.
Can tell—*how* precious—is the slightest thing,
Affection gives, and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks,
That made each leaf a treasure. The tree
Had two slight words—graven upon its stem—
The broken heart's last record—of its faith—
“Adieu Henri!”

I learnt the hist'ry of the lovely picture:
It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given
To one—as far *above* her, as the *pine*—
Towers o'er the lovely *violet*; yet still
She lov'd, and was belov'd again,—ere yet
The many trammels of the world—were flung
Around a heart, whose first and latest pulse,
Throb'd—but for beauty: him, the young, the
brave,
Chivalrous prince, whose name, in after years,

A nation—was to worship—that young heart—
Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling,
Life only once may know. I will not dwell
On *how* affection's bark was launch'd, and lost:
Love, thou hast hopes, like summer's—short,
and bright

Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,
Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness
Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known
Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis, or ere
Thy presence is confessed; but, once reveal'd,
We bow us down—in passionate devotion,
Vow'd at thy altar; then the serpents wake,
That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make
Tears—burning arrows—lingering jealousy,
And last, *worst* poison, of thy cup—neglect.

It matters little, *how* she was forgotten,
Or *what* she felt—a *woman*—can but weep.
She pray'd her lover, but to say—*farewell*,—
To meet her, by the river, where such *hours*
Of happiness had passed, and said, she knew
How much she was beneath him; but she pray'd,
That he would look upon her face—once more!

He sought the spot,—upon the beechen tree
“Adieu Henri” was graven—and his heart—
Felt *cold*—within him! He turned to the wave,
And there—the beautiful peasant floated—Death
Had seal'd—“*Love's—sacrifice!*”

740. HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven—o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns—dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time tutored age, and love exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eyes explore
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm—so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes a spirit of a purer air;
In every clime—the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land—of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage—of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth—supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot—than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword, and sceptre, pageantry, and pride;
Within his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here, *woman* reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews, with fresh flowers, the narrow way of
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye, [life;
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees, domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gamble at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around:
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam.
That land—thy country, and that spot—thy home!
He, who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or, when attacked by others, don't defend:
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And counts of prating petulance the praise;
Of things he never saw, who tells his tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal;
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black.

741. MARIA DE TORQUEMADA TAKING THE VAIL.

"My lord! you should have seen her, as she stood,
Bidding the world—farewell. Her pretty hands,
Like two encasing lilies; in her eyes,
Two quivering crystal drops,—her cheek—a rose,
Yet of the whitest, turned upon the sky,
To which her thoughts were wing'd! I never saw
So heavenly touch'd a sorrow!"

There is a spot, a holy spot,

A refuge for the wearied mind;
Where earth's wild visions—are forgot,
And love, thy poison spell 's untwined.

There, learns the withered heart—to pray—

There, gently breaks earth's weary chain;

Nay, let me weep my life away—

Let me do all,—but love again.

Oh! thou that judgest of the heart,

Look down upon this bosom bare;

And all, all mercy as thou art,

Save from that wildest, worst despair.

There—silent, dreamless, loveless, lone,

The agony, at length, is o'er;

The bleeding breast—is turned to stone,

Hope dies—and passion—wakes no more.

I ask not death,—I wait thy will;

I dare not—touch my fleeting span:

But let me, oh! not linger still,

The slave of misery and man!

Why sink my steps! one struggle past,

And all the rest—is quiet gloom;

Eyes—look your longest, and your last,

Then, turn ye to your cell, and tomb.

Fly swift, ye hours!—the convent grate,

To me—is open Paradise:

The keenest bitterness of fate,

Can last, but till the victim—dies!

742. FALL OF BEAUTY, BY TEMPTATION.

Once on a lovely day, it was in spring—

I rested on the verge of that dread cliff,

That overlooks old Sterling. All was gay;

The birds—sang sweet; the trees—put forth their
leaves, [soms;

So pale, that in the sun, they looked like blossoms;

Some children wandered, careless, on the hill,

Selecting early flowers. My heart rejoiced,

For all was glad around me. One sweet maid

Came tripping near, eyeing, with gladsome smile,

Each little flower, that bloomed upon the hill:

Nimble she picked them,—minding me of the swan,

That feeds upon the waste. I blest the girl,—

She was not maid, nor child; but of that age,

'Twixt both, when purity of frame, and soul,

Awaken dreams of beauty, drawn in heaven.

Deep in a little den, within the cliff.

A flower-rot caught hereye,—it was a primrose,

Fair flaunting in the sun. With eager haste,

Heedless of risk, she clambered down the steep;

Pluck'd the wish'd flower, and sighed! for when
she saw

The depth she had descended, then, she woke

To sense of danger! All her flowers she dropped,

And tried to gain the height: but—tried in vain!

I hastened to her rescue; but—alas!

I came too late!—O God! she fell.

Far, far down—on the rocks below,

Her lovely form was found—at rest!

I saw her, in mid air, fall like a seraph

From out the firmament. The rooks and daws,
That fled their roosts, in thousands, at the sight,
Curtained her exit—from my palsied eye,
And dizzy brain. O! never, will that scene
Part from my heart! whene'er I would be sad,
I think of it.

743. THE BEST OF WIVES.

A man had once a vicious wife—

(A most uncommon thing in life); [ceasing.

His days—and nights—were spent in strife—un-

Her tongue went glibly—all day long,

Sweet contradiction—still her song, [done.

And all the poor man did—was wrong, and ill—

A truce without doors, or within,

From speeches—long as tradesmen spin,

Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.

He every soothing art displayed;

Tried of what stuff her skin was made:

Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed—to take her.

Once, walking by a river's side,

In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried, [them.

"No more let feuds our peace divide,—I'll end

"Weary of life, and quite resigned,

To drown—I have made up my mind,

So tie my hands as fast behind—as can be,—

"Or nature—may assert her reign,

My arms assist, my will restrain,

And swimming, I once more regain, my troubles"

With eager haste—the dame complies,

While joy—stands glistening in her eyes;

Already, in her thoughts, he dies—before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,

Nature revolts!"—he said; "beside,

I would not be a suicide, and die thus.

"It would be better, far I think,

While close I stand—upon the brink,

You push me in,—nay, never shrink—but do it.

To give the blow—the more effect,

Some twenty yards—she ran direct, [do.

And did—what she could least expect, she should

He slips aside—himself to save,

So souse—she dashes, in the wave, [pleasure.

And gave, what ne'er she gave before—much

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;

"Thou best of wives—" the man replied,

"I would,—but you my hands have tied,—heaven

help you."

The modern device of consulting indexes, is to read books hebraically, and begin where others usually end. And this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, i. e. to steal) use to cut off the portmanteau from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner.—*Swift*.

Desire, (when young) is easily suppressed;

But, cherished by the sun of warm encourage-

ment,

Becomes too strong—and potent—for control;

Nor yields—but to despair, the worst of passions

744. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas—at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son.—
Alot! in awful state, the godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers—were placed around,
Their brows, with roses, and with myrtles bound;
So, should desert, in arms be crownd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave, none but the brave,
None *but* the brave—deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers—touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song—began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
Such is the power—of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime, on radiant spheres he rode,
When he, to fair Olympia pressed, [the world.
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of
The listening crowd—admire the lofty sound:
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears, the monarch hears;
Assumes the god, affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young. [sung,
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums
Plush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face. [comes!
Now, give the hauboy's breath—he comes! he
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure; sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought his battles o'er again; [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.—
He chose a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse,
He sung Darius, great and good, [len,
By too severe a fate, fallen, fallen, fallen, fal-
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted, in his utmost need,
By those, his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth—exposed he lies,
With not a friend—to close his eyes.—
With downcast look—the joyless victor sat,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears—began to flow.

The master smil'd, to see,
That love—was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity—melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon, he soothed his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but *music*—won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair, who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd; sigh'd and look'd;
Sigh'd and look'd; and sigh'd again:
At length, with love, and wine, at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor—sunk—upon her breast.
Now, strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound [dead,
Hath raised up his head, as awaked from the
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise! See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band, each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburi'd, remain inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due to the valiant crew.
Behold, how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy; [stroy:
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to de-
Thais led the way, to light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago, ere heaving bellows learned to
While organs yet were mute; [blow,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute and sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length—to solemn sounds, [fore.
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both—divide the crown;
He—raised a mortal—to the skies;
She—drew an angel down.—*Dryden.*

ORATOR PUFF.

Mr. Orator Puff—had two tones—in his voice,
The one—squeaking thus, and the other down so;
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.
But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
"My voice is for war," ask'd him, "Which of them, pray?"
Oh! oh! &c.
Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh! oh! &c.
"Good Lord!" he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she tones,
"Help me out!—help me out!—I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who pass'd, "what a bother!"
Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one an-
Oh! oh! &c. [other?"

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

His preaching much, but more his practice wro't;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
(The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd;
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser coin contract a rust.

745. PRIDE OF PROFESSION. We are very apt to be fond of that which we excel in ourselves, and to underrate the acquirements and powers of others in a different sphere, without reflecting that the field of human thought and occupation is broad, and that a man may carefully cultivate one part without being in the least acquainted with the products of another. With what contempt a skillful musician sometimes regards one who cannot turn a tune, but who, perhaps, is an excellent book-keeper, or an adroit ship-builder!

What a conscious pride and pomp of erudition a profound linguist betrays while quoting familiarly from Homer and Horace, Dante, or Lopez de Vega, before a simple student, only master of his mother tongue, and who in turn sneers at the mistakes made by others in speaking of natural philosophy and astronomy. I never suffer myself to be led away thus by a man's accidental accomplishments or attainments.

If I find a sensible good-hearted fellow (as I frequently do) who has never even read Milton and Shakspeare, I respect him notwithstanding; for I say to myself, it is probable he is an adept at something besides literature, where perhaps I should require a similar indulgence from him.—*Fay.*

746. ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

I see that banner proudly wave,
Yes, proudly waving yet,
Not a stripe is torn—from the broad array,—
Not a single star—is set;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft—in the welkin dome
Not a leaf—is pluck'd from the branch he hears:
From his grasp—not an arrow has flown;
The mist—that obstructed his vision—is past,
And the murmur of discord—is gone; [plain,
For he sees, with a glance over mountain, and
The union—unbroken, from Georgia—to Maine.
Far southward, in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange—with the lime-tree vies,
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard—like the ocean's roar,
As its surges break—on the rocky shore.
Was it the voice—of the tempest loud,
As it fell'd—some lofty tree,
Or sudden flash—from a passing storm—
Of heaven's artillery?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again—in the scented groves.
The links—are all united still,
That form the golden chain.—
And peace, and plenty—smile around,
Throughout the wide domain:—
How feeble—is language,—how cold—is the lay,
Compar'd with the joy—of this festival day—
To see that banner—waving yet,
Aye, waving proud, and high,—
No rent—in all its ample folds;
No stain—of crimson dye:
And the eagle—spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft—in the fields of air.—*James.*

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires,
By just degrees, to reach perfection's height.

747. MARIA. Her early youth—passed away in sorrow: she grew up in tears, a stranger to the amusements of youth, and its more delightful schemes, and imaginations. She was not, however, unhappy; she attributed, indeed, no merit to *herself* for her virtues, but for that reason—were they the more her reward. *The peace which passeth all understanding*, disclosed itself in all her looks, and movements. It lay on her countenance, like a steady, unshadowed moonlight; and her voice, which was naturally at once sweet and subtle, came from her, like the fine flute-tones of a masterly performer, which, still floating at some uncertain distance, seem to be created by the player, rather than to proceed from the instrument. If you had listened to it, in one of those brief sabbaths of the soul, when the activity and discursiveness of the thoughts are suspended, and the mind, quietly eddies round, instead of flowing onward—(as at late evening, in the spring, I have seen a bat, wheel in silent circles round and round a fruit-tree, in full blossom, in the midst of which, as within a close tent, of the purest white, an unseen nightingale was piping its sweetest notes)—in such a mood, you might have half-fancied, half-felt, that her voice had a separate being of its own—that it was a living something, whose mode of existence was for the early only: so deep was resignation, so entirely had it become the unconscious habit of her nature, and in all she did, or said, so perfectly were both her movements, and her utterance, without effort, and without the appearance of effort.—*Coleridge.*

748. PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

There is a philosophy—hollow, unsound,
To matter—confining its false speculation;
Whose flight is confin'd within Nature's dull round,
Its pinions—the web—of sophistic persuasion.
And, there's a philosophy—truly Divine,
That traces effects—to—spiritual causes,
Determines the link—of the chain where they join,
And soars—to an infinite height—ere it pauses.
That—meanly debases—the image of God,
To rank with the brute—in the scale of creation;
This—raises the tenant of light—from the sod,
And bears him to heaven—his primitive station.
Hail! science—of angels! Theosophy—hail!
That shows us the regions of bliss by reflection;
Removes from creation's broad mirror—the veil,
Where spirit—and matter appear in connection.
It breaks on the soul—in an ocean of light, fions,
She starts from her lethargy—stretches her pin-
Beholds a new world—bursting forth on her sight,
And—soaring in ecstasy—claims her dominions.
A sense of original, dignified worth,
Her bosom expands—with sublime exaltation;
She tastes immortality—even on earth.
In light, that eclipses—the sun's emanation.
Be sages, and pedants—to nature—confined, [ence;
As the bat—darkly flutters—in Luna's pale pres-
I'll soar, 'like the eagle—thro' regions of mind,
In the blaze of that sun—which is truth—in its
essence.—*Woodworth.*
The man th't's resolute, and just,
Firm in his principles, and trust,
Nor hopes, nor fears, can bind.

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References and Testimonials.

EXTRACT—From the Faculty of the Hanover College, Ia. Having attended Prof. Bronson's prelections to the students of this College, in the art of Elocution, we take great pleasure in bearing testimony, no less to his laborious fidelity to his pupils, than to the soundness of his principles, and his own *thorough acquaintance* with the subject he professes to teach. Mr. Bronson is no charlatan in his profession. Not content with communicating abstract knowledge, nor with exhibiting his own power of applying that knowledge, his great aim seems to be—to make the student a practical Elocutionist. We most cheerfully recommend him to the patronage of an enlightened public; and, especially, to the patrons of public Institutions of Learning.

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From the *Mercantile Journal*, Boston. We have no doubt but that Prof. Bronson is master of his

subject; his instructions are of vast importance to public speakers. His appearance, his manner, his voice, and his mode of treating the subject of Elocution, are altogether *original*. His Recitations are well done, and give an agreeable variety to the Lectures. His Instructions must prove of immense value.

EXTRACT—From the Lexington, Ky. Intelligencer. Reader, do you ever spend money for superfluities, such as balls, circuses, menageries or theatres? If so, we are not going quarrel with you, or criticise your taste. But we are about to say, that a source of amusement, cheaper, more intellectual, more decidedly improving, and at the same time unquestionably innocent and entertaining, is presented in the Lectures on Elocution and Music now in progress by Professor Bronson.

Prof. Bronson is evidently master of his profession: he not only understands Oratory theoretically and practically, but possesses a most happy faculty of teaching it. Those who are fond of splendid specimens of Elocution should not fail of attending these Lectures. The knowledge obtained from this system is especially necessary for Mothers, and those who have the training of children, or the teaching of vocal music.—*Daily Democrat*, (Rochester), N. Y.

The mere announcement of Prof. Bronson's Lectures and Recitations, will be sufficient, in Trenton, to draw a large audience.—*N. J. State Gazette*.

Among the professors of Elocution of the present day, perhaps no one has attained the fame of Mr. Bronson. He understands the art of speaking theoretically and practically—medically and philologically—in every shape and in every form. Such varied qualifications as he possesses are rarely found, and all who read the *Herald* should hear him.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Professor Bronson's lectures have been listened to by crowded audiences. He has been compelled, for want of room to leave Masonic Hall, and occupy the Westminster Street Chapel.—*Prov. R. I. Journal*.

EXTRACT—From a letter by MR. LOWELL MASON, Boston, a celebrated composer and teacher of Music.

"As far as I can judge of your principles, I approve; they appear to me to be founded in truth and nature. I have introduced something of your system into my classes. Knowing what I now know, I should certainly give the money right over again for the knowledge I acquired; yes, double, were it necessary. Could I command the time I should like to pursue the study much longer with you; but what I have already acquired I consider highly important, and you have my THANKS as well as my MONEY."

EXTRACT—From the *Journal of Commerce*, N.Y. Mr. Bronson is certainly one of the most original and entertaining men with whom we meet. He treats on all matters relating to sound, and its organs, and illustrates his principles by examples of singing and rhetorical rehearsal of a high character.

The Recitations of Prof. Bronson were received with great satisfaction, by one of the largest assemblies that we have ever seen in College Hall. No author need ask more, than to have the delicate touches of his fancy, and the hidden meaning of his thought, brought out by the professor.—*Cincinnati Daily Gazette*.

Prof. Bronson's Lectures and Recitations have been received with decided favor in almost every City in the Union, and in our principal Towns and Literary Institutions. We heard him some years since, and derived much instructions and profit from his original theory of the Human Voice; and of the means of strengthening and perfecting it, and of curing the prevalent diseases of the vocal organs, Bronchitis, &c. *N. Y. Daily Tribune*.

